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THE
PLAIN DEALER:
BEING
SELECT ESSAYS
ON SEVERAL
CURIOUS SUBJECTS,

RELATING TO

FRIENDSHIP,
LOVE, *and*
GALLANTRY,
MARRIAGE,
MORALITY,

MERCANTILE
AFFAIRS,
PAINTING,
HISTORY,
POETRY,

AND

Other *Branches* of POLITE LITERATURE.

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in *Duck-Lane*; and J. LEAKE, at *Bath*. M.DCC.XXX.

PLAIN DEALER:

SELECT ESSAYS

CURIOUS SUBJECTS



CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

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N^o 58.

THE
PLAIN DEALER.

VOL. II.

*Vulnus alit Venis & cæca carpitur igne. VIRG.
Connubio jungam stabili, propriamq; dicabo. Ibid.*

FRIDAY, October 9. 1724.



GREAT many are pleased, to be very rigid against Ladies, who appear *first* in the Declaration of Love, as if acting against *Custom*, was *sinning* against *Right*. As many make it their *Tenet*, that Men, if they but know a Woman loves them, will, ungratefully shun her, and play Tricks of an unnatural Disdain. I doubt not but the Gentleman, who is concerned in the following excellent Letter, will give a Refutation

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tation to these mischievous Opinions; and shew, for the *Honour* of one Sex, and the *Ease* of the *other*, that they ought hereafter, to sink among *vulgar Errors*.

To the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

Octob. 8. 1724.

‘ I AM an unhappy Young Woman, that
 ‘ want a little of your *Plain Dealing*, and
 ‘ good *Advice*, to help me out in an Affair of
 ‘ the utmost Consequence to my Peace. I
 ‘ am in too much pain, to make a long In-
 ‘ troduction; therefore hope you will excuse
 ‘ me, if I only send a short Sketch of my
 ‘ Misfortune, without staying to pay my
 ‘ grateful Thanks, for your agreeable Week-
 ‘ ly Entertainments; which I can never
 ‘ enough Admire. I hope you won’t think
 ‘ me troublesome, if I relate the exact Situ-
 ‘ ation of Life, I at present am in. I live
 ‘ in a fine Old Seat in *Surrey*, which wants
 ‘ nothing to render it delightful, to a Person
 ‘ of my Temper. Our Family consists of
 ‘ my Father (who is a Widower) an old
 ‘ Maiden Aunt, two Sisters, and my Self.
 ‘ My Father is a very good Man, and em-
 ‘ ploys himself mostly in his Study. My
 ‘ Aunt is of a reserv’d Temper, therefore
 ‘ suffers us to keep but little Company, es-
 ‘ pecially with Gentlemen. There is only
 ‘ one Person allow’d that fatal Liberty!
 ‘ Whose Character I must make you acquaint-
 ‘ ed

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‘ed with: But how, alas! shall I do that?
 ‘Yet if there is such a Thing as Perfection in
 ‘Mankind, he certainly is Master of it. He
 ‘has so fine an Understanding in all Arts and
 ‘Sciences (allow’d by his own Sex) so great
 ‘a Knowledge in every thing that is Polite
 ‘and Agreeable, and, withal, so sweet a
 ‘Disposition, that I only wonder, I kept my
 ‘Heart so long free from his irresistible
 ‘Charms! I have been pretty intimate with
 ‘him these Three Years, but did not know,
 ‘till within these Three Months, that my
 ‘Happiness or Misery, depended intirely up-
 ‘on him. In short, I feel so violent a Pas-
 ‘sion in my Breast, that unless I have some
 ‘speedy Relief, Death will soon put a Pe-
 ‘riod to my Sorrow! How often have I sat
 ‘contemplating his Virtues and Charms, ‘till
 ‘my Soul has almost dissolv’d away in Ten-
 ‘derness and Love! I sigh, I die for him;
 ‘while he views me with Cold Indifference,
 ‘or, at best, but Luke-warm Friendship:
 ‘Tyrant Custom, and innate Modesty, for-
 ‘bid my Tongue to utter the Tortures of my
 ‘Heart. He sometimes laughs, and says, I
 ‘am all Charms; Oh! what wou’d I give
 ‘to have him really think so! He behaves
 ‘exactly alike to my self, and Sisters, and yet
 ‘I can’t help being jealous, if he speaks or
 ‘looks at them. I am all Madness and De-
 ‘spair! I han’t the Vanity to think I can
 ‘ever please a Man of his Sense and Judg-
 ‘ment, and yet I go on to love! Sometimes

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‘ I think my constant Passion will be re-
 ‘ warded, and that he will like me for my
 ‘ good Nature, which some People flatter
 ‘ me, and tell him, I have a great Share of :
 ‘ And as it is a Qualification he very much
 ‘ admires, I strive every Day, to improve it,
 ‘ and to command all those little Passions
 ‘ that are incident to our Sex. Was I suf-
 ‘ fer’d to plead for my self, I cou’d tell him,
 ‘ What an obedient Wife I’d make him !
 ‘ How my Duty and Inclinations wou’d both
 ‘ concur, to please him in all Actions of my
 ‘ Life ! When he was absent, I wou’d enter-
 ‘ tain my self with his dear Idea ! and when
 ‘ he return’d, meet him with inexpressible
 ‘ Raptures ! I cou’d dwell for ever on the in-
 ‘ chanting Subject : But fear I should grow
 ‘ tiresome. This opening of my Grief has
 ‘ been some Relief. I almost fear to have
 ‘ this published : I wish, yet dread, he should
 ‘ discover me. I don’t know what to do :
 ‘ Therefore rely wholly upon your Advice.
 ‘ If you print it, correct the bad *English* ; if
 ‘ you burn it, Remember and Pity

The poor LUCINDA !

WHAT constant Companions are *Merit* and
Humility ? How does this Lady conclude a
 Letter that must charm *every Reader*. *If you*
print it, correct the bad English. It is too
 good to be corrected. Sincerity, and everlast-
 ing Tenderness shine forth, in every Sentence.
 That Person who does not plainly perceive,
 that

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that what *Lucinda* has written, flow'd from her Heart, must have his own Heart ill placed, and removed out of the Way of *Nature*. If Men could write thus, no Woman of Sense would be ever courted in vain: When she signifies so *plainly* that she loves him from her Heart; how cordially does she labour to make that *Plainness* still *plainer*, if possible, as she proceeds still *farther* in her Letter. These plain Phrases are the Master-touches of *Nature*, and put *Art* out of Countenance. This is the natural Simplicity, that makes the *proud* Scholar's Ornaments look *poor*. Any body, that knows what Love is, will not *barely read*, but *feel* this Lady's Letter. Old as I am, my self, how am I warm'd, when, she expresses her *Tenderness*. And, if every *unconcerned* Person be her *Well-wisher*, what *Emotions* must this Letter be able to raise in the Bosom of that happy Man, whom it *concerns*. Will not her Prudence, her vow'd Obedience, her Study to please, her Humility, and being unconscious of the greatest Worth in her self; her whole Pride placed in admiring him, her Adoration, almost, of his superior Merit; her desiring, and yet diffiding, to deserve him: Will not all these win over his Soul to her? Where she describes to him, how she will behave in his Presence, and how in his Absence; what a Figure must she make in the Imagination of this admired Man? Must she not be as much admired, as she admires? Does she not force him

to what she so earnestly *wishes*? The God of Love lives, breathes and acts, in every Line of it, and nothing less than *THAT VERY MAN*, who, as she says, *If there be such a thing as Perfection in Mankind, is certainly Master of it*, can be a *suitable Prize*, for her *Merit*.

It has been reported concerning the *finest Orator*, of the present Age, that the Lady, to whom he was married, grew his *Wife*, by being his *Client*. He had long been acquainted with her Patience, Temper and Spirit, by her Manner of soliciting her own Cause: He knew her Fortune, which depended upon it; she gave him such full and elegant Instructions, as few profess'd Lawyers could have Penn'd, and as scarce needed his own powerful Assistance and Amendment. He ask'd her, who had drawn them? and being informed her self had been the Compiler, it is no wonder, that so much Wit, in so agreeable a Person, made that greatest of Orators, whose Addresses no Lady could withstand, from that Moment, her Suiter, and, consequently, her Husband. —

I HAVE often wish'd, to be fully satisfied of the Truth of this little beautiful Piece of Secret History. — But whether it be true in all its Circumstances, it was not invented by one, who meant to malign the Fame of that Lord, or the Merit of his Lady, since a more glorious Accident could not well be assigned, to have brought about the Marriage of so illustrious a Pair.

THE

THE Letter, which now lies before me, is the most exquisite Plea that ever my Eyes beheld. I know some who understand not what Love is, will be offended at a Woman's first declaring her Passion. How sensible is the Fair One of this, when she cries out, *Tyrant Custom and innate Modesty, forbid my Tongue to utter the Tortures of my Heart.* — By *Lucinda's* Leave, she *herself*, is too rigid and severe *against herself*. Custom, indeed, does forbid it, and a Tyrannical Custom it is, because, though pretendedly ground'd upon the Colours of Modesty, 'tis unjust, 'tis unnatural, and irreligious at the Bottom. — Is it not *modest*, as well as *natural*, to have an Inclination to be honourably married? She that has *not* an Inclination, *before* she is ask'd, can hardly, with Truth, declare *Inclination*: And if it was an Inclination virtuous and honourable from the Beginning; it must have been equally virtuous and honourable from the Beginning to have own'd it. A dull and obstinate Concealment of the Truth, 'till it *happens* to be *extorted*, is a *Triumph* given to *Folly* over *Nature*, for the Sake of a *mistaken Modesty*. Both Sexes, if they will but reflect, must agree in this *Truth*. —

WHAT Batchelor of good Sense would not be overjoy'd to discover a *Lucinda*, thus opening in his own Favour? The Man who disliked a Woman for declaring her Approbation of him, would be like one, who seeking for a Silver Mine, and discovering by

chance, a Golden one, shou'd desert it, for no other Reason, but because good Fortune had put it in his Way. —

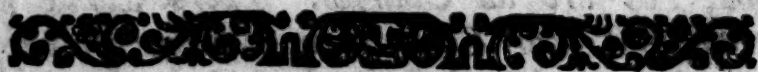
THERE is a vast deal of Delight in contemplating the Beauties of a Woman's Mind, who could write thus delicately. How happy would she make her Husband? She would sooth any Sorrow that could *reach* him, and *exalt* his *Pleasures* into *Raptures*; she would be his *Comfort* in *Adversity*, and *gild* and *adorn* his *Prosperity*; she would gladden his *Youth*, and *cherish* his *Age*; give more *Warmth* and *Joy* to the *Summer* of his *Life*, and yield *Gaiety* and *Refreshment* to his *Winter*; she would give *Wings* to his *Business* Abroad, and *divert* him at Home, with her *Conversation*; she would fill up the *Vacuities* of *Solitude*, with Discourse, that was preferable to the *Company* of *Wits*; no *Nights* could be *tedious* by her Side; and *Day-light* would be made more *cheerful* by looking upon her.

BUT I draw towards a Conclusion as fast as I can, for fear of hindring any longer, what I would speedily unite. I fancy myself to be this Minute, with my Paper, in the Parlour of that fine Old Seat in *Surrey*. *Lucinda* and her Lover, have both hold of the *Plain Dealer*, who tells them his Sentiments like the Father of them both.—I hear him reading, I see her wishing, and yet dreading to be discovered.—I wish the Discovery my self.—Methinks I see it, and hear him

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him say—*You are Lucinda ; I have often told you, You are all Charms. There wants nothing but your Consent to make us the happy Couple here described — Lucinda, trembling, holds the Paper as she would let it drop — Now, if I could make my Paper speak, it should say, Do, drop me from between you ; join Hands over a more Sacred Writing — It is so promising a Match, that the Plain Dealer is to act the Father in it—If you have not immediate Opportunities — If you apprehend any Hindrance—Stay not a Moment where you are — Take a Tour to Blunt-Hall together — The Clergyman of our Assembly, shall join your Hands, and bless your Wishes, and you may keep your Wedding at the ancient Seat of the Blunt's, since it will be so happy an Example to many Maids, who have been scared so long, by a silly groundless Custom, from speaking their Minds in an Affair, on which depends all their Felicity.*





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Cur in Theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?

MART.

MONDAY, *October* 12. 1724.

IT is the Duty of a Patriot to mourn for those growing Evils, which seem to threaten, either the Safety, or the Honour of his Country: And, for this Reason, I have often been, irresistably chagrin'd, at the Corruption of our Publick *Theatres*.—But I was, lately, enliven'd into *Hope*, upon this Subject; and am glad, I can assure my Reader, that there is a Spirit of Improvement at Work, to sustain our sinking Taste, and set Examples for our present Stages.

THERE is a generous Boldness, as well in the *Design* itself, as in the *Time* of putting it in Execution. But nothing is more certain, than that it is form'd upon a Plan, which if it meets with the propos'd Encouragement, will go a great Way toward keeping the Hearts of the Gay World from breaking, should so dreadful a Misfortune happen, as that the God of Wit revenges himself upon the prostituted

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stituted Theatres in Fashion, by making People ashamed of *appearing*, where they ought to blush at their Entertainment.

I AM transported to this Pitch of Joy, upon having Landed at *Westminster* Stairs, in my Way from *Barbican*, to the *Abbey Cloisters* (where I often muse, on Subjects which, a long Time hence, may fill *Plain Dealers*) and met, in the King's Highway, a Party-colour'd younger Brother, of the justly-celebrated Mr. *Lun*.—— He was usher'd along in great State, with a sounding Drum in his *Front*, and a Trumpet, and *French Horn*, plac'd like Wings, on either *Flank*; while the *Rear* was brought up by a Body of scatter'd *Velites*, the flying Fragments of Humanity!

THE *Chequer'd Nuntio*, as I pass'd him, stopt; and nodded his loose Head at me: Snatching off his Pigmy Hat, by the Rabbit's Tail which was annex'd to it: And, tripping toward me, with a wanton *Waviness*, like the Curling of a Ship's long Pendant, when it dances in a Breeze; flipt a *Billet* into my Hand; and, retreating, with a merry Shrugg, or two, resum'd his Post as before, and gave Continuance to the Procession.

FROM the ludicrous Turn of his Figure, I open'd the Paper he gave me, with very humble Expectation: But was struck with no small Reverence, when I beheld the *Royal Arms*, magisterially display'd at the Head of it: And These surprizing Particulars promulg'd, under the Stamp of such a known Authority!

By

By His MAJESTY'S PERMISSION,

For the better Accommodation of *Gentlemen,
Ladies and Others :*

AT the *White-Hart*, in *St. Margaret's Lane*, is to be seen, in a Manner never Perform'd before, The whole Play of

*HERO and LEANDER ; with a LIVE
PUNCH.*

Perform'd by a Company of *ARTIFICIAL ACTORS*, whose Diversions are very *Changeable, and Consiſtivarious.*

THE Figures, being *Five Foot high*, perform with that *Nicety*, that they can hardly be distinguish'd from the *Live Players*; and give an *Equal Satisfaction.*

LIKEWISE, you will see the Dancing of *Figs, Masquerades, and Sarabands.* — Likewise, the Royal Court of *Foreign Kings, Queens, and Princes.* Every Figure dress'd according to their own *Country Habits.* — Likewise, the Rising and Setting of the Sun. Also *CUPID'S Paradise.* — Likewise, *Cupid* descending out of the *Clouds*, to the Front of the Stage, and speaks the *Prologue* to the Play.

BEFORE the Play begins, there is a *High German Artist*, that takes an *empty Bag*, and turns it inside out, that you may see, there is *nothing in it*, and, then, conveys *Showers of Gold and Eggs* out of it,

THE

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THE Prices are from *Two Shillings*, down to *Six-pence*. And we begin, at the *Quality Hours*.

THERE are very good Seats for *Gentlemen*; and Places, for *Coaches* and *Chairs* to stand in.

Note — Any *Gentleman* and *Lady*, may have a *Play in Private*, any Hour of the Day; giving Notice beforehand.

VIVAT REX.

I FOUND myself not a little delighted, upon perusing this *Notification*, to be assur'd, in so Authentick a Manner, that we have *His Majesty's Permission*, to be better accommodated than we have been. For, from this, *intentional*, Royal Grace, I grew sanguine enough to expect, a very sudden Revocation of certain Grants, for Monopolizing the *Art of Conjuring*; and of bewitching the King's Liege People out of all sober Use, as well of their *Money* as their *Senses*.——I enter'd, therefore, with Pleasure, on the Divisions of my printed Billet: And began, with a Critical Eye, to examine what Likelihood there was, that *Hero* and *Leander*, should be too hard for the *Devil*, and his *Double Favourites*.

THE *Live Punch*, though they seem to build much upon him, I cou'd consider as no great Rarity.——Not that I wou'd derogate, in the least, from that Respect, which is due to his Character: But he has *Brothers* upon both Stages, as much *alive* as himself, with the Advantage of being more incomprehensible.

fible.—*Punch* will be *understood*, with so little Difficulty, that our People of *Polite Taste*, will never be able to *bear* him.—But, when I had read about half a Line lower, and came to that Part of the Declaration, which promises, *That the Actors of this new Company, shall be ARTIFICIAL*, I was presently at Ease again: For, in that Case, I saw, most certainly, that there must be Novelty in their Design; since nothing is more generally allow'd, with Regard to the *other Companies*, than, That, for One of their Actors, who is *Artificial*, Six are absolutely *Naturals*.

I GATHER'D much Consolation too, from that other welcome Assurance, That the Diversions of *this Royal Company*, are to be very *Changeable*, and *Consistivarious*. The Town has, Annually, for some Years past, been *dieted*, by the *Playhouse Doctors*: And gone through a *Regular Course of Bitters*, with a most laudable Spirit of *Meekness*, and true Christian *Resignation*—Their *Wit* was fall'n *Sick*, and submitted to *Quack Potions*: Because Mountebank Stages, by being *Licens'd*, had the Reputation of *College Practice*: (And, to poison by *Authority*, has the good Fortune to be *no Felony*).—So that nothing is more certain, than that the *Wooden Company*, will have the Advantage of our *Brazen Ones*, in this important Point, *the Changeable*.

BUT, as for the *Consistivarious*, the old Workmen, I am afraid, will be more than a
Match

Match for the new Ones.——I am not, indeed, so able a Critick, in the Language of these Wooden Orators, as to decide, with any absolute Sufficiency, the Signification of a Word, so Derivative and Complex, as *Consistivarious*: But, if I am fortunate enough, to have rightly broke in upon so impregnable a *Decomposite*, then, I am sure, I may safely affirm, That our Stage's Conduct, ever since I can remember it, has been *truly Consistivarious*, in the most remarkable and surprizing Manner.——Nay, a *Triumvir* of that detach'd Administration, the accomplished Author of a *Tragedy*, which we are to be admitted to the Honour of *admiring*, in the Front of this happy Season, is, I am sure, so renown'd for his *Consistivariousness*, that one wou'd almost be induc'd to swear, That the very *Word* was of his *own making*, and coin'd, on Purpose, for his *New Tragedy*.

BUT, here let me correct a false Report, which this Great Writer suffers under, by the Means of some, who envy him the Honours which are due to his *undoubting Genius*:——It is said, the Name of his New Tragedy is to be *Cæsar in Egypt*. But I assure all Christian People, that though *Cæsar*, may stand, in Capitals, on the *Title Page*, yet that shou'd only be consider'd as an *Error of the Press*; which the Buyer may *correct* with Ease, by reading CIBBER in *Egypt*, instead of CÆSAR: And, with that small Alteration, every Thing in this Tragedy, will be found
extremely

extremely Natural; and stand directly, as it *shou'd* be.

THE Spirit, however of our new Undertakers, at the *White-Hart*, is inflam'd into an enterprizing and smart *Emulation*! And I was very much taken with the Turn of this brisk Defiance——That, tho' they may pass for *Nobodies*, because they are made of *Wood*; yet, since they have the Good Luck to be *five Foot high*, they see no Reason to suppose their Adversaries to be *more than their Match*; and will, therefore, *perform with such Nicety, as not to be distinguish'd from them*; and doubt not in the least, to give an *equal Satisfaction*.

As for the next Paragraph, I fear it was purposely embroider'd over, with those *Likewises*, and *Also's*, for no other Reason in the World, but to cover a conscious Deficiency in the *Sense*, by the Eloquent Glare of the *Expression*.——For, who does not observe, That *Dancing of Figs, Masquerades, and Sarabands*, are Improvements in Learning, which the happy Genius of our *Nobility*, and the vast Encouragement they give to *Wit*, have brought, already, to their full Perfection?—I can't see, therefore, what Novelty can be expected, in this Particular: Unless, when they give Notice, That *All their Performers are to be Wooden ones*, they wou'd have us understand it, that, by Aid of some *third Faustus*, their *Fiddles* are to fall a *Dancing*, and keep Time to their own Musick.

THE Rising and Setting of the *Sun*, I have very little to say for, with Regard to its *Newness*. — *Cupid's Paradise* may please at first, but will flatten, if they shew it often. — The *Court of Foreign Kings* is no such *Rarity* as they think it. — But, for every Figure to be *dress'd*, according to their *own Country Fashion*. — That, indeed, is a Stroke of *Decorum*, which out-soars, at one Flight, *Patent, License, and Charter!* And it will be reasonable to hope, after the Publick Taste has been so refin'd, by these *Chips of a new Block*, that we shall see no more Intermixture of the Ancient, with the Modern Dresses: Where the Order of Things is so capriciously revers'd, that the Courtiers of an *English* Monarch shall stand round him, like *Beaux of Yesterday*; and the Sovereign himself strut about, in Trunk Breeches, and be dress'd, as old as a *Patriarch*.

THERE is, in the next Article, an odd kind of Mystery, which I own I could not fathom: And, I frankly confess, I was, once, afraid, there might be a *Plot* in it. — I puzzled my Imagination, till I was weary of imagining. — But, the more I mus'd upon it, the less I was able to make; of that strange *Higb-German Artist*, who was to shake an empty Bag, inside out, that we might see, there was nothing in it: And, then, rain Gold and Eggs out of it.

It was easily to be discern'd, that the Scene was shifted in this Place. — The Play-

houses could have nothing to do with the Paragraph : None of *Their* Bags, for some Years past, having been *Empty* enough to turn inside outward. So that I was greatly perplex'd, by the Knottiness of this Difficulty : Till I, luckily, bethought myself of a Friend of mine, a *Decypherer* ; whose surprizing Dexterity, levell'd every Rub in his Way, and made it as plain, as a Demonstration, That the empty Bag was the *South-Sea Scheme*.——That the Golden Showers were the *sudden Sallies of that Stock* : And, that the *Eggs* were the *sucking Bubbles*, that were *batch'd* under the Warmth of it.

I SHOULD have been *lost*, in this *Desart*, if I had not return'd, to make a Remark, concerning the *Modesty* of our new Comedians.——How praise-worthy is their Generosity, and the Disinterestedness of their Spirit ! Who, after putting themselves to the two-fold Charge of *building*, both their *Stage*, and their *Performers*, propose to act, notwithstanding, at *Lower Rates*, than their Rivals ; which Last go on to *demolish*, as fast as their Competitors can *build up* : And yet, have the Courage to *raise* their Prices, because they *fall* their Entertainments.

THEN, how just, and how *Sympathetical*, is another Care of our Wooden Reformers !——Being perfectly acquainted with the Talents of a Modish Audience, they have judiciously determined to provide Room for the *Coaches* and *Chairs*, in the same Paragraph

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graph with the *Gentlemen*. — Their Thoughts were more upon *Merit*, than upon *Good Breeding*; — And since they knew that their *Kindred Vehicles* were as able *Judges*, as their *Owners*, and (which is of more Consequence) as *well-dress'd* too; they, therefore, thought it but reasonable to treat 'em with equal Reverence.

WHAT kind of *Play*, that may be, which any *Gentleman* and *Lady*, who give Notice before-hand, are to be diverted with *in Private*, I must make a Personal Search into, before I undertake to consider it. — But, upon the Whole, I believe, there can be no manner of Doubt, but that *The White-Hart*, in *St. Margaret's-Lane*, may bid as fair for *Fine Audiences*, as any of the Rest of our Theatres; where, though the Actors are not of *Wood*, they have usurp'd the Province of *Wooden Actors*.





The Plain Dealer.

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Pictoribus atque Poetis.

HOR.

FRIDAY, *October* 16. 1724.

WHEN I read, with Admiration, the great *Actions* of an *Alexander*, a *Cæsar*, or a *Tamerlane*; or am charm'd by the more powerful *Writings* of a *Homer*, a *Virgil*, or a *Cicero*, I am fir'd with an impatient Longing, to conceive their Turn of *Person*, *Air*, and *Features*. And when my Fancy (forc'd to travel without a Guide) has tir'd itself with vain Endeavours to *grasp* Ideas, that are *thin*, and *fleeting*, I lament that the *Materials* of the *Painter's noble Art*, are not as *lasting* as the *Painter's Fame* is. For, in that case, Two *Sister Arts*, uniting their different Powers, the one transmitting *Souls*, the other *Bodies*, (or the outward Form of Bodies) their combining Influence would be of Force to frustrate *Death itself*: And all the Ages of the World would seem to be *Cotemporaries*.

BUT, here, the *Poet* triumphs. His Works *outlive* the *Painter's*, though the Painter

ter

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ter begins much sooner to be famous, than the Poet does: And has also commonly the Advantage over him, with Relation to *Fortune*: The strongest Reasons of which Difference, I have lately read, with Pleasure, in the following Letter, from an excellent, and learned, Critick, whom I spoke of, in a late Paper, and whose *Encouragement*, I am afraid, is (to the future Reproach of our Age) most shamefully disproportioned to his *Merit*.

THERE is something extremely *new*, in the Subject, as well as the Sentiments, of this Letter: And I will, therefore, take the Liberty to publish it, for my Reader's Entertainment; though the Author, when he writ it, meant it only for the private Satisfaction of a Gentleman of his Acquaintance.

October the 7th. 1724.

S I R,

I KNOW not whether I should return you Thanks for your last Visit or not, because I know not whether I am indebted to Fortune, or to You for it. But I am obliged to take Notice, in a particular Manner, of the Desire you express'd, during our being together, that I would have my *Picture drawn*.

AFTER I have omitted it so many Years, I would not have it drawn at last by a *Bungler*, and I am not in a Condition at present, to satisfy one who is a Master; nor do I know whether we have any Master,

‘ who would make me a *Present* of it : Though
 ‘ a Painter is much more able to *give*, than a
 ‘ Poet to *buy* ; which has put me upon consider-
 ‘ ing, what are the Reasons which make the
 ‘ *Painter* so successful, and the *Poet* so un-
 ‘ fortunate ; that make the Art of Poetry,
 ‘ and the Art of Painting, which are Sisters,
 ‘ so very *Resembling*, by *Nature*, so very *Dif-*
 ‘ *ferent*, by *Fortune*.

‘ A great *Poet*, for the most Part, neglects
 ‘ and affronts *Fortune*, by making his Court
 ‘ to *Fame* ; but *Fame* and *Fortune* are *Rivals*,
 ‘ that contend with each other, which shall
 ‘ heap most Favours upon the deserving *Pain-*
 ‘ *ter*. All the great Painters that have ap-
 ‘ peared among us, have had Justice done to
 ‘ their Merit while they *liv’d*, and no *Sign-*
 ‘ *post-Painter* has ever yet pass’d for a great
 ‘ *Master*. All the Painters, whom our Kings
 ‘ have delighted to employ, have been Ma-
 ‘ sters, as *Holbin*, *Rubens*, *Vandyck*, *Leeley*,
 ‘ *Ryley*, *Kneller*, and *Thornhill*.

‘ BUT the contrary of this has happened
 ‘ with Regard to *Poets*. Several good ones,
 ‘ nay, several of the *best*, have been neglect-
 ‘ ed during their *Life-time*, as *Spencer*, *Mil-*
 ‘ *ton*, *Butler*, *Otway*, among ourselves, and
 ‘ among the Ancients, *Homer* ; while the
 ‘ most contemptible of all Scriblers have been
 ‘ Esteemed and Honoured. Our Kings them-
 ‘ selves have, more than once, had such vile
 ‘ Scriblers for *their Poets*, and have, like *For-*
 ‘ *tune*, taken a Pleasure in *exalting Fools*.

‘ But

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‘ But tho’ a King can give a Man Title and
 ‘ Place, only GOD can give him *Genius*.
 ‘ ’Tis the Prerogative of a King to make a
 ‘ *Knight*, but only GOD can make a *Poet*.

‘ THE Reasons of the Difference which
 ‘ we sometimes find, in the Fortunes of great
 ‘ *Poets* and *Painters*, appear to me to be
 ‘ chiefly these which follow :

‘ The First is, That the great Painter, for
 ‘ each of his Master-pieces, has but *one* Ori-
 ‘ ginal, and no *Copy* can come up to the
 ‘ easie Grace and the natural Force of a beau-
 ‘ tiful *Original*; whereas, of masterly Poems,
 ‘ there are as many Originals, as there are
 ‘ true Copies; and all of them have equal
 ‘ Force, and equal Grace and Beauty; and
 ‘ this is none of the least Things that render
 ‘ the Works of the Painter so precious, and
 ‘ the Artist himself so fortunate. A Man
 ‘ may buy the Works of *Homer* or *Virgil* for
 ‘ a very Trifle, whereas those of *Raphael* are
 ‘ above any Value. But this multiplying of
 ‘ Originals gives the great *Poet*, at least, one Ad-
 ‘ vantage over the famous *Painter*, which is, that
 ‘ it renders what he writes perpetual. *Homer*
 ‘ and *Virgil* are immortal in their *Works*, but
 ‘ *Zeuxis* and *Apelles* are only so in their *Fame*.

‘ ANOTHER Reason of this Difference, is, The
 ‘ Universality of the Language in which the
 ‘ Painter delivers his Art: The great Painter
 ‘ speaks to all Countries as intelligibly; as to
 ‘ his own, nay, more intelligibly, more
 ‘ gracefully, and more forcibly, to those

‘ Countries which are polite ; and, therefore,
 ‘ his Fame keeps equal Pace with his Merit ;
 ‘ and where-ever he goes, both Fortune and
 ‘ Fame attend him. The more his Pieces
 ‘ are known, the more they are desired, and
 ‘ the more dearly purchased. The greatest of
 ‘ Kings are ambitious to be Masters of them,
 ‘ and ambitious to possess the *Painters*, as
 ‘ well as their Works. What modern Poet,
 ‘ during his *Life-time*, was ever read by so
 ‘ many Sovereign Princes, as were *drawn* by
 ‘ the Hand of *Titian*? What Prince ever
 ‘ heap’d those Honour on a Poet, that *Charles*
 ‘ the *Fifth* did on *Titian*? Did the renowned
 ‘ *Augustus* himself, with all his Capacity, and
 ‘ all his Greatness of Mind, so Honour *Ho-*
 ‘ *race* or *Virgil*? Now, while the Painter’s
 ‘ Fame and Fortune are unconfi’d, those of
 ‘ the greatest of our *English* Poets are restrain-
 ‘ ed to the Islands of *Great Britain* and *Ire-*
 ‘ *land*, that is, to less than *Twenty Millions* of
 ‘ *People*, of which, perhaps, there are hardly
 ‘ *Five hundred* which have a fine Taste of Poetry.

‘ ANOTHER Reason of the Difference in
 ‘ the Fortunes of great Painters and Poets,
 ‘ with regard to Painting after the *Life*, is
 ‘ the darling *Interest*, and the darling *Passion* of
 ‘ both Sexes, and especially of the Women ;
 ‘ no Motive is generally so predominant, as
 ‘ that of Self-Interest, no Passion so vehe-
 ‘ ment and so ardent as Self-Love. Now the
 ‘ Generality of both Sexes look upon their
 ‘ *Persons*, as their *very selves*. It is their
 ‘ *Persons*,

‘ Persons, then, which they ardently desire
 ‘ should be advantageously known, and
 ‘ fairly distinguished, and should remain after
 ‘ them. This the great *Painter* alone can
 ‘ perform, who is sure to draw the best Like-
 ‘ ness, and yet, at the same Time, to distin-
 ‘ guish a Face, from all other Faces what-
 ‘ ever, which ’tis impossible that the greatest
 ‘ *Poet* in the World, can ever do, by *De-*
 ‘ *scription*.

‘ ANOTHER Reason of the foresaid Dif-
 ‘ ference, is, That few Persons pretend to
 ‘ decide sovereignly in *Painting*, but they
 ‘ who are acquainted with the Rules of the
 ‘ Art, and who, besides the Reading Ancient
 ‘ and Modern History, understand *Geometry*,
 ‘ *Perspective*, and *Anatomy*; whereas the Rab-
 ‘ ble of Mankind pretending to judge of
 ‘ *Poetry*, sovereignly, and without Appeal,
 ‘ wretched *Poetasters* have been often applau-
 ‘ ded, and excellent *Poets* neglected, because
 ‘ the former write most to the *Capacity* of
 ‘ the *Rabble*. And there is one Thing, which
 ‘ I have formerly mention’d, and which I
 ‘ have often observ’d, and always with fresh
 ‘ Surprize, That the *Rabble*, by their Noise,
 ‘ their Clamours, and their Obstinacy, have
 ‘ often drawn in Men who have pass’d for
 ‘ Men of Sense, to affirm their unrighteous
 ‘ Decrees; whereas the Men of Sense, with
 ‘ all their Judgment, and with all their Per-
 ‘ severance, have never been able to draw in
 ‘ the *Rabble*, without the Assistance of *Time*.

‘ THERE

' THERE is still another Reason of the
 ' foreſaid Difference in the Fortunes of great
 ' Poets and Painters, which is this; Moſt Men
 ' are very ſenſual; and Pleaſure of *Senſe* af-
 ' fects them, more than Pleaſure merely *In-*
 ' *tellectual*. They love to have their Under-
 ' ſtandings informed by their Senſes, becauſe
 ' that Inſtruction gives them *Pleaſure*, with-
 ' out any Mixture of Pain, which always, in
 ' ſome meaſure, accompanies Labour and
 ' great Attention. And of all the Senſes,
 ' they love chiefly to be inſtructed by the
 ' *Sight*, becauſe the Inſtruction that comes
 ' that Way, is attended with the leaſt *La-*
 ' *bour*. And if it be true, that there are no
 ' *innate Ideas*; if it be true, that there is no-
 ' thing in the Underſtanding, but what was
 ' in the *external Senſe before*, then the Me-
 ' thod of Inſtruction uſed by the *Painter*, is
 ' the very Method wick *God* and *Nature* have
 ' taken to inſtruct us. And this is the Cauſe
 ' of that extraordinary Pleaſure which Men
 ' receive from *Painting*, as *Ariſtotle* has ob-
 ' ſerved in the Fourth Chapter of his Art of
 ' *Poetry*. And, in this, the *Painter* has in-
 ' finitely the Advantage of the *Poet*. The
 ' Painter informs the Underſtanding, and
 ' warms the Imagination, by ſtriking the
 ' *Sight* ſtrongly, and giving it the Height of
 ' Pleaſure; while all that can be done, of
 ' that kind, by the greateſt Poet that ever
 ' liv'd, is to make us vainly *imagine*, that he
 ' ſets Things before our *Eyes*,

' THUS

‘ THUS have I laid before you some of the
 ‘ chief Reasons of the Difference that is found
 ‘ in the Fortunes of *Great Poets and Paint-*
 ‘ *ers*; and, now, to end with the *Business*
 ‘ with which I began, If he whom you pro-
 ‘ pose to draw my Picture, is not a *Master*,
 ‘ I shall be unwilling to give him any Trou-
 ‘ ble. If he is a *Master*, he is *Rich*, as cer-
 ‘ tainly as I am *not so*: I therefore expect,
 ‘ That he shall do it *intirely gratis*; For as
 ‘ *Painter, and Poet, we are Sisters Children,*
 ‘ and he is worse than a *Jew*, who, being
 ‘ *Rich himself, will take Money of a Poor Re-*
 ‘ *lation.*

I am, SIR,

Your most Humble,

Faithful Servant,

A. B.



The



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Labor Improbis omnia vincit. VIRG.

Otium cum dignitate. ——— CICERO.

MONDAY, October 19. 1724.

THERE is not a more delightful Way of conveying useful Knowledge into the Mind, than Copying the *Allegories* of the *Ancients*: The following Genealogy of LABOUR and PLEASURE, is a modern Performance of this kind, which shews the Author a Person of lively Fancy and sound Judgment.

It was sent me in a well-written Letter, subscribed J. F. which, when I suppress, I must own, I give my self some Mortification.

SATURN, the Son of COELUM, after having made a Separation of Body and Goods with his Wife CYBELE, married NECESSITY the Daughter of DESTINY and FORTUNE.

Old Father DESTINY gave this poor Girl of his, her Education among the MUSES, and trained her up in the Company of Poets
and

and *Philosophers*. She was blessed, from a very Child, with a strong, and enterprizing Genius, quick and ready at Invention, fruitful of mighty Projects, and ever intent upon proper Ways and Means, to give a finishing Stroke to her Undertakings. But though she was ingenious, she was homely in her Person; she, poor Thing! had none of those Charms to boast of, which might draw the Eyes of Lovers upon her; her *Mien* carried with it as little Temptation as her *Face*; and her Fortune was *low*, and still *less* inviting than *either*; so that she was no Body's Taste, and not any Individual breatheing had the least Thought of her for a *Wife*. The *MUSES* found the Charge grow heavy upon Them, and, sensible of their Inability to go through with the Expence of keeping her much longer, the begg'd *DESTINY*, by all means, to take her out of their Hands, and think of making proper Provision for her in some other Way. This put *DESTINY* on trying to bring about a Match, between his Daughter, and his old Friend *SATURN*, whom he persuaded, that since he was so far gone in Years, and parted from his Wife, without any Appearance of their coming together again; it was not possible for him to do better, than marry some honest careful Body, who would be tender in looking after him: And then he took Occasion to name his own Daughter, as a Person well qualified for that Office; assuring the old Gentleman, at the same Time, of her Inclinations

nations to do every Thing, that would be most pleasing in his Eyes.

THE Truth is, NECESSITY was a good toward Girl, and followed her Father's Counsel, so well, and behaved herself with so much Docility, Humility, and Diligence, that she intirely won the old Man's Heart. That which prevailed with him, most of all, to come to this Resolution, arose from this Consideration, That all the Uneasiness between him and CYRELE, was occasioned by her *too great* Riches, which made her presumptuous enough to slight and despise him, and use him so ill, as to carry on a secret Affair with PLUTO, a Commerce, the most displeasing in Nature to him, and which he could never forgive. Hence he became perswaded, it would be doing very wisely, to marry a Woman of Birth, who having nothing of her own, would think of no other Enjoyments, but those which she shared in common with him, which he knew to be sufficient to render her eternally happy.

PRELIMINARIES were all settled, the Treaty concluded, and the Marriage consummated, between old SATURN, and his poor Spouse NECESSITY, whose whole Portion consisted in her *Vigilance*, her *Obedience*, and *Humility*.

THE only *Issue* of this Marriage was VIRTUE, who from her Cradle, gave Promises of her Beauty. As soon as she grew up, the mature Virgin drew gazing Crowds after her,
and

and the Eyes of the admiring World was fix'd upon this Object. There was not that single God in *Olympus*, but was fond of her Acquaintance: However, as she happened to be of a high and over-ruling Temper, and would take the Liberty of telling People their Faults very plainly to their Faces; she was not over-welcome to many, where she went.

THEN, again, her Mother NECESSITY, whose Company she was seldom out of, was, by Nature, bashful, and little used to frequent the Palaces of the *Great*. She went always very *plainly* and *simply* cloathed, after the *old Fashion*, which made her not a little timorous of visiting the *modish* Gods of *Quality*.

THIS manner of Life becoming troublesome to them, they went often to pay their Respects to the *MUSES*, and to see the *Poets* and *Philosophers*, their old Friends, with whom they always found a more friendly and grateful Reception. This made them think of returning to the *MUSES*, and there to live for ever: And this NECESSITY got her Husband to consent to, who approved of this Retreat the more willingly, because he very justly judged, that the good Qualities of his Daughter VIRTUE, might help a great deal, in that Place, towards correcting the Vices and reforming the Errors of Mankind.

ACCORDINGLY they returned to *Parnassus*, and the *MUSES* obliged them with
fine

fine Apartments, where VIRTUE made herself known more and more, and was admired by every Eye that could get a Sight of her. The MUSES did all they could, to exalt the Merit of their new Tenant; they left nothing unsaid, that might enlarge her Reputation; they had a mighty Mind to captivate some suitable Person, and engage his Affections to her: But all in vain; there was not one Ear *rightly* open to these repeated Praises and Admonitions. Whole Crowds indeed would throng, to gaze at her, every Spectator Admired her, and even every Hearer, when she spoke, was forc'd to allow, That she had Reason for the Reprimands she made; but not one of them would have any Concern with her, or join themselves for ever with a Person, whose Manner of Living was so extraordinary and uncommon.

THUS she remained a long Time unprovided for, 'till a venerable Sort of Gentleman, oldish, but not very far in Years, who had the Reputation of great Capacity, Observation and Experience, and whose Name was WISDOM, happen'd to light upon her. To him this *tart* Humour of hers, which was always as *just* as it was *severe*, was not at all distasteful: On the contrary, he liked her for it; he made his Court to her, and having addressed her Father and Mother for their Consent, and obtained it, married her, to the universal Joy of *Parnassus*.

THIS excellent Couple had Issue, but One Child, named LABOUR, who, in his Infancy, gave them Trouble enough, in all Conscience, to rear him. As soon as he approached the Age of Manhood, he gave the most apparent Signs of a *working* Head, and appeared never *easy*, but when in *Action*.

ONE Day, above the rest, having closely employed himself upon an Undertaking of great Moment, a Task which his Mother VIRTUE had been pleased to set him; he saw RECOMPENCE, the Daughter of MERIT and of REASON, and became passionately in Love with her. Her *Youth* was blooming, her *Beauty* exquisitely charming; her Humour powerfully bewitching; her *whole Person* irresistibly ravishing: All she *look'd*, or *said*, or *did*, was so engaging, that it was *natural* in her to *please*, and there was no-body but loved her, no-body but longed to possess her.

LABOUR, who was nearly touched with so many agreeable Qualities, resolved with himself to do every thing that should be requisite to gain her; and, as she did not want Lovers, he judged he should meet with many Difficulties before he could attain his desired End: But having received some joyful Assurance, that the Figure he made in the World, did not displease her, he resolved to omit nothing, that might make him still more grateful in the Eye of his Mistress. After infinite Pains, innumerable Hopes and Disappointments, the Treaty was at length con-

cluded with MERIT and REASON, the Parents of RECOMPENCE, who gave their Consent with great Alacrity; and the more, for that VIRTUE herself did very heartily interest herself in that Affair. Nay, farthermore, Advices came to the Parents of RECOMPENCE, that the Marriage was APPROVED and DESIRED by COELUM, the Great-Grandfather to LABOUR.

IN Effect, LABOUR and RECOMPENCE were so exactly matched, that one may say, they were born *one* for the *other*; their Marriage was perfectly happy, by the good Understanding in which they lived; For LABOUR continuing towards his Wife the same Affection, desired to be everlastingly in her Company; he could not bear her a Moment out of his Sight, by his good Will; and would scarce be persuaded, at Times, that he had seen her, when he really had. His Wife was no less fond, on her Side; she observed a Conduct so regular, and so judicious, that she never gave him Reason of Complaint, and would favour no-body with her *Presence*, where her Husband was *absent*.

THIS Marriage was render'd still more prosperous by its Fruitfulness. For, they had Issue Three Children, Two Girls, and a Boy. The Boy, who was the Youngest, was called REST: He was *well made* in his *Person*, *agreeable*, *insinuating*, *welcome* wherever he went: His noble Birth, and engaging Qualities, made him regarded and coveted by

by *all* the World, and chiefly by the *Rich*. He was not of so high a Spirit as his Sisters: He visited none but Persons that were peaceful, and little enterprizing. His *Father* was angry at it, and did all he could to render him *more active*, but he fled out of his Sight, because continual solliciting him to do something, disturbed his *Quiet*, and interrupted his Beloved *Repose*.

THESE repeated Sollicitations grew, at last, so insupportable to REST, that, his Humour being no longer able to bear that of his *Father*, which was so *opposite*, he harboured Malice against him, and joining in an Association with IDLENESS, with whom he had contracted a *strict Friendship*, they plotted together to take away the Life of the Parent of REST. But honest Father LABOUR, being vigilant, was not long without discovering this Conspiracy, of which being but too certain, he drove this *unnatural Son* from him, nor would ever see him more: REST, touch'd with *Repentance*, or pushed by *some other Motive*, retired to the *Service of the Gods*, where he has, ever since, taken up his Residence.

THE Two Daughters of LABOUR, were GLORY and PLEASURE, both of them fine Persons, intirely like their Mother, so very like her, that they were often taken for her, which made her extreamly fond of them. LABOUR loved them dearly too, as well on Account of their Merit, as for that *near Re-*

semblance of Features which made him remember, when his Heart was first smitten with Love.

THE Children, on their Side, dutifully answered this Affection, and hardly ever quitted their *Father* and *Mother*, where-ever they went, whether to *private People*, or *Princes*, where they most delighted to make their Abode, and where they were very *welcome*, being significant Persons in *War* and *Peace*, and shining as well in the *Cabinet*, as the *Field*.

IT is true, that PLEASURE, was not so lofty and proud of Heart, as GLORY, her Sister: For whereas GLORY thought of nothing but *great Things*, and would frequent none but People of great Genius, despising all other Considerations; PLEASURE, on the contrary, could amuse herself with any thing, loving as well Business of *little Account*, as that of *Importance*; the People of a *midling*, as well as of the *sublimest* Genius; *low*, as well as *high* Life, caressing all alike; which won her the Hearts of all the World: As she was, by Nature, very *curious*, she diverted herself with making little particular Journeys to People, who were glad to have her in their Company, provided she was not with her *Father* and her *Sister*, the *Austerity* of whom, put them under too great a Restraint.

THESE little Sallies gave a *Stain* to her Reputation, it not being possible to see so fine a Girl familiarly visit so many People, without

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without speaking of it. But what had like to have ruined her intirely, was, that at the same Time a *debauch'd Girl*, who had something of the *Air* of PLEASURE, but much *Affectation*, took it in her Head to go by the same Name, in order to find the *easier Access* in all Places. She was the Daughter of LEISURE and DEBAUCH, despicable People! and, as she had neither *Birth* nor *Honour*, she mingled indifferently with *all Sorts* of Persons, leading an infamous Life, and so disorderly, that she passed for one lost.

THIS Identity of Names, made them attribute to the *true* PLEASURE, all the Disorders of the *false*, which obliged her to clear up the Matter with her Father LABOUR, who was deceived, like the rest of the World, by this Appearance. But above all Things, her *conscious Innocence*, which they accused her to have violated, gave her great Confidence in her own Justification. She made known to her *Father*, that the greatest Part of those she frequented, were the best Friends of *Him*, and his Ancestors, VIRTUE and WISDOM; That she was cherished by a *whole Set* of *Philosophers*; and, in short, That she saw none but People, whose *Manners* were *Praise-worthy*.



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— Nos animorum

*Impulsu & cæcâ magnâq; cupidine ducti
 Conjugium petimus, partumq; Uxoris; at illis
 Notum qui pueri, qualisq; futura sit Uxor. Juv.*

FRIDAY, October 23, 1724.

I WHO Pride my Self, in nothing, more than when I can be personating the *good old Man*, that is to say, Acting the Part of a Father towards the Youth of either Sex, must *naturally* have a singular Regard for those worthy Matrons, my Co-temporaries, whose approved Wisdom and Vertue, induce prudent Parents, to consign Children to their *Guardianship*. — The Truth is, That whenever I light upon the least Commerce with this beneficial Set of People, I am willing to improve it, both for their Sakes, and my Own, that we pick out of one another, sometimes a lucky Hint, that has been useful in conducting one Child to its Welfare, and by pushing it in the Education of another, make it the Happier, its whole Life after. — For this Reason, I was resolved to dispatch the
Request

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Request of the following Letter, as early as possible, and because, as the careful Writer of it has young Ladies under her Tuition, I not only consider Her as a common Correspondent, but have for Her that fraternal Regard, which is felt by an *Affectionate Brother*.

SIR,

October 12, 1724.

HAVING the Charge of two young Ladies of Fortune lately devolved upon me; I cannot but think it needful to call in the Assistance of the *PLAIN DEALER* to enable me to perform this important Task, with that Justice and Prudence, which I am convinc'd it requires.

I therefore beg you will give me some Rules for Education; and, that they may the better Adapted to my present Necessity, I must tell you, as concisely as I can, the different Dispositions I have to deal with.

THE eldest is about Fifteen, very Bookish, but her chief Study has hitherto been in Romances, and Novels. I think it not proper to discourage this Taste of Reading in her, but would rather lead her, insensibly, into the Perusal of Books really Useful; which to such a One, ought to be entertaining too. What they must be, I submit to your Judgment, who, I hope, will Recommend some Authors that may be safely put into their Hands.

MY younger Charge, not quite Fourteen, is so far from reading Romances, that I can fix her to nothing; She promises fair to be the very

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Counter-part of your Patty Amble ; And I believe has been a Coquette from her Cradle ; She is good-natur'd, but giddy, and I fear it will be a difficult Matter to make her a reasonable Woman, tho' She certainly has good Sense.

THIS will be no Paradox, when we consider how many People loose the Benefit of a fine Understanding, for want of fixing it upon a proper Basis.

YOUR Thoughts upon this SUBJECT will be a Publick Benefit, and a Particular Favour to

SIR, Your constant Reader,
and humble Servant,

ASPASIA.

It is Nobly and Generously observed by an Excellent Poet of the present Age, that, To do one good Action, is preferable to the writing, however sublimely, the most Glorious Deeds of others. But methinks, on the other hand, it gives an unspeakable Pleasure to deliver in writing, what may give occasion to good Actions. The honest Inclination of Aspasia, and her earnest Desire, That I would give her a Word of Advice, concur to raise in me this Expectation, and therefore, while I shall lay down some cursory Observations, which may be of Service to young People, I am not asham'd to own, That the little Entertainment, which I offer to that Class of my Readers, is a kind of Feast to my Self.

ASP A-

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ASPASIA very well knows, the first and most important Point, which consists in studying their Tempers, and the Bent of their Inclinations. The Knowledge once obtained; the next Step is, to improve and heighten their good Qualities, and *artificially* to transform the Defects and Errors of their Nature, into Graces and Ornaments. As we must *naturally* Love those, whom we desire to instruct; and, as it is *natural* not to love those, who obtrude Instruction upon us, but to listen with Attention to those whom we Love, and to gather Instruction from them, as it were *without their Knowledge*; It is, for these Reasons, methinks Necessary, that the Method, generally observed in these Cases, should be Reversed; that is to say, The *Instruction* of the Child should be the *Consequence* of a Tutor's Love towards it, and not her Love be the *Consequence* of its *taking her Instructions*; These Directresses of Youth should *begin*, where they generally *end*. They give their *Advices plainly* and *bluntly*, and as those happen to take Root direct their *Affections* or *Resentments*: But they should, *first*, Practice upon the *Affections* of their *Wards*, gain their Hearts, and make their own Love *seen*, and *afterwards* steal their Admonitions into them, under the Covert of Art, keeping them as much as possible, *unseen*. Instruction thus Politically couched, will have a Power, that is Irresistible, and make an amazing Progress in tender Minds. Advice, not seen *by*, will be sure to be seen, *in* them, To

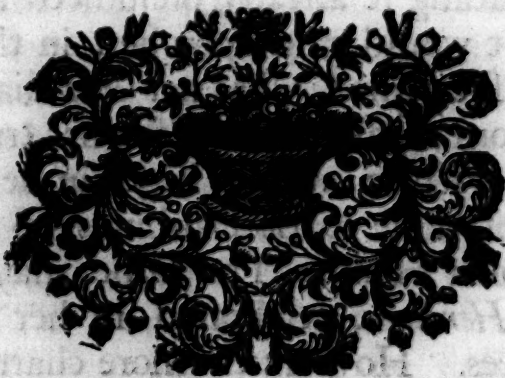
To descend to Particulars, in our present Case: Looking over those Romances and Novels, which her eldest *Ward* delights in, too much, *Aspasia* will certainly find some Heroick Examples of Vertue. These she would relate to some Friend, in the Secret, with very great Applauses, so as to be Overheard by her fair Pupil, who will be prejudiced for a Judgment, that seems to favour her own, and that she would be glad should do so. She will be charmed to hear this, and remaining, as it were, *perdue*, listen greedily to it, as the Commendation of her self. When her Mind is thus strongly prejudiced in Behalf of her Guardian, when it is warmed, and just ready to take the Impression; then, just then, the Guardian has an Opportunity of pressing down the Seal of Vertue. A little proper Female Oratory, in Commendation of the like Passages, still more beautifully expressed, in such Books, as she would have her read, will make her long, and beg, of her own accord, to see them. As for Example; *Aspasia* might say: Such a noble Quality is eminently conspicuous in the Hero of this Romance; but then he appears defective in such other Points: The Hero of such a Novel Revere for such a Part of his Conduct, but he is greatly to blame in other Respects: The principal Character in such a Book of Memoirs, would be a Favourite, and a shining Character, but for such and such Blemishes and Imperfections. Such a Gal-
lant,

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lant, in such a Play, behaves himself well throughout the whole Action, and makes me love him at my very Heart ; but such a Gallant has a villainous Design at Bottom, upon his Mistress's Honour, and is my mortal Aversion. After having thus remark'd upon Texts, out of the Lady's own Scripture, it is Inexpressible, what an Effect it might have, if growing into a sudden Rapture, *Aspasia* should go on as follows: How does it charm and transport one, to find all these Vertues, and none of the opposite Vices ; all these Beauties without Deformities, united in that one Favourite Character of mine, the *Christian Hero*, described with all the Force, with which Vertue can be described, and painted with all the Beauties with which Beauty can be painted ? — This Method, or such a Method as this, would prompt the listening, *bookish* Ward to a Desire of seeing that Tract; she would long for it, she would enquire after it, she would beg to read it; she would set to reading it already prejudiced in its Favour ; It would gain upon her, in the Reading, till she gained, what her Guardian would wish, from reading it. As she has true Taste, this just Picture, would beget in her a Contempt of those coarse Daubings of a Novelist's grosser Hand. The same may be said of the *Heroines*, celebrated in her favourite Romances. How much more charmingly is the *fine Lady*, described in the Marquis of *Hallifax* his Advice to a Daughter, and so of others,

others.—What Fruit may not be hoped and expected:—Reading that little Book, called, *The Advice to a Daughter*, and the *Lady's Library*, is enough to make young Women learn to *Know themselves*: STEELE's *Christian Heroe*, and the *Gentleman Instructed*, teach them abundantly to know Men. A *Knowledge of themselves*, will be the *Preservative* of their *Honour*; and a *true Knowledge of Men* will fortifie them against the *Treacheries*, that are used by *artful Deceivers*, of *that Sex*, which is almost sure, one Time or other, to be either *their RUIN*, or *their ORNAMENT*.

N. B. *There not being Room in this Paper, some Hints upon Education shall be occasionally added, wherein ASPASIA's Elder Charge shall be further considered, not forgetting the Younger, who may be a fine Woman bred, notwithstanding she is born a COQUET.*





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— *Aliena Negotia Centum*
Per caput, & circumfaliunt latus. HOR.

MONDAY, October 26. 1724.

I INTENDED in this PAPER, to have proceeded upon some Hints concerning EDUCATION: But I am forced to break off the Thread, and defer it to another Day. I have many entertaining LETTERS by me, from *Edinburgh*, and *Bath*; and two, that I must particularly mention from *Covent-Garden*, with Relation to my late Discourse on the *Play-House Management*; One is written by Mr. *Sock*, in a sad, and lamentable Stile, and the other by Mr. *Buskin*, filled with such Heroick Rants, that, however they excite no Terror, will as well answer the End of being exhibited to publick View; and move *Diversiſion*, like some *Modern Tragedies*. With all these I should be glad to oblige the Publick, as soon as possible; but the following EPISTLE, seems intended to Redress, in some Measure, an injured Person, and I think it a Part of Duty to quit other Speculations, though
never

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never so inviting, where it lies in my Power to *assist*, towards rescuing an honest Man, out of *real*, or even *imaginary* Distress, since the *latter* is often *equally* painful with the *former*.

To the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ **I** N One of your PAPERS concerning
 ‘ DETRACTION, you justly observed,
 ‘ That Persons guilty of it, in a great City,
 ‘ ought to have some *Distinguishing Signs* to
 ‘ discover them, as Crosses are placed on the
 ‘ Doors of the *Diseased*, in the Time of a
 ‘ Pestilence.

‘ THAT happy Way of Reasoning (in-
 ‘ separable from Truth) which shines in all
 ‘ your Writings, on whatsoever *Subject* em-
 ‘ ployed, carries Conviction in every Line,
 ‘ that gives the *Good Man* Pleasure, and the
 ‘ *Envious* and *Detracting*, Pain.

‘ THEN to whom shall I apply for Re-
 ‘ dress, but to the PLAIN DEALER, who,
 ‘ tho’ above flattering the Great, thinks it
 ‘ not unworthy him, to do Justice, even to
 ‘ the *Lowest* Degree of Merit.

‘ WAS I to draw the Man I mean, in the
 ‘ Character of *Husband*, *Father*, or *Friend*,
 ‘ in each, he would please and satisfy; but as
 ‘ those distinguishing Characters, are Private,
 ‘ tho’ Undisputed, I will beg leave to tell
 ‘ you, He has, in *Active Life*, a *Fame*, that
 ‘ gives

‘ gives Uneasiness to some malignant People,
 ‘ while it does Good, more widely than they
 ‘ wou’d wish him able to extend it.

‘ If an indefatigable Industry, with his
 ‘ allowed *Skill*, and *Humanity*, crowned by
 ‘ the Blessing of the *ALMIGHTY*, with
 ‘ un-interrupted Success, can recommend a
 ‘ Man to Esteem in the useful Profession of
 ‘ of *Surgery*, you will allow me to name
 ‘ Mr. *Coltheart*. Methinks I see him, (as I
 ‘ have often seen him) going to the Relief of
 ‘ some miserable Object, with his usual
 ‘ Chearfulness and Smiles (with that Regard
 ‘ however to the Cause, which the Greatest
 ‘ could wish for, the Unhappy seldom find)
 ‘ as if he was going to some Great Man,
 ‘ whose Cure must make his Fortune; tho’
 ‘ he is certain to have no other Recompence
 ‘ than the Thanks and Prayers of his un-
 ‘ friended Patient.

‘ INNUMERABLE Instances of this Kind
 ‘ the Grateful Many he has served, wou’d
 ‘ give, who, tho’ willing, are not allow’d to
 ‘ do him the Justice he deserves; which in-
 ‘ duces me to believe, if ever Man took
 ‘ Pleasure in doing Good, he does; as also to
 ‘ think him a proper Subject, and Excuse,
 ‘ for my troubling you with this, who am,

S I R,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Z. Y.

W H E N

WHEN I reflect upon the many Advantages arising to Mankind, from the Skill of a True Professor of the Surgeon's Art, he appears so Useful a Member of the Commonwealth, that he makes no *inconsiderable* Figure among the most *considerable*, like *Machaon* among the Heroes in *Homer*. The Person, this Letter relates to, far from meriting to be spoken ill of, deserves that respect, which the best of all Books requires to be paid to the Physician, if it was for nothing else, but having, not long since, preserved the Life of a Member, of a very noble Family, in which *Wisdom* and *Eloquence* have been a long Time *Hereditary*.

As I am brought once more, unwillingly, to touch upon that hated Subject, *DETRACTION*, I think I cannot do better, in order to deter People, from it, than to place before their Eyes a Picture of its Deformity, as it was drawn by that Great Master *APELLES*, and Described by an excellent old Author.

“ AT the Right-Hand, was drawn Sitting, a Man, with long Ears, putting forth his Hand to *DETRACTION*, who seem'd from afar off to come towards him. About this Man stood two Women, that is to say, *IGNORANCE* and *SUSPICION*: On the other side came *DETRACTION*, a Woman dress'd in great Pomp and Magnificence, but in a
 “ mighty

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“ mighty Passion of Anger, having her Aspect like Fire. In her Left-Hand, she held a burning Torch, and with her other, she drew, by the Hair of his Head, a young Man, who held up his Hands towards Heaven, calling God, to Witness his Innocence: With Her, came a Woman, Pale and Evil-favoured, beholding the young Man attentively, like one that had been consumed with long Sickness, whom you might easily conjecture to be *ENVY*.

“ THERE followed two other Women, who made it their Business to adorn *DETRACTION*: One was *TREASON*, the other *FRAUD*: After, followed a Woman in Mourning, Black and Ragged, called *REPENTANCE*, who turning her Back, and fore ashamed, beheld *TRUTH*, who then came forward.

IT is thus, *APELLES* described *DETRACTION*, by which he himself was brought into extream Danger, having been falsely accused to King *Ptolomy*, of *Egypt*, who, upon his refuting the Accusation, ordered him as many Talents, as would amount to Twelve Thousand Pounds Sterling, and that his Accuser should be his perpetual Bonds-man.

IF some curious Engraver would form a Plate, upon this Model; the best Method would be for Persons this way Injured, to

purchase a Pint, and fix it, like a Play-Bill, at the Door of any noted Offender; after which, it should be a Rule for the Neighbourhood, never to believe a Report that came from that Quarter, whether in *Praise* or *Dispraise* of any Body.

By this Means, the *TONGUES* of *Evil-Speakers*, and the *PENS* of *Evil-Writers*, would become *Useless*, and *Unregarded*; and Innocence, having nothing to fear, might look, untrembling, upon Slander.



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*Quid enim fors est? Idem propemodum quod mi-
care, quod talos jacere, quod tesseras. Qui-
bus in rebus temeritas & casus non Ratio nec
Consilium valet. CICERO Lib. 2. de Divin.*

Ista Venescii est via. — OVID Remed. Am.

*Inveni germana viam (gratare sorori)
Quæ mihi reddat eum, velleo me solvat amantem.*
VIRG.

FRIDAY, October 30. 1724.

AMONG a Thousand shining Proofs of
the Capacity of *Woman's Wit*, I have
met with no Instance more extraordinary,
than the *SUBJECT* of the following *LET-
TER*: Which I therefore publish, in Ho-
nour of the Advance of *Feminine Learning*.
Tho', when I consider the Force of the Sex's
Natural Magick, I observe with some Jeal-
ously, their Pretensions to the *ART* of
CONFURING.

A Common-Council Man of this Great
City, writes to me, with much Impatience,
to be inform'd, Whether there is no Statute,

in Force, against the Study of the *BLACK ART*? I was at a Loss, what *Art* he meant, 'till he went on to inform me, That he can never make his Visits, to a certain Lady, of his Acquaintance, but his Wife knows where he has been; and shews him, for Proof of it, *a Man and a Woman, in a China Cup*, discover'd, closer than they shou'd be, by means of certain Tell-tale *HIEROGLYPHICKS*, in the settling of her *Coffee-Grounds*.

APPLICATION has been also made to me, by the Husbands of some foreseeing Ladies, who go to Bed, to *take Counsel*; and are as Wife, when *asleep*, as *waking*. — One poor Gentleman, in particular, has been kept at Home, these six Days, upon a Dream which his Wife had, *That an Owl flew out of her Bosom, and met with a Jack-Daw, that pick'd his Eyes out*. This has absolutely convinc'd her, that *her Spouse will receive some Mischiefe*, the first Time he ventures out of her Company. — In fine, our Women are become a *Nation of Sages*! And Men must shortly be Dependant on them, not for *DELIGHT* only, but *INSTRUCTION*.

S I R,

‘ YOU were pleas'd, in a late *PLAIN*
 ‘ *DEALER*, to threaten the Male-
 ‘ World with an Inundation of *Female-Wit*.
 ‘ Before we are so happy as to have this com-
 ‘ fortable Tide break in upon us, I conceive
 ‘ it to be the Duty of every *married Christi-*
 ‘ *an*,

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‘ *an*, who is honesty conscious of his Wife’s
 ‘ Superiority, to furnish you with fit Mate-
 ‘ rials; by *confessing*, as far as in him lies, the
 ‘ Blessing, that has befallen him.

‘ I THINK it a wise Man’s Part, to be
 ‘ *humble*, in the midst of *Preferment*, and
 ‘ wou’d, therefore, be understood to *speak*
 ‘ *without boasting*, when I inform You, That
 ‘ I am able to read my own Name, among
 ‘ the Worshipful, The Commissioners for
 ‘ Conservation of His Majesty’s *Peace*.—But
 ‘ I have a *Wife* ! who, not to praise her, more
 ‘ than she really deserves, wou’d have made
 ‘ a better *Justice* than I am.—Her Under-
 ‘ standing blazes out, to the Admiration of
 ‘ All, who know her; only, like Wood, that
 ‘ is too vigorous, she is apt to *snap*, a little,
 ‘ in her flaming: For which, in order to be
 ‘ Even with her, I have given her the Name
 ‘ of *SNUBSY*.

‘ THE worst of it is, She confines her
 ‘ Talent to *one Science* : And, so, her Quali-
 ‘ ties, which, if divided, might have adorn’d
 ‘ a hundred Arts, are, All, profusely lavish’d,
 ‘ for Improvement of that single Purpose.

‘ MY Spouse, good Sir, to be plain with
 ‘ you, is far gone in *Palmestry* : But Greek
 ‘ and *She*, being intimate Acquaintance, Her
 ‘ own Name for it, is *Chiromancy*. — If *Lon-*
 ‘ *gitude* lay in her Palm, she cou’d not fail to
 ‘ *discover* it; and be *paid for her peeping*. —
 ‘ My Brothers, of the Bench, you know, are
 ‘ not without some Wit their Way; and

‘ most of them can *crack a Joke*, when we
 ‘ meet, over a Bottle. — I venture now and
 ‘ then, to *push a Pun*, upon these Occasions :
 ‘ And they All know, as well as I do, That
 ‘ I have no *close-fisted* Wife, tho’ she *makes a*
 ‘ *good Hand of me*.

‘ I ALLOW her a *Study*, to herself, at the
 ‘ End of a long Gallery ; where when I walk,
 ‘ and take my Pipe, I am sure, If I but peep
 ‘ thro’ the Key-hole, to see her Thumbs as
 ‘ high as her Eyes ; and half a Score reve-
 ‘ rend Philosophers, who Treat on this Deep
 ‘ Mystery, lying spread, on a Table, before
 ‘ her. — She has *Fortune*, at her Fingers
 ‘ Ends ! and never *Sybil* prophesied, with such
 ‘ unwearied Application.

‘ IT gives me no small Delight, to observe
 ‘ how busie she will be, in looking over my
 ‘ *Line of Life* : And really sometimes she *hits*
 ‘ Things strangely ! One wou’d almost be-
 ‘ lieve, she has *more Help than she shou’d*
 ‘ *have* ! — My *CEPHALICA*, (which,
 ‘ you are to know, is my *Head Line*) has, it
 ‘ seems, a *Forkey Figure*, in the midst of it,
 ‘ that points, with both Horns, against my
 ‘ *Linea Vitalis*. — I don’t know why it is,
 ‘ but she always *laughs*, when she sees this
 ‘ Mark ; and says, She is sure *some Good* will
 ‘ come of it, because the But-end of the
 ‘ Fork points from the *Dragon’s Tail*, to the
 ‘ Mount of *Venus*.

‘ THO’ I believe her at my Heart, yet I
 ‘ pretend to make a Doubt of it ; because
 ‘ there

‘ there can be no *prettier Diversion*, than to
 ‘ see how she *frets*, and what a deal of good-
 ‘ natur’d Pains she will take, to convince me
 ‘ of it !—I must own, I stand amaz’d at the
 ‘ Improvement of her Natural Parts, by the
 ‘ Benefit of frequent Practice, upon Secrets,
 ‘ I am utterly a Stranger to !

‘ WE have a New Minister in our Parish,
 ‘ and, the first Time he came to dine, at our
 ‘ House, I shall never forget how he star’d,
 ‘ when *SNUBST* began to shew her Learn-
 ‘ ing ! — She no sooner looked in his Hand,
 ‘ than she told him, He would be made a
 ‘ *Bishop*. He is counted a Man of *Letters*,
 ‘ and yet he was not able to *disprove* it ; tho’
 ‘ he own’d, indeed, *It was unlikely* : For, she
 ‘ reduced it to a Demonstration, little less
 ‘ than *Mathematical* ; by *Squares, Trines, Cir-*
 ‘ *cles, Stars, Spots, Tokens, Signs, Lines, and*
 ‘ *Figures*, of a thousand different Sorts, *Di-*
 ‘ *rect, Transverse, and Parallel* : Pursuing
 ‘ every Argument, with an invincible Force
 ‘ of Reasoning, through the *Cavea Martis*,
 ‘ to the *Via Solis* ; and unravelling all the
 ‘ *Crosses*, in the *Tuberculum*, on the *Mons Sa-*
 ‘ *turni* ; ’till she came within reach of the
 ‘ *Via Lactea*, under the Girdle of *Venus* : And
 ‘ there the *Doctor* stopt her, and made Ac-
 ‘ knowledgements of his Satisfaction.

‘ WE went lately to shew *Bedlam*, to a
 ‘ Country-Cousin, who came up to visit us :
 ‘ And, in the middle of the long Room, my
 ‘ *SNUBST* took a Fancy, to let her Kins-

‘ woman see how fine a Skill she was Mistress
 ‘ of: In order to which, she fell to reading us
 ‘ a *Lecture*, over the Palm of a silent *Lunatic*;
 ‘ who, with a Rugg about his Shoulders, ve-
 ‘ ry quietly gave her his Hand, through the
 ‘ *Grate* he was standing at — She had just
 ‘ pointed out, How his *Mons Mercurii* be-
 ‘ came afflicted, by an Evil-line, from his
 ‘ *Mons Lunæ*, when the Patient besprinkled
 ‘ her Face, with a Bowl-full of a certain Ill-
 ‘ scented Liquor, of his own making, which
 ‘ his other Hand had concealed behind him.
 ‘ We were, all, in good Measure, made Par-
 ‘ takers of his Bounty. But my Cousin,
 ‘ and I, were beginning to quit some Part of
 ‘ it, which we thought we should have no
 ‘ Use for, when we were interrupted by our
 ‘ dripping *Chiromancer*, who ran between us,
 ‘ all in Transport, holding her Hands as high
 ‘ as our Eyes, and crying out, with great Ve-
 ‘ hementness, That *Her Fears were now over*;
 ‘ — For she had foreseen, by a *Combust-Line*,
 ‘ between her *Pollex* and her *Cardiac*, That
 ‘ she should be in Danger of a Violent Death,
 ‘ either by *Drowning* or *Suffocation*!

‘ I T is not in my Power to explain to you
 ‘ All the Benefits, which I receive from this
 ‘ Profoundness of my Spouse’s *Forefight*. —
 ‘ Other People, when they take *New Servants*,
 ‘ are forc’d to send, and enquire their *Cha-*
 ‘ *rafter*: But my little Conjuror, does but
 ‘ peep upon their Palms, and satisfies her self
 ‘ immediately, — I had a very strong Parti-
 ‘ ality

‘ ality for a smiling Country, Girl, that came,
 ‘ last Week, to offer her Service, in the Qua-
 ‘ lity of a *Chamber-Maid*. But upon the very
 ‘ first Inspection, my Examiner charg’d her
 ‘ Home, With *Three Favourite Sweethearts* ;
 ‘ and then whispered something in her Ear,
 ‘ which she staid not to return an Answer to ;
 ‘ but ran, blushing, out of Doors, in the ut-
 ‘ most Hurry and Disorder. And this *Disco-*
 ‘ *very*, my *Cassandra* assured me, was ground-
 ‘ ed meerly upon *Palmistry* ; the Girl having
 ‘ a manifest *Triangle*, on the Bottom of the
 ‘ *Mount of Venus*, which extended so far
 ‘ downward, as to make a *Cleft* in her *Re-*
 ‘ *stricta*.

‘ I W A s, once, in some kind of Danger
 ‘ to have been drawn into a *Plot* ; but my
 ‘ *SNUBSY* found it out, in the Palm of
 ‘ my Hand ; and in Presence of a *Minister of*
 ‘ *State*, who, I can assure You, made no
 ‘ small Use of Her, convinc’d me, beyond
 ‘ Dispute, that I should bid fair for being
 ‘ hang’d, by Virtue of a *crooked Line*, that
 ‘ cross’d my *Via Combusta*. This frighted
 ‘ me from my foolish Purpose: But, I re-
 ‘ member, I was strangely comforted, to dis-
 ‘ cover, at the same Time, upon the *Mini-*
 ‘ *ster’s* opening his Hand too, That his Lord-
 ‘ ship had a *Combusta*, as *dangerously mark’d*,
 ‘ as mine was.

‘ A F T E R so happy a Deliverance, by In-
 ‘ terposition of Her Art, I grew desirous to be
 ‘ taught it ; and with a great Deal of Good
 ‘ Success,

‘ Success I got over the Heathen Names of her
 ‘ *Planets*; and knew what Parts of her Hand
 ‘ they kept *House* in. I was wonderfully
 ‘ pleased with *VENUS*, when I found, in
 ‘ my *Primmer of Palmestry*, That she signi-
 ‘ fied *Woman-kind*, *Kisses*, and *Ladies Curiosi-*
 ‘ *ties*: But I could never away with *MER-*
 ‘ *CURY*; For her *Books* were pleas’d to in-
 ‘ form me, That he held his Influence over
 ‘ *Pages, Pimps, and Lawyers*; *Justices of the*
 ‘ *Peace*, and *Astrologers*. I thought it, from
 ‘ that Time forward, unbecoming my Ho-
 ‘ nour and Gravity, to apply my self to an
 ‘ Art, that had treated my Office with such
 ‘ Indignity. And, as often as I cast my
 ‘ Eye upon these Venerable Words, *Justice*
 ‘ *of the Peace*, and saw them mix’d with such
 ‘ Ill Company, I clos’d my Fift in a Fury,
 ‘ and would study *Palmistry* no longer.

‘ YET, in the Way my *SNUBSY* pra-
 ‘ ctices, Truth compells me to confess, It is
 ‘ an inexhaustable Fund of Benefits, both to
 ‘ my Self, and to the Publick.— If I happen
 ‘ to be sick, she consults *not* my *Pulse*, but,
 ‘ my *Palm*. And, when Persons of less
 ‘ Learning, feel Change of Weather, in their
 ‘ *Toes*, she reads it, under her *Fingers*. In
 ‘ short, it is impossible for any Body, but
 ‘ One, who knows as much of her as I do,
 ‘ to imagine what strange Sings and Tokens,
 ‘ she carries about her; and what Great
 ‘ Things they signifie,

‘ To such a powerful Pitch of Perfection
 ‘ has she rais’d her surprizing Skill, that she
 ‘ saved a poor Man’s Life, lately, who was
 ‘ brought before me, by a Neighbour’s
 ‘ Daughter, in Order to charge him, upon
 ‘ Oath, With having done no less than *ra-*
 ‘ *vish’d* her: But *SNUBSY*, who was for
 ‘ beginning the Examination, in her own
 ‘ Way, no sooner saw the Inside of their
 ‘ Hands, than she convinced the Sufferer,
 ‘ very seasonably, That the Accident was *un-*
 ‘ *avoidable*; having been foretokened, by a
 ‘ plain *Incisure*, on the Center of her *Via La-*
 ‘ *tea*: So that being *decreed*, from Both their
 ‘ Births, this Misfortune became a *Fate*; and
 ‘ it would have been in vain to have strug-
 ‘ gled against it. — The poor Girl wept, and
 ‘ thanked her; and, with charitable Change
 ‘ of Purpose, told the Prisoner, That *she for-*
 ‘ *gave him heartily*; for *she thought it Hard,*
 ‘ *To have a Man hanged for doing Nothing, but*
 ‘ *what he was born for.*

‘ IN Justice to the Merit of a Wife, so
 ‘ deeply learn’d, I could do less than desire
 ‘ you to acquaint the World with my
 ‘ *SNUBSY’s Character*, when you come to
 ‘ lay open the *Genius* of our *English Ladies*.

I am, with due Regard,

S I R,

Your never-failing Reader,

And your humble Servant,

WALTER WORSHIPFUL,

The



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*Per varios Casus, per tot Discrimina Rerum,
Tendimus* ————— *VIRG.*

MONDAY, November 2. 1724.

To the PLAIN DEALER.

SIR, Edinburgh, October 8, 1724.

‘ IN my Last, I laid before You a short
 ‘ Character of the present Magistrates of
 ‘ this City; and some Account of the Fac-
 ‘ tious Spirit, that too often disturbs Them,
 ‘ and their Laudable Undertakings. I am
 ‘ not at all surpriz’d to hear, That many of
 ‘ your Readers, among my own Country-
 ‘ men, have taken Offence at my Free Cor-
 ‘ respondence, notwithstanding the Sanction of
 ‘ your Judgment, under which it is published.

‘ PREJUDICE will always make the
 ‘ World Uneasie: Whatever Cause it pro-
 ‘ ceeds from, it never fails to govern the
 ‘ Understanding, in a very shameful Man-
 ‘ ner. And, tho’ it is often no more than
 ‘ the imbib’d Sense of a second Person,
 ‘ which a Man makes use of as his own, it
 ‘ is

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‘ is rarely, and with great Difficulty, re-
 ‘ strain’d from producing innumerable bad
 ‘ Consequences in Life, with the Face and
 ‘ Appearance of something that is Good;
 ‘ it mixes it self with every Circumstance and
 ‘ Action, and has every where a powerful
 ‘ Influence. One Man calls it *Religion*, ano-
 ‘ ther *Principle*; and he who dares be Blunt,
 ‘ owns it by its plain Name of *Party*. What-
 ‘ ever is done, or said, upon this Founda-
 ‘ tion, though never so Faulty, shall find
 ‘ *Advocates*; and, however Praise-worthy,
 ‘ *Condemnation*. What a Shame is it to Rea-
 ‘ son, to hear it avow’d, That such a Sett
 ‘ of Men can do Nothing *Ill*, because *on our*
 ‘ *Side*? And such another, Nothing *Well*,
 ‘ because *they Vote with our Enemies*? — But
 ‘ Enough of this Subject. — If, as ’tis ge-
 ‘ nerally own’d, The Publick Good should
 ‘ be the Point most in View, of each Indi-
 ‘ vidual, I ought to rest satisfied, and may
 ‘ despise the Spleen of my Censurers.

‘ BUT, Sir, I am inclined to construe fa-
 ‘ vourably, and, perhaps, the Indignation
 ‘ that some People express against good Per-
 ‘ sons, and good Things, is not so much the
 ‘ Effect of *Vice*, as of *Ignorance*. As when
 ‘ a *Scheme* is proposed for Publick Benefit,
 ‘ *Blockheads* may innocently decry it, because
 ‘ they cannot comprehend it. This I take
 ‘ to be the present Case, from the dull Op-
 ‘ position, that I have wonder’d to see made
 ‘ against several highly generous and profi-
 ‘ table

‘ table Undertakings. Men, whose Souls
 ‘ are short-sighted, love to walk in Old
 ‘ *Ways*, because they are in no Danger of
 ‘ being *lost*, while they have a Hedge at
 ‘ each Elbow. Thus the *Hotentots* adhere
 ‘ to their Hereditary Dirt and Nakedness:
 ‘ Thus the *Irish* too, were formerly instiga-
 ‘ ted to *rebel against the Yoke*, in Defence of
 ‘ their ancient Privilege of *drawing Ploughs*
 ‘ *by their Horses Tails*, with all the *Wit* of a
 ‘ *free-born Stedfastness*. And, I am sorry I
 ‘ have Cause to say, That for a Reason of
 ‘ this goodly Sort, my *Neighbours* love stink-
 ‘ ing Streets, and hate the Innovation of
 ‘ *Necessary Houses*.

‘ IF in this Part of the World, we chance
 ‘ to hear of a *Project to make us Cleanly*, we
 ‘ wonder at the *crack-brain’d Whimsie*,
 ‘ and guard our Hearts against *Vanity*. If
 ‘ it is undertaken at the particular Expence
 ‘ of the Proposer, we discourage the Guilt of
 ‘ so presuming a Generosity. Nay, let a
 ‘ Thing be actually executed, and compleatly
 ‘ done to our Hands, we have still Spirit
 ‘ enough to *rail* at it, with the most mascu-
 ‘ line Inflexibility. In this, and other Re-
 ‘ spects, I have Instances in my *View*; and
 ‘ my *Neighbours* will take my *Meaning*, tho’
 ‘ not my *Counsel*.

‘ IT were easie, SIR, to expatiate upon
 ‘ the *Ignorance*, and *Partiality*, that prevail
 ‘ among our People, were I inclined to write
 ‘ *Satyr*, and expose the Weakness of my
 ‘ Country-men.

‘ Country-men. But, as I am unwilling to
 ‘ spread their Defects, I beg Leave, on the
 ‘ the other Side, to lay before you several
 ‘ more of the Blessings and Ornaments our
 ‘ *City* boasts of!

‘ You have done us the Honour, to di-
 ‘ stinguish the Genius and Virtue of some of
 ‘ the rising *Generation*, in one of your P*APERS*;
 ‘ and my last begins an Account of the F*AIR*
 ‘ A*SEMBLY* here in *Edinburgh*, which, not-
 ‘ withstanding the Opposition of our *Clergy*,
 ‘ is one of the best *Nurseries* of *Politeness* in
 ‘ *SCOTLAND*. By Means thereof, our
 ‘ Youth of both *Sexes*, learn a Habit of
 ‘ Briskness and Freedom, which, till of late,
 ‘ were less frequent among us. That Re-
 ‘ straint, and Stiffness of Air and Address,
 ‘ which distinguished us from People of more
 ‘ generous Education, by *Décrees*, wears away;
 ‘ and Conversation, which was formerly so
 ‘ confin’d, and so dull, grows open, free,
 ‘ and easie: *Ladies* find they may *speak* to
 ‘ *Gentlemen*, without Violence to their *Mo-*
 ‘ *desty*, and *Gentlemen* may *entertain Ladies*,
 ‘ without Designs upon their *Virtue*. It is
 ‘ now no more a *Sight*, when a Lover waits
 ‘ on his Mistress Home, or takes a Walk with
 ‘ her in a Garden. Nay, we have Husbands,
 ‘ who, without Jealousie, can hear Batche-
 ‘ lours invite their Wives to an Entertain-
 ‘ ment. In short, we exchange the *Spanish*
 ‘ Affectation and Gravity, for the *English*
 ‘ Liberty and Free Spirit; and, in Place of
 ‘ *Narrow*

‘ *Narrow Minds*, and the vilest *Hypocrisie*,
 ‘ we are growing Profane enough to assert the
 ‘ *Dignity of Humane Reason*, and the *Inno-*
 ‘ *cent Privileges of Nature*.

‘ PERHAPS I am not mistaken, when I
 ‘ affirm, That this *Conversion* (I beg Leave of
 ‘ the *Clergy* to make Bold with the Word,
 ‘ because I have as Good a Title to it, as
 ‘ they have) is, in a great Measure, the
 ‘ Effect of the *Union* of the Two Kingdoms.
 ‘ But, when I consider it is an Advantage,
 ‘ I wou’d not be thought to mean, that *either*
 ‘ Nation is yet too Happy under the Effects
 ‘ of their *Incorporation*. It may be allow’d us,
 ‘ I presume, to wish, that however strictly
 ‘ they are united, they may never be bound
 ‘ so close, but that one Hand may be loose
 ‘ enough to assist and unite the other, if it is
 ‘ not quite *impossible*, there shou’d arise, in
 ‘ some future Age, such a Miracle, as a *Cor-*
 ‘ *rupt Ministry*; or a Prince, less watchful,
 ‘ than our present Glorious SOVEREIGN,
 ‘ for the Defence of his Peoples Liberties.

‘ BUT I am no Politician; nor will I at-
 ‘ tempt to Enlarge upon a Subject that fits
 ‘ not the Purpose of your PAPER; though I
 ‘ promise my self, That the PLAIN DEALER
 ‘ will not scruple, when Occasions rise, to
 ‘ assert the *Rights*, as well as the *Sense* of a
 ‘ *True Briton*.

‘ I PROCEED to Remark, That as the
 ‘ Correspondence and Communication between
 ‘ the now United Kingdoms, has, in a great
 ‘ Measure,

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‘ Measure, improv’d and polish’d the *Taste*, the
 ‘ *Air*, and the *Fashions*, of both the Gentle-
 ‘ men and Ladies of my Country ; so it has
 ‘ also refin’d our Language, in a very sensible
 ‘ Manner. I do not mean the *Accent* and
 ‘ *Pronunciation*, when we *speak* it—For these
 ‘ are hardly to be naturaliz’d without much
 ‘ Time, and continual Converse ; there being,
 ‘ in *England* itself, a *Shibboleth*, peculiar to
 ‘ every County. No wonder then, that *Scots-*
 ‘ *men* find it difficult to come up to their
 ‘ Standard.

‘ BUT, if you’ll allow, that we make
 ‘ some Progress in the *Substance* of the Lan-
 ‘ guage, we will readily give up our Preten-
 ‘ sions to the *Graces* of it. Yet our way of
 ‘ pronouncing the *Vowels* has Advocates in
 ‘ *Foreign* Countries : And, perhaps, the Autho-
 ‘ rity might deserve a Review with the *English*.

‘ I have wonder’d, to say Truth, that we
 ‘ are such Proficients in the Language, con-
 ‘ sidering we have neither a *Court*, nor a *Thea-*
 ‘ *tre*, which are the acknowledged *Fountains*
 ‘ of its Refinement.

‘ WHEN I look into the Writings of Mr.
 ‘ DRUMMOND of *Hatbornden*, in the
 ‘ Reign of King *JAMES I.* Sir GEORGE
 ‘ MACKENZIE, in the Reign of King
 ‘ CHARLES II. The Earl of LAU-
 ‘ DERDALE, in the Reign of King
 ‘ JAMES II. Bishop BURNET, and
 ‘ Mr. FLETCHER of *Salton*, in the two
 ‘ last Reigns ; and of a certain noted Wri-

‘ter, in the present; when I compare their
 ‘Style with the Style of some of their Co-
 ‘temporaries in *England*, I am tempted to
 ‘think my Country-men not so very far
 ‘inferiour, as that *Criticks* shou’d depreciate
 ‘our Pretensions to the Language. But,
 ‘when I consider too, That whatever Ele-
 ‘gance, or Mastery, of that Sort we arrive
 ‘at, is as much a *Virtue* in us, as ’tis *Nature*
 ‘in You, I am vain enough to imagine, that
 ‘we merit no less Praise; at least shou’d
 ‘meet with fair *Indulgence*.

‘ONE Thing more I beg leave to Re-
 ‘mark, with Respect to our Language.
 ‘Many of our Words, that seem *Uncouth*,
 ‘and are not understood by *English-men*, are,
 ‘notwithstanding, of *English* Origin; and
 ‘are not less *Emphatical*, and *Worthy*, for
 ‘being *Obsolete* among You. I find few old
 ‘Words in *DOUGLAS’s VIRGIL*, that
 ‘are not also to be found in *CHAUCER*.
 ‘And, perhaps, our *ALLAN RAM-*
 ‘*SAY*, a living *Versefrier* in Old-Style,
 ‘uses few that are not to be met with in
 ‘*SHAKESPEAR*, *SPENCER*, &c.
 ‘—— except, when he coins Words, by vir-
 ‘tue of his *extra-judicial* Poetick Privileges,
 ‘that never were, and never will be, used
 ‘by any Mortal, besides *Himself*.

‘LIVING Languages, are like living
 ‘Trees; they have their Summer and their
 ‘Winter. The *Words* of the One, like the
 ‘*Leaves* of the Other, fall off, and are suc-
 ‘ceeded

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‘ceeded by a new Generation. It is, however, Discretion’s Work, in this Case, to Naturalize none, at the Expence of better.

‘You see, Sir, with what Freedom I write my Sense both of *Persons* and *Things* to you. I own, I observe no Order in the Form of my *Letters*: Nor do I believe *That* wou’d recommend me more to your Regard. What I chiefly aim at, is, A natural *Simplicity* in my Expressions, and a *Truth* in my Facts, becoming a Correspondent of the *PLAIN DEALER*.

‘I HAVE the Honour to be with due Veneration,

S I R,

Your trusty Intelligencer,

and most Obedient Servant,

FERGUS BRUCE.

AFTER having thank’d my Correspondent, for the Continuance of his agreeable Intelligence, I shall close with a short Remark on what he says, concerning our Language.

I AGREE with Him entirely, that many of our old Words had the same *Original* with theirs; for all that Part of *Scotland*, to the the Southward of the *Frith*, was as much *Saxon* as we were: So then the Foundation of our Language being the same, it is not so reasonable, as I wish it were, to allow this ingenious Gentleman the Claim he makes, in

Behalf of his Country — That the Elegance and Mastery, which are by *Nature* in Us, are a *Virtue* in *North Britain*.

THE *Nature* is certainly alike to both Nations: The *Virtue* is most due, where the Improvement was *first* made. The *Nobility* and *Gentry* of *Scotland* have, at least, for Ages past, been as learned as the *English*, and much more accustom'd to foreign Travel and Correspondence. These are the great, and indeed the only Causes of Refinement in a Language — For *Trade* and *Luxury* are much more likely to corrupt it, by the Confusion they introduce, mixing Degrees and Distinctions, and contracting our Care to regard nothing so much as *INTEREST*.

SINCE then the *Scotch* Language was once the very same with the *English*; and since their People have been more intimately Conversant, than ours, among Foreign Nations; and have always enjoy'd the same Assistance of Learning, and yet have been behind us in the Improvement of our common Tongue; it follows by Necessity, That the Praise of *Virtue* is in ours — But it is a *Birth-right*, which, like *Kentish* Gavel-Kind, we must equally divide with our Brothers, in the next Generation: for, tho' they were slow Setters out, they have prov'd Themselves as good Runners, and will be a-breast with us, in the Race, and lose no Ground for the Future.



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Credula res amor est—— OVID MET.
 —— *Tormentis gaudet Amantis.* JUV.

FRIDAY, November 6. 1724.

THE Complaint of *AMANDA* in the following LETTER, is of a Nature as New, as the Foundation of it is Just. The Guilt which it speaks of, is frequent enough: But this fine-spirited, and discerning Lady, has placed it on the Person who has, hitherto, been look'd on as most Innocent, and deserving Pity.—The Truth is, there are a thousand Resemblances of *Virtue*, which if unmasq'd, by so distinguishing a Hand as *AMANDA's*, wou'd assume their proper Faces, and be known for *Vices*, and *Follies*.—I will entertain my Readers, with this Lady's Excellent LETTER, just as I receiv'd it, and afterward, in Obedience to her Command, consider the Complaint, which is the SUBJECT of it.

S I R,

October 17, 1724.

‘ **W**HEN Parents have so much Zeal
 ‘ for their Childrens *Promotion*, and
 ‘ so little for their *Happiness*, as to force them
 ‘ to *Marry* the Person they have an *Aversion*
 ‘ to, How is the World mov’d, with a Ten-
 ‘ derness of Concern! And Nature shock’d
 ‘ with the Violence!

‘ *SUCH* a Constraint has always met with
 ‘ its just Discouragement: And your *Predecessor*
 ‘ for in PLAIN DEALING took it under his Care.
 ‘ But, Whether it is from the *Pride* of one Sex,
 ‘ who are fond of the *Reputation*, even, of a
 ‘ Lover whom they *Hate*! Or, from the un-
 ‘ just *Partiality*, of the *Other*, The much
 ‘ greater Offender, in my Opinion, passes
 ‘ uncensured. — Such *Parents* are stigma-
 ‘ tiz’d with *Inhumanity*, and well they may!
 ‘ But what shall we say of *Him*, who con-
 ‘ tinues to *teize* the Woman, who *abhors*
 ‘ him? who wou’d force her to make a *Pro-*
 ‘ *stitute* of her *Love*? To enslave herself to
 ‘ Interest? And, when her Refusal has drawn
 ‘ down the *Resentment* of her Parents, lays
 ‘ it, all, on his *Excess* of *Love*.

‘ Is *Love* then so *base* a *Passion*? So void
 ‘ of *Tenderness*? So unlike itself, and all
 ‘ its generous Pretences? that it can feed on
 ‘ the *Quiet* of the beloved Object! and *steal*
 ‘ from it the Joy which it has not Power to
 ‘ give it! No, no, The real Lover knows
 ‘ not how to *Offend*. — His *Happiness*
 ‘ must

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‘ must rise, and fall, with *Hers*, who inspir’d his *Passion*.——But if, on the contrary, His Desires run *Counter* to her Happiness, It is not *Love*; It is *Brutality*! And, if He, who is thus *possess’d*, supposes Himself in Love, He is deceiv’d, and wou’d deceive Others.

‘ BUT, even granting, All This were the real Effect of Love, on the Part of the Pursuer, where can a *Woman* find That delightful Harmony, That inexhaustible Spring of Bliss, which we are taught to expect, in *Loving*? Can the Constancy of an unlov’d Lover ever win her to a Compliance? No——rather *Prepossession* will guard the Passes of her Heart, nor suffer it to be brib’d by Obligations; And *Time* does but add to our Hatred: For Opportunity finds out Faults, and furnishes *Reasons* for our Refusal.——In short, such a Lover shows more *Extravagance*, than *Constancy*; more *Inhumanity*, than *Passion*.

‘ THIS, Sir, is *my own* Misfortune, to be miserably haunted, by the Man, whose Sight is Odious to me: One, whom no Words can convince! No Denials satisfy! No affronts affect! Insensible of my Uneasiness; and Indefatigable, in creating it!——I wou’d fly him, but I cannot, unless I wou’d fly my Friends too, and my Parents: Nor have I any *Intimate* left, whom his Diligence, and Insinuations, have not made his Own.

‘ ’TIS of YOU, therefore, I must beg,
 ‘ to say something, that may give me Ease,
 ‘ and have some Effect on my troublesome
 ‘ Pursuer: And, if, in any Thing I have
 ‘ said, I am Mistaken, in my Sentiments,
 ‘ or unguarded, in my Expressions, be pleas’d
 ‘ to Correct it; and think, That a Woman
 ‘ can’t be always on her Guard, who has so
 ‘ just a Cause for Resentment, as,

Your Unfortunate,

Humble Servant,

AMANDA,

IF the Admiration, which is due to such a Merit as this Lady’s, did not place her above Pity, I cou’d be sorry for that Persecution, which she Laments, in so *Elegant*, and *Pathetic*, a Manner. The Gentleman, who is so unhappy as to be the Subject of her Complaint, will be the last, that feels the Force of it.—There is a *Love of ourselves*, deeply rooted in human Nature, that imposes on us, first, and, then, emboldens us to impose on Others. We do not *approve* the Faults, which we are guilty of; But, which is almost as bad, we *cannot see* them:—We join heartily in, with those, who condemn the very Follies which are most remarkably *our own*; and are all the while insensible how ridiculous we appear to Others, by adhering publicly

lickly to the *Practice* of what we, as publicly, continue to *Censure*.

IT is, I must confess, the hardest Lesson of Nature, to correct the Extravagancies of *Love*.—Where this Passion is Real, It will be the *Sovereign* of the Mind. It moulds the Soul to its own Purposes; and lends its own Eyes to the Understanding. Neither does it depend, for its Violence, or Moderation, on the Capacity of the Lover, but on the Proportion, in which it actuates him, The Wise Man, in this Case, has no Prerogative, above the Fool. It is in *Love*, as it in *Madness*, The more Exalted the *Genius*, the more unbounded the *Raging*!—A Wise Man may much better *defend* himself, than a Fool can; But, when He *yields*, there is no Difference; because *Opinion*, in this Passion, always stands in the Place of *Reason*.

THIS being the Case, *AMANDA* has small Encouragement; who, by appealing to what is *Reasonable*, would dissuade her Lover from what is *Necessary*.—Her Charms have deprived his Life of every Comfort, but what *She* gives it; and, while He loves, at the Rate she says he does, it will be impossible for him, to *think* himself so much in the Wrong, as she finds him.

IT would, certainly, be a Great Happiness, if Men, who love, without Hope, could desist, without Misery: For, besides that *AMANDA*'s Argument has thrown an Air of ungenerous Selfishness, on the *Obstinacy*

nacy of such Addreffes, there is This further Mifchief in it, That a Lover, whom an avowed *Hatred* cannot repulfe, in his Application, cuts off his Right, when he becomes a *Husband*, to complain of, or return, *Ill Ufage*,—Is ſhe too Cold, too Unkind, too Difdainful, for a *Wife*?—How much greater is His Fault, who *foreſaw* all This, and, yet, would *make her one*?—He *loved* Her, before She *pitied* Him, and conſented to become *His*, notwithstanding the moſt open *Profefſion* of her Inſenſibility! And how Baſe, and Ungenerous muſt it be, To make the *Continuance* of that Inſenſibility his Pretence for treating her Ill, after ſhe has put her ſelf under his Protection; which, while ſhe refus'd, and deteſted him, had no Power to move his Reſentment!

EITHER, He ought, with a manly Fortitude, to *tear* himſelf from the Remembrance of an Object, ſo inſenſible of his Torments; or, in Gratitude, for a Compliance, that was Involuntary, and the Effect, rather, of Compaſſion, than of Love, He ſhould reſolve to ſupport himſelf under the Miſfortune of her Averſion, without permitting his own Sentiments to be imbittered, by the Effects of it; till, by a Progreſs of perſwaſive Softneſs, He ſhall have touched her reluctant Heart, and prepared it to receive Impreſſions, as well of *Love*, as of *Gratitude*.

BUT, how Monſtrous is the Brutal Figure, which I have ſeen ſome *Husbands* make!
 who,

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who, when *Lovers*, were the Poorest, and most Abject, of all *Slaves* !—When they should be *Defenders*, they are *Tyrants* ; and when it was reasonable for them to have been *Provoked*, they were *stupidly Submissive* !—How contemptible is their unmanly Weakness ! A morose and restless *Peevishness*, makes up the Behaviour they expect to *charm by* ! They contract a surly, sower Habit, from the Disappointments they meet in Life ; and, instead of softening the Edge of Affliction, toward the Woman, who is bound to share their Sufferings, they double them on *her Head*, from whom, (in Honour, and Humanity) they ought to ward off Sorrow, by a noble Sweetness, and endearing Tenderness in their whole Behaviour !

BUT the pleasantest Stupidity of all, is, That when, by a Length of Savage Cruelties, they have made themselves compleatly Odious ; they are impudent enough to *wonder, How it happens that their Wives appear no fonder of them* ?

THERE is no Part of our Life that requires a nicer Conduct than our Choice of the Person, with whom we are to *vow an inseperable Union* ; and, yet, there is Nothing, which we venture on, with more Rashness ; or which we examine, with so little Foresight !—And, hence it is, That *MATRIMONY*, with equal Satyr, and Justice, has been compared, by one of our Old Poets, To a *Crowd in the Street*, which excites a Curiosity, in every

every *Passer-by*, to add one Fool to the Number: But, they are no sooner in the midst of the Press, than they grow uneasy at their Situation, and are as Eager to elbow out again, as they were, before, to gain Admission.

MARRIAGE is like unto a Rabble-Rout;
They, that are OUT, would fain get IN;
And They, that are IN would fain get OUT.

MANY are the *Pleasantries*, which the Truth, and Frequency, of this unlucky Observation have given Occasion to, among *Men of Wit*; who, having laugh'd, a while, at Others, grow silly enough, themselves, to be also laughed at, in their Turns.—But, in all the Multitude of Sarcastick Fancies, which I have met with, upon this *beaten Subject*, I remember none, that is so uncommon, and founded on so humorous a Piece of Extravagance, as an EPITAPH, which I saw, at *Rome*; where a Man, and his Wife, who were buried, together, are represented quarrelling, in their Grave.—The Original is in *Latin*, but I will translate it, for the Service of *Coquets*, and *Old Maids*, who cannot fail to make Good Use of it, on a *THEME*, which they delight in handling,

STAY,

STAY, Batchelor! if you have Wit!
A Wonder to behold!

Husband, and Wife, in One dark Pit,
Lye close, and never Scold!

Tread softly, though,—for Fear she wakes:
Hark! She begins, already!

You've hurt my Head,—My Shoulder akes.
These Sots can ne'er move *stedd*y.

Ab, Friend, with happy Freedom blest!
See! how my Hope's miscarried.

Not DEATH it self, can give you Rest,
Unless you die, Unmarried.



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Provehimur portu, terræque, urbesque, recedunt.
VIRG.

MONDAY, November 9. 1724.

BY this Time, I suppose, I pass for an *Out-of-the-Way Old Humourist*, who has Nothing in him, but a few *odd Whimsies*, which he takes Delight to be noted for. But, now the *Town* begins to fill, I design to take more
State

State upon me : And before the *Winter* is half out, I shall cause it to appear, *pretty Plainly*, That I can make free with *Trade* and *Politics*, as well as with *Wit* and *Impertinence*.

I WAS walking, the other Day, near the *Royal Exchange*, and took up a little *Pamphlet*, that lay in my Way, at a Bookseller's Shop, Intituled, *New, and Accurate Observations, on the Coast of GUINEA*. — I was pleas'd with this Subject : For, tho' I inform'd my Reader, my first setting out, That I was an *Enemy to the East-India Company*, (by which hangs a *Secret*, that may be disclos'd in some future Paper) yet I am a *Lover of THE ROYAL AFRICAN*: And have good *Reasons*, for both *Opinions*.

THE Gentleman, who is Author of the above-mention'd *Treatise*, is a *Physician*, newly return'd from the *Coast* he writes of. — He seems to be a Person of *Learning* and *Experience*; and expresses himself with a Warmth of *Spirit*, that carries in it a *Generous Plainness*, and a rough, but Manly, *Integrity*. — When I began to peruse his *Book*, I thought He appear'd too *Angry* : But, before I had read it out, the *ill Usage* He complains of, seem'd incapable of being remember'd, without an Agitation of such *Passions*, as must leave him fully acquitted. — The *Abuses* and *Mismanagements*, which this Gentleman enumerates, are such, as I am sorry to hear of, because their *Consequences* must affect the *Company*, in too sensible a *Manner*.

I HAVE

I HAVE often reflected, not without the utmost Amazement, from what strange *Causes* it shou'd happen, That the *Credit* of *that Company* has been sunk, to so low an *Ebb*; since nothing can be more demonstrable, than that It has *Advantages*, beyond Comparison, above all others, to make it self the most *Flourishing*! — If any Deficiency, within themselves, with Regard to *Stock*, or *Encouragement*, is the Prevention of their *Good Purposes*, methinks, their *Complaints* cou'd be no sooner heard, than they wou'd be sure of a *Remedy*! For, even as they, now stand, no *Company* exists, that is of such *Importance* to the *Nation*. — If the Interest of *England*, in Respect to *Trade*, depends most, as it certainly does, upon her *American Plantations*, those *Plantations* do, as certainly, depend on the *Slave-Trade* from *AFRICA*. A *Trade*! that strengthens us, in the very *Vitals*, and first Principle of *Government*: For it is perpetually adding Encrease to the Numbers of our useful *People*; far beyond the progressive *Growth* of our *slow*, and *Natural Multiplication*.

THE *Nation*, too, (in Point of *Wealth*, as well as *Power*) is, to an infinite Degree, more advantag'd than *The Company*, by Effect of this *Negro Traffick*. When the *Company* have sold a *Slave*, That Profit, which they once make, is *All the Benefit*, which he can, ever, bring them. — But, for the Benefit of the *Nation*, there is no computing what may be gain'd,

gain'd, by him. Not only the Wretch, himself, but his Children's Children, after him, down to the latest Generations, are, for ever, doom'd to *Work*; and *All* their Product is the *Nation's*. — The Difference is Vast, and Infinite!

THE Extent of Country, comprehended within the Limits of *This Company's Charter*, is Prodigious and Astonishing! For above *Thirty Degrees*, on one Side, from the *Line*, and about *Twenty*, from the other, all the *Coast* is within their Limits: So that they have all the *Good*, Variety, of Soils, and of Latitude, which the *whole World* can afford them. — They have, consequently, within their Bounds, a proper Earth and Climate, for every rich Product, that we pick up here and there, at the remotest Distances, from one Side of the *Globe* to the other. — They have not, it is true, a Claim of Property to the *Lands*: But, how easily might they purchase it, as far as cou'd be necessary, at Rates too inconsiderable to deserve the naming? — They have Islands too, and Settlements, never subject to the Natives Insults. — Why might not these be cultivated? Why not *Rice*, *Sugar*, *Indigo*, *Cotton*, *Ginger*, and *Tobacco*, brought hence, as well as from *America*? And how much sooner, and easier?

IN one short and comprehensive View, may be seen a Demonstration of the Difference, as to the *Company's Profit*, between the *Slaves* they transport to *America*, and those whom

whom they might employ, if they pleas'd, to raise Products, for their own Benefit.

To say nothing of the Charge of Shipping them, which wou'd be sav'd, upon All, to employ'd, in *Africa*; nor to insist on the manifest Advantage, of cheaper *Freight*, and shorter *Voyages*, what can be plainer than this Way of Reasoning? — Compute the *Company's* Profit, by the Sale of a *Negro*, to be Equal with what might be Gain'd by him, in a *Year's Work*, over and above his Maintenance, and the Interest of his Prime Cost, (which it certainly never is) yet, the *Negro*, that *WORKS* for the *Company*, costs no more, than One, who is *SOLD*, for them: Whereas this *Last* is wholly *Lost*, from that Day forward, to their Interest; while the *First*, returns them Yearly, the *same Profit*, during *Life*, without new *Charge*, to Balance it.

I SPOKE, just now of Products, which are commonly rais'd, by our *Planters* in *America*; and might, as certainly, be rais'd in *Africa*; But there are *Eastern Harvests*, of much greater Consequence, which *Time*, I hope, will teach *This Company* to reap, without more Difficulty, than may gradually be surmounted! — Why not the richest of the *East Indian Spices*, *Pepper*, *Nutmegs*, *Cloves*, and *Cinnamon*, procur'd and planted there? They have *Soil* and *Climate* exactly the same, with those in which they grow: Nay, they have *wild Spices*, rising naturally, under their

Agent's Eyes, to be as it were, an *Indication*, and push 'em forward, to Attempt it!

BUT, if they will not be perswaded to *transplant* Advantages, at least they might possess themselves of those, which lie before them. They have *Gold*, which the Natives gather and bring down to their Forts and Factories. I know what *Difficulties* attend the *View*, I am about proposing: And I know too, that tho' they are *Considerable*, they are *far from Unsurmountable*. What hinders, then, but that the *Uplands* might be discover'd; and perhaps the *Gold Mines* found, and work'd upon, by the Natives themselves, for the *Company's* Benefit, in Exchange, for what those Natives value more, but which wou'd cost little to their Furnishers? And this Attempt, tho' peaceably establish'd and pursued, might, for more certain Safety, be protected by the Awe of an Armed Force: A very small one, were sufficient here, where Numbers are of little Strength, for want of Courage or of Order.

How much more Useful, than some of their present Factories, would Forts and Settlements be, a Hundred Miles, or more, in Distance, One above the Other, along the *Niger*, or some other of those Prodigious *Rivers*, which flow a Course of two or three Thousand Miles, through the *Heart* of this vast and unknown *Continent*? How easie were it for the People in these Forts, to possess and cultivate, a large Tract round them? To discover the *Bordering Country* and *Trade*, and
make

make Leagues with the Neighbouring *Princes*? To maintain a regular and frequent Correspondence with each other, by means of Light Vessels, with flat Bottoms, adapted to the Navigation properest for those *Rivers*: And once a Year, or oftener, to send down their General Stores, to the *Company's* Ships, at the Entrance, and receive back, with the Return of their small Vessels, what should be sent them from Home, either for their Support or Traffick! — What new, and numberless Nations might the *Company* thus *Trade with, at first Hand*, to their unspeakable Enrichment? — And were such an Entrance once open'd to them, by expert and resolute Adventurers, what popular Encrease of Consumption, would it not occasion, in our *Woollen*, and many other, *Manufactures*?

THERE are no Impossibilities, in Designs, of this Nature, but to narrow and confin'd Understandings; and to Spirits of a heavy Fabrick. But this *Company* has the Honour to be assisted by Great Genius's, Wise, and Enterprizing enough to mark out the Way, to Measures that might soon recover them from the present *Ill Prospect of their Affairs*, and make the Memory of the *ROYAL AFRICAN COMPANY* Dear and Glorious to all Posterity.

IT is a *Work* of too much Length, for such a Paper as mine is, to *prove* how practicable these Things are; But I shall, sometimes, occasionally, touch the Subject, with the Bre-

vity I am confin'd to: Because, when I consider into what Hands my *Hints* may fall, I flatter my self, they may grow *Fruitful*, and become a *Service* to my *Country*.

THE *Duke of CHANDOS*, in the Head of These, has so Fine, and so Enlarg'd a Spirit; and is so Great, and so Acknowledg'd, an Honour to our Nation, That it is scarce possible to express, in his Praise, so much as every wise Man *must Think of him!* — I dare not, therefore, attempt so hard a Task as his full Character: But, while I mention him, I am on Fire, with such an Admiration of his Generous Qualities, that I cannot forbear to close my Paper, with such faint *Out-lines*, as can be Sketch'd, by One who *draws* at too much Distance.

It is not alone, in the Princely Grandeur of his *OEconomy*, that this Illustrious Lord reflects a Brightness on his *Honour'd Order*, and points out to us, in a shining Light, what a *Nobleman* was meant to be. *Appearance*, He well knows, can be no more than the *Shadow* of Substantial *Glory*. — He looks inward, therefore, and draws out, into Practice and Example, such a surprizing Train of *Vertues*, That, instead of supporting his *Distinction* upon the *Title*, which was so justly due to his, He has added *to it* much more *Honour*, than some, who wear it with a Colder Spirit, have been able to borrow *from it*.

Tho' Descended from a *Noble Line*, one of the most *Ancient* of the Kingdom! He disdain'd

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dain'd to owe his Greatness to the Grandeur of his *Ancestors*: Nor ever thought of his *Fore-Father's Honours*, but as an Archer raises his Eye to the Point of some high Steeple, when he would shoot his Arrow *over it*.

How Inconsiderable, in so Generous a Taste as *His*, are all the *Glitterings* of a *Dependant Greatness*! How much Nobler, after *His*, more than Imperial, Manner, to adorn and serve this Country, his own unbounded Expence, than to be more busie, to perhaps less Purpose, and be *Paid*, for his Want of *Liberty*, at the Head of an *Administration*!

THE World lies open, to his Eye, and All its Interests are exactly known to him: But nothing can he see, in any Part, or happy Corner of it, more belov'd and worthy, than he himself is! — There is this too, Peculiar in him, That his *Mind*, with all its *Vastness*, is serenely *Central* and *Regular*: His *Purposes* are as Rational as Great. His *Understanding* is Clear. His *Penetration* is Boundless. His *Resolution* is Ardent; and his *Applications* are Calm and Stedfast!

HE knows, and marks, the nicest Difference between Dignity and Pride, Generosity and Ostentation; Condescension and Weakness! — He reconciles State with Easiness; and teaches Reverence to Freedom! How Extensive is his Wisdom! How Unwearied his Industry! How Magnificent his Liberality! How Enlarg'd are his Idea's! How Unre-

strain'd by Prejudice! How Unconfi'd to Party! — What Astonishment would it produce, in the Minds of ordinary Men, could a History be given the World, of the Immenſity of thoſe Princely Expences, which might be charg'd to his Humanity! — The Charity of the Common World would bluſh, and hide it ſelf at the Compariſon: For the Munificence of this prodigious *Spirit*, would ſwallow up all other Benignity, as the Enliven'd *Rod* of *Moses* devour'd the Serpents of the *Egyptians*.

THESE are his *Known* and *Publick Beauties*! But, what *Amiable Private Qualities* muſt there be, in ſo exalted a *Mind*! which are hid from the diſtant *World*, and appear only to thoſe *Few*, thoſe *very Few*, of his Friends, who not alone are converſant with him; but have *Souls ſympathetical* enough to conceive the *Glowings* of his untold *Purpoſes*.

UNDER the Influence of ſuch a *Power*, what may not the *Gentlemen*, of the *African Houſe* expect, would they Reſolve upon ſuch *Meaſures*, as may ſuit the *Glory* of a *Company*, of whom it will be ſaid hereafter, as was once ſaid, of *T T R E* and *S I D O N*, *Whoſe Merchants were Princes, and whoſe Traders, The Nobles of the Earth*!





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Scribendi recte, sapere est Principium, & Fons.
H O R.

FRIDAY, November 13. 1724.

THERE is no kind of *Wit*, which requires a livelier Force, or more comprehensive Turn of *Spirit*, than That which we inscribe on *Monuments*, to express the *Characters* of the *Dead*: And I am sorry I have Reason to observe, That almost every Church, in *England*, is a Witness of our Deficiency in it.—The Fire of *Fancy* should, on these Occasions, be extreamly Intense, and Subtile, because, wanting Continuity, it has all its *Effect* at a *Flash*; and can therefore have no *Medium*: It must be either *piercing* or *contemptible*.

WHEN I stand before the *Tomb* of Mr. *Dryden*, in *Westminster-Abbey*, I am in Debate with my self concerning that Delicacy of Veneration, which was the Cause of its being inscrib'd with no more than his *Immortal Name*.—The Noble Founder thought it Superfluous to add any Thing, after that:
Because

Because there scarce *lives* a *Reader*, who can be unacquainted with his *Character*.—Yet, methinks, on the other Hand, the Expression of a Decent *Gratitude*, may be held Due to a *Benefactor*, however rais'd above the Want, or Expectation of our Benevolence. And, to carry it yet farther, tho' no Profanation cou'd be more unpardonable, than the Product of a *Vulgar Genius*, on a *Subject* so exalted, there is, at least, *One Spirit*, in the *Nation*, greatly Equal to the Labour! And This, the Founder of the *Monument* must have known, more certainly than any other Person, because more nearly conversant with, and more sufficiently a Judge of, him.

I wou'd not, after this, say, I mean Mr. Pope, but that, in the Course of my *Papers*, I shall let him perceive, that I am no *Flatterer*.—I have wish'd to see *His Soul* do Honour to his *Father's Dust*, and animate a Marble, which can never be more dignified, than it is, unless *His own Remains* shou'd visit it!—When my *Passions* feel his *Force*, in *Eloise's* struggling *Conflicts*, I attend him, thro' the *Depths* of *Nature*, with the Reverence which is due to God-like *Wisdom* and *Philosophy*! And, while my Fancy flames, and glitters, in the sportive Vastness of his *Levity*, where *Belinda's Hair* attracts him, I am transported at his *Wit*, and *Gaiety*, and grow in *Love* with his *Good Breeding*! Yet, Five Parts in Six, I doubt, of all that *Admiration* which has been paid to these inimitable
Flights

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Flights of Genius, is Implicite, and mere Accident : For there are Strokes, so fine and delicate, that like Angels, they must be invisible to the Eyes of Common Mortals, and seen only by those happy Few, whom Heaven vouchsafes a Visit to !

I HAVE been shewn an EPITAPH lately, which is said to have been written by this Gentleman, for the Tomb of a Friend of his: The Thought, on which it turns, is very happy, and extremely Natural.—It has been publish'd, in some of our *Weekly-Papers* ; but not so full as I here give it.

*To this sad Shrine, whoe're thou art, draw near,
Here lies the FRIEND, most wept, the SON most dear,
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide ;
Nor gave his Father Grief — but, when he died !
How vain is Reason ! Eloquence, how weak !
When POPE must tell, what HARCOURT
(cannot speak !
Yet, Let thy once lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone :
And, with a Father's Sorrows, mix his own.
Ah, no ! 'tis vain to strive — It will not be.
No Grief, that can be told, is felt for THEE !*

THE *Manuscripts*, of this fine EPITAPH, which are handed about Town, have, already, various Readings : And in some, the two last Lines are wholly omitted. But, I can never suppose a Castration, of that Importance, Genuine ; because the *Close*, at the first Break, has a Strength, so full, and distinguish'd, that
it

it left an absolute Necessity, for a vigorous Turn of Thought, in the Conclusion of that which follows it: Whereas nothing could appear more languid, and unequal to its Author, than to have ended, after so *fine* a Stroke, with saying no more, than this: *Let your Friend write your Epitaph; and tell the World, that he is as sorry for your Death, as your Father is.*

I HAVE not, I think, at home, read any Piece, of this Kind, more striking, and strongly rais'd upon the Force of its touching Simplicity! But I remember to have seen two Epitaphs, both, *Foreign*; which gave me a Delight, of the same Nature. — I shall translate them, as near I can, into *English*. This, first, is by a *French Poet*, on the Death of *Cardinal Richlieu*: And has in it, a certain Mixture of the *Great*, the *Natural*, and the *Surprizing*, which is very rarely to be met with.

Stay, Traveller! — for, All you want, is near,
Wisdom, and Power, I seek. — They, both, lie here.
 Nay, but I look for more, and raise my Aim,
 To Wit, Taste, Learning, Elegance, and Fame.
 Here ends your Journey, then: For, here, the STORE
 OF RICHLIEU lies. — *Alas! repeat no more.*
 Shame on my Pride! What Hope is left, for Me,
 When, here, Death treads on All, that Man can be.

THE Second, which now follows, is of *Spanish Original*; and was the Epitaph
 of

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of a beautiful Neice of the Famous *Olivarez*.

*If (weeping Love!) Inquirers seek to know
Her Name, whose Charms enrich the Dust below;
Point up, and bid 'em read:—But, say no more:
Nor strive, in vain, to count her Vertues o'er.
Scarce cou'd the sweet Amount be justly sung,
Tho' Her Each Atom were an Angel's Tongue!*

WHERE there is Justness, and Propriety, in these *Rays* and *Beamings* of the *Wit*, they break out upon our *Fancy*, with irresistible Force and Lustre! We are often dazzled, for a Moment, even with the false Imitation of it, where the *proper Sence* is mingled, and confounded with the *Metaphorical*. But we no sooner examine it, closely, than the Counterfeit Colours vanish, and we despise our own, and the *Poet's Weakness*: Whereas, when the Thought is *just*, as well as *shining*; when it is founded on Truth, in Nature, and only raises our Admiration by its Grandeur, Grace, and Nobleness, the Heat, contracted, and pointed strong, upon a near, and single, Center, inflames and catches, like a *Burning Glass*; and Stocks and Stones, are melted down by it, almost as suddenly as Gold and Silver.

IT were a Work of General Use, and no unpleasant Entertainment, to make a *Muster* of those False *Thoughts*, or affected *Turns* of *Wit*, and pass 'em, in *Review*,
oppos'd

oppos'd to such, as are True and Solid.—
 The Common *Taste* would stand corrected,
 and consent to give up their *Favourites* ;
 for Few can want Good Sense to distinguish,
 when they see 'em together ; and mark,
 that *Truth*, (which is Nature represented
 exactly as she appears) is the *Life* and *Soul*,
 of Thinking ; and *Greatness*, *Delicacy*, and
Delightfulness, the fine *Dress*, and *Ornaments*,
 of it.

THE black *Eyes* of the *Spanish Ladies*,
 have a Jack-o'the-Lantern *Brightness*, that
 is very apt to *mislead* the *Poets* of that warm
 Country. The following *Sonnet* is a *Master-*
piece, of its Kind, and may deserve to stand
 as an *Example* of that *False Wit* above-
 mention'd : As consisting, chiefly, of contra-
 dictory *Idea's*, which are forc'd together,
 like *Oil*, and *Spirit*, by the Violence of the
 Writer's *Fancy* ; but seperate, and distinguish
 themselves, as soon as they have Time to
settle.

I know, too well, my cruel FAIR !
Why those sweet Eyes have Sable Covers,
Mere Pity bids 'em Mourning wear,
To grieve the Fate of murder'd Lovers,

Assist me, then, thou killing Maid !
I hate my Foe, and must defeat him :
Oh ! lend me but those Eyes, in Aid,
And He's Stone Dead, when next I meet him,

BUT

BUT tho' such *Turns* as *These* are unnatural, and therefore ridiculous, when apply'd to any serious Purpose, yet there are *Turns*, both upon *Words* and *Thoughts*, that, preserving the Truth of Meaning, are so far from being Faults, that in all the lighter Kinds of *Poetry*, they are extremely graceful and desirable. Thus in the famous *Epigram* of *Ausonius*, relating to *Dido*, who fled from *Phœnicia* to *Carthage*, upon the Death of her Lover *Sichæus*, and, afterwards, died her self, upon *Æneas's* forsaking her, the Thought is just and solid ; and tho' it glitters, and is so full of *Point*, yet, it bears, without *diminishing*, every *Light* that it can be view'd in.—I will give both the *Latin* and the *English*, because our *Language* has been judg'd incapable of expressing it, without more Compass, and Weakness, than the *Original*.

Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta Marito!

Hoc pereunte fugis : Hoc fugiente peris.

Poor Queen ! twice doom'd disastrous Love to try ;
You fly the Dying ; for the Flying, die !

THERE is something too, of an elevated Smartness, and that will bear the nicest Examination, in the *Thought* of a *French Poet*, concerning a *Cardinal*, already nam'd ; who was accus'd of holding too great an *Ascendant* over his *Master*.

*Il est trop absolu, sur l'Esprit de son Maître.
Mais son Maître, par Luy, est le Maître des Rois.*

Tho' he shadow'd his Master, with arrogant Wings,
Yet, he made, whom he master'd, the Master of Kings!

IT is this Power, in the Conception! This comprehensive Grasp of Meaning! where more than can be *express'd*, in Pages, is crowded into a *single Sentiment*, and insinuated to the Reader, so as to swell, and expand it self, in his Understanding! It is *This*, that is *True Poetry*! That makes up that illustrious *Art*, which is therefore justly, call'd *Divine*, because it shakes, and moulds the Soul, and bows to its Purposes; transports us out of our selves, and raises a *Creation*, round us, which is wholly of its own establishing!

BUT how different from this, is *Poetry*, as it is commonly understood and practis'd! — A trifling Skill in Measure, and an easie Sweep in Rhyming, are no more what makes the *Poet*, than the *Chimes* can be call'd the *Church*, or the *Chariot* makes the *Doctor*. He, who *thinks*, in a vulgar Manner, will be so far from concealing his Emptiness, by the *Verse*, he pretends to charm by, that like the *dirty Fool*, in the *Gospel*, who invited himself to the *Marriage Feast*, and sat down, among the *finest Guests*, *without a Wedding Garment*, he will be put pointed out, with
the

the more Contempt; and serve to *set off* the vast Disparity, between himself, and those he presumes to mix with.

WHOEVER does but reflect on the different *Figure*, *France* now makes among the Princes of *Europe*, compar'd with That, which every Body remembers Her to have made, within these Twenty Years, will, in Justice to a most Heroick Monarch, divest himself of the ungenerous Littleness of Common, National, Prejudices, and observe with Pleasure, That Great Prince's Influence, over the *Wit* and *Genius*, as well as the *Courage* and *Obedience* of his People. — When I read the *Birth-Day-Songs* of our *English Laureats*, I see the Poorness of their *Salary*, thro' the Slightness of their *Sentiments*. But the most light, and jovial, Performances of our *Neighbour Nation*, when they had their *King* for their *Theme*, seem'd to glow, with a Warmth of Gratitude, as if *Reason* strove with *Invention*, which shou'd praise him with most Copiousness.

Qu'il regne ce Heros, qu'il triomphe toujours :
Qu'avec luy soit toujours la Paix, ou la Victoire !
Que le Cours de ses Ans dure, autant, que le Cours
De la Seine, & de la Loire !
Qu'il vive, autant que sa Gloire !

May our *Hero* long reign, and still triumph in State !
 And *Conquest*, or *Peace*, on his *Purposes* wait !

Let the Course of his Years, like the *Loire* and the *Seine*,
Flow with Fullness and Strength, above *Time*'s deepest
Drain !

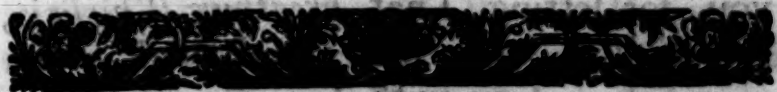
For, while blest with her King, what has *France* to
implore,

But, that *He* may live, till his *Fame* lives no more !

I DESIGN'D, when I began this *Paper*,
to say a great deal more, than I have left my
self Room for, concerning *Epitaphs*, and
Elegies ; but I must refer, what remains, to
some other Opportunity : And will conclude,
with one of the *Sublimest* Pieces of Extra-
vagance, that ever heated the *Imagination* of
of a *Poet*. — The Author was a *Portuguese*,
and, in describing the Assault of a Fortrefs,
by his Countrymen, speaks of the *Ditch*, in
a Flight, at once so *wild*, and yet so *strong*,
that it is impossible to find a Proof, more
pregnant, that *Genius* without *Judgment*, can
do nothing considerable, in *Poetry*.

The yawning Ditch declin'd, with dreadful steep,
And, from Days aking Eye, so backward fell :
That Saints might pass, thro' its unsounded Deep,
To scare the Devils, and let in Light, on Hell !





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— dare *Jura Maritis.* H O R.

MONDAY, November 16. 1724.

PATTY AMBLE has many *Friends*, who will be glad to hear, That the *COQUET* is come to Town; after two whole Months Absence. *LOVE* revisits me, at the Approach of this *wild Creature*, like the Return of a *Tertian Ague*. — So, my *Readers*, in mere Pity, must be moderate, when they find me *Dull*. 'Tis a *Rule* among us, *LOVERS*, to be either stark *Mad*, or *Stupid*. — See! what an unaccountable *Letter* the *pert Baggage* has sent me!

Dear SLAVY!

‘ **A**T last, this sweet Town, which must
 ‘ for ever hold my Heart, has again
 ‘ Possession of my *Person*. — I left *Tunbridge*,
 ‘ a Hundred Years ago; and went a Pilgri-
 ‘ mage, in pure Compassion, to visit a poor
 ‘ Thing, in *Marriage Trammels*: Where I have
 ‘ stuck fast, ever since, in the *Dirt* of your
 ‘ Dear *Sussex*.

VOL.

H

WELL!

‘ WELL! tho’ I have but half forgiven
 ‘ you, for setting That *breathing Whirligig*,
 ‘ *Ned Volatile*, upon me; yet, I think, I am
 ‘ as much in *Love* with *You*, as with any of
 ‘ your *Rival Candidates* for the *Place* I have
 ‘ to dispose of. — But, if ever I marry you,
 ‘ there is *One Thing*, I must positively *insist*
 ‘ *on*. — You shall keep me *two Chairs*, and a
 ‘ *Chariot*. — I had scarce a *Scruple* of Brains,
 ‘ in my Head, all last Week: For, after
 ‘ rumbling up, in a *Stage-Coach*, I was *pound-*
 ‘ *ed to Death*, from the dreadful *Borough*, to
 ‘ *Park-Place*, in an odious *Hackney Mortar*.
 ‘ — You have *History*, I know, at your
 ‘ Finger’s Ends: Pray lend me the *Name* of
 ‘ that Tragical *Roman Tumbler*, who was
 ‘ barrell’d up, by the *Carthaginians*; and
 ‘ roll’d, a Mile or two, down Hill, in a *Butt*,
 ‘ stuck full of *Ten-penny-Nails*? Methinks,
 ‘ I pity him, from my Heart! For, I could
 ‘ not help thinking, while I was bouncing
 ‘ up and down, in my Vehicle, like a Thim-
 ‘ ble full of Shot, in a *Quart Bottle*, That
 ‘ my own *Case* was as bad as *His*. At least,
 ‘ if there was any Difference, it lay only in
 ‘ a few *Points*, which I had rather give up,
 ‘ than *stand upon*.

‘ *HEAVEN* have Mercy on those poor
 ‘ *Citizens Wives*, who, when their hideous
 ‘ *Bedfellows* have made them too *big*, to be
 ‘ able to go, are forc’d to be *carried*, in these
 ‘ *Town Tumbrels*. — ’Tis well I was not
 ‘ chose for a *Knight of the Shire*, at our last
 Election!

‘ Election! The Rogues, who contriv’d these
 ‘ *Bolting Hutches*, to sift Peoples Bones thro’
 ‘ their Skins, shou’d never have escap’d *Pu-*
 ‘ *nishment*, for want of a Law, to reach them:
 ‘ I would have got an ACT *passed*, on pur-
 ‘ *pose*, to have the Monsters gallop’d to *Death*,
 ‘ in their own unmerciful *Torturing Boxes*.

‘ COME, and drink *TEA* with me To-
 ‘ morrow. I know you don’t love to be *look’d*
 ‘ *at*: And to humour that very out-o’the-
 ‘ way *Taste*, of yours, we will be as *Retir’d*,
 ‘ as two Snails in a Wilderness. For, I have
 ‘ resolv’d to be at Home to No-body, but
 ‘ *Jenny Ogle*, and *Gatty Gosling*, and dear
 ‘ *Lady Frighfall*, and Miss *Jumper*, and *Jack*
 ‘ *Scarecrow*; and *Jack*, you know, is No-
 ‘ body: — *Jack* is like one of the *Family*.
 ‘ Only if *Sally Simple* should chance to drop
 ‘ in — or *Fanny Prue*, in her new *Equipage*,
 ‘ there is *no being denied to Them*: For the
 ‘ whole Town says, That *Sally* has had a
 ‘ *Misfortune*, since I went to *Tunbridge*: And
 ‘ *Fanny* is a *Prude*, that has stoop’d as low as
 ‘ *Matrimony*. — I long to see how they look,
 ‘ after the Accidents that have befallen them.
 ‘ — Don’t, *fail* at your Peril, for we want
 ‘ your Sage *Advice*, about a *Project*, that is
 ‘ newly come into our Heads; and I shall
 ‘ never be at Rest, ’till I know, what you
 ‘ think of it.

‘ THE Business, in one Word, is *Free-*
 ‘ *dom: WOMAN’S Freedom*. — For, sure!
 ‘ if *Men*, who are born to be *Subjects*, pretend

' to *Liberty*, and defie *Tyrants* ; our *Sex* must
 ' have high *Pretensions* ; who, by *Nature*,
 ' were form'd for *Sovereignty* ; and can make
 ' *Slaves* of *those*, who enslave *Millions* ! — In
 ' short, we are come to a *Resolution* to *issue*
 ' *Writs*, and call together a *Female Parlia-*
 ' *ment*. — You allow, that we have *Wit* ;
 ' — *We*, our *selves*, know we have *Wisdom* :
 ' And every *Body* has *Reason* to know, that
 ' we can't want *Authority*. — So, the *Thing*
 ' it self is past *Dispute* ; we have *decreed*, to
 ' take *Government* upon us : But the *Question*
 ' is, Under what *Name*, or *Title*, we shall ex-
 ' ercise it.

' *WE* are told, by an *Experienc'd Sister*,
 ' who is *sole*, *Chamber Counsel*, to an *Emi-*
 ' *nent Counsellor, at Law*, that the *Word Par-*
 ' *liament* will be too *Bold* and *Ardent* for our
 ' *Purpose*. And yet if another of our *Mem-*
 ' *bers*, who is *Learned in Law French*, be
 ' but as good at *Derivation*, as she has always
 ' been at *Disputation*, *She* will have *Parlia-*
 ' *ment* to signifie *Prattlement* ; and in that
 ' *Case*, who doubts, but we might make
 ' good our *Pretensions*.

' *HOWEVER*, let it go. We aim at No-
 ' thing, but our *just Prerogative* ; nor have
 ' any *Design*, in the least, against the *Privi-*
 ' *leges* of the *other Houses* ; whose *Members*,
 ' for any *Thing* I see to the contrary, may
 ' be as *Capable* as *We* are.

‘ *YET,*

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YET, it were certainly no harder upon the
Men, That the *Women* should usurp *their*
Offices, than it is mortifying to us *Women*,
to see the *Men* interpose, in *Ours*. And,
what Truth can be more manifest, than,
That there are Male-Members, of more
Houses than One, *ungallant* enough to in-
vade us, in our very *Essentials*? — Some
can *Dance*, as well as we can; some (tho'
Fewer indeed) can even *talk*, as well. —
Here, and there, one can *manage a Family*,
as well. — But an infinite Number of them
can *wash their Months*, as well; and vye
Genius with us, in *Dress*, and *Diversiſion*.
— Nay, I am credibly inform'd, by an
Able *Committee-Woman*, of our *Assembly*,
That she is intimate with *two* of them, who
are so *far gone*, against us, that the first
makes Shifts, and Aprons, with the finest
Work-woman of his Acquaintance: And
the other can *cut Paper*, the best of any
Gentlewoman in the three Kingdoms!

IF such Wrongs as these must be *tolera-*
ted, away with Order and Distinction. —
Shall any Body, after this, say, we ought
not to assume a *Title*, because the Nation
has, already bestow'd it on *Our Represen-*
tatives? What were the Nation, without
Us? And how are *WE Represented*, where
none of our *Sex* are permitted to sit, and
vote, for *Us*? Is this *Free Government*? Is
this to be subject to no Laws, but those we
have, first, given Consent to? — Either,

‘ let us, as a distinct *Body*, have a Right to
 ‘ govern our *Selves*; or, admit an Equal
 ‘ Number of *Us* to sit, where *Laws* are made
 ‘ for *Us*: And, I believe I may venture to
 ‘ undertake, for the *Absent*, That we will
 ‘ be modest enough, in that Case, to content
 ‘ our selves with a bare *Negative*, upon All
 ‘ Bills, that concern *Us*.

‘ But, what shall we do, about this *Diffi-*
 ‘ culty, of the *Name*? Old Lady *Lofty* was
 ‘ for having us dignifie our Purpose with the
 ‘ awful Sound of *The SENATE*: But, her
 ‘ Grand-Daughter, who can read *Horace* in
 ‘ *Latin*, said, That *Title* had an Air, too *Mo-*
 ‘ therly, and would sit hard, upon Youth,
 ‘ and Gaiety. — It was next mov’d, That a
 ‘ *Commitee* of *Virgin Elders* shou’d be sent,
 ‘ as far as *Poland*, to borrow and bring Home,
 ‘ the Use of the Word *D I E T*. — *Kitty*
 ‘ *Hoyden* leapt out of our her Chair, to se-
 ‘ cond this *Motion*. — She had been inform’d,
 ‘ she said, That *Polish Diets* are often sum-
 ‘ mon’d to meet, on *Horseback*; and she was
 ‘ positive, That no People could ride, more
 ‘ Learnedly, than the *Horse-women* of our
 ‘ Country. She added, That little more
 ‘ seem’d peculiar, to these *Polish Diets*, un-
 ‘ less it were their *Art*, of *Quarrelling*, with-
 ‘ out *Interval*: And, in that too, she saw no
 ‘ Reason, why an *English Woman* might not
 ‘ equal them.

‘ It was now in a fair Way to be carried
 ‘ on this side the *Question*; when *Suky Shadely*
 ‘ who

‘ who is newly recover’d from the *Jauhdice*,
 ‘ turn’d the Tyde of Opinions, by crying out,
 ‘ That she *protested* against the *Physical* Sound
 ‘ of the Word; for it put her in Mind of her
 ‘ *Apothecary*. — What at last, we all inclin’d
 ‘ to, was the *Turkish Title*, of *DIVAN*. I
 ‘ think, *CONVENTION* was whisper’d,
 ‘ faintly; but none of us knew what to make
 ‘ of it: And as for *CONVOCATION*, it
 ‘ was unanimously rejected, upon the Insinu-
 ‘ ation of a grave *Arch-Deaconess*, That it
 ‘ would be inconvenient to assume *known Ti-*
 ‘ *ties*, which under Pretence of *Custom* and
 ‘ *Precedent*, might reduce us to Subordinati-
 ‘ on; and bring us to feel some Power, we
 ‘ should not dare to disobey, and yet be
 ‘ heartily yex’d, at submitting to.

‘ DEAR *SLAVY*, don’t look grim; but
 ‘ *think* for us, and help us out, as you wish
 ‘ well to your Speculations. — Come, for
 ‘ your Consideration, beforehand, I will com-
 ‘ municate to you the *Material Heads*, upon
 ‘ which we meditate our Institution; as they
 ‘ were drawn up for us, by a *Sergeant’s Lady*,
 ‘ who has often made it a *Moot Point*, whe-
 ‘ ther *Her Stile*, or *Her Husband’s* is most
 ‘ Remarkable for *Conciseness*.

“ *First*, THEN, For avoiding Disputes and
 “ Contests, with certain Courts, already Esta-
 “ blished, we renounce, discharge, and here-
 “ by openly disavow, and protest against all
 “ Claim and Pretence, whatever, to Decisions,
 “ of *Justice*, or of *Equity*. “ Se-

“ *Secondly*, WE forego, quit claim to, and
 “ depart from, in like manner, all Exercise,
 “ Right, Benefit, Interest, Property, and De-
 “ mand, of, in, from, to, or upon, Subjects,
 “ *Religious or Ecclesiastical*. PROVIDED NE-
 “ VERTHELESS, That Nothing, in the Article
 “ contain’d, shall extend, or be construed to
 “ extend, to deprive us of our Claim, and Pri-
 “ vilege, to hold, and avow, Jurisdiction, as
 “ well *Corporal as Spiritual*, over All Forms,
 “ Matters and Things, which have related,
 “ do relate, or shall or may relate hereafter,
 “ to *Virgin Frailties, Slips, Elopements*, or any
 “ other *Female Privilege, or Privileges*, whe-
 “ ther *Maidenly or Matrimonial*,

“ *Thirdly*, THAT all Causes, Debates, Laws,
 “ Doubts or Customs, touching, concerning,
 “ importing, appendant, or relating to *Love*,
 “ *Honour, Dress, Duty, Wit, Breeding*, and *Do-*
 “ *mestick Authority and Discipline*, in all its
 “ Parts, Degrees, and Divisions, shall lye, in
 “ their *last Appeal*, before US and US ONLY.

“ *Fourthly*, THAT All and Every the
 “ Members of our Assembly shall have, hold,
 “ take, occupy, exercise, and enjoy the same
 “ Exemptions, Freedoms, Personal Rights,
 “ Distinctions and Peculiarities, which have at
 “ any Time been occupied, or enjoy’d, by any
 “ the Member, or Members, of whatioever
 “ other Assembly, of, in, or belonging to these
 “ Kingdoms, And in particular, that All
 “ and Every their Person, or Persons, shall be,
 “ and for ever remain, free from all Arrests,
 “ Touch,

“Touch, Seizure, Detainment, Restraint, or
 “Attachment, whether by Father, Husband,
 “Guardian, or by, or under, any other Au-
 “thority, or pretended Authority, whatso-
 “ever. Any Law, Act, Grant, Matter, or
 “Thing, to the contrary, in any wise, not-
 “withstanding.

“*Fifthly*, THAT for the surer Dispatch of
 “Business, under the Multiplicity of *Debates*,
 “that may, and questionless, shall and will
 “arise, in so able, and so numerous an As-
 “sembly, the *House* shall chuse SIX SPEAKERS
 “(of whom, however, no more than *Three*
 “shall speak at once) that so there may be,
 “at all Times a Reserve, for due Succession;
 “in Case of *One Sett’s* wholly tiring, under
 “such incessant *Application*.

“*Sixtly*, THAT the First Session shall be
 “held, in the Great *Masquerade Room*, at the
 “*Opera House*, in the *Hay-Market*; where
 “All the *Voices* of that House, whether *Wo-*
 “*men*, or *Other than Women*, shall be admit-
 “ted to sit with the Members. But no *ab-*
 “*solute Men* shall be capable of holding Of-
 “fice, within Doors, SAVE ONLY our Tru-
 “sty, and Well-beloved *John James Heideg-*
 “*ger*, whom in Regard to his Good Will,
 “and Past Services, we constitute sole Bearer
 “of our *Mace*, and of all other, our conve-
 “nient Utensils,

‘THESE are all our *determin’d* Articles;
 ‘But it was as good as *Resolved*, at our last
 ‘Meet-

‘ Meeting, That for the *Safety* of our Assem-
 ‘ bly, proper Application shall be made, for
 ‘ a Company of Guards, to mount upon us,
 ‘ and continue to do Duty, as long as ever we
 ‘ sit. The Officers of this Company, as high
 ‘ up, as the Lieutenant, may, as usually
 ‘ they are, be of the *Masculine Gender* : But
 ‘ the *Captain* must, always, be a *Woman*. —
 ‘ If the Lieutenant happens to be *Married*,
 ‘ his *Wife* will *Command of Course*, But if
 ‘ not, the Nomination will be by Majority of
 ‘ the Members Voices.

‘ ‘ You see, now, Dear Servant, the Great
 ‘ Importance of this Affair : And since I am
 ‘ sure, your Head is stor’d, with *Models*,
 ‘ *Schemes* and *Systems*, concerning *Power*, and
 ‘ *Rights* of *Government*, drawn from *Latin*,
 ‘ *Greek* and *Gothick* ; nay, and for any thing
 ‘ I know, from *Arabick*, and *Egyptian* : Do
 ‘ but aid our generous Purpose, with your
 ‘ Experience, and grave Counsel, and you
 ‘ shall see, as soon as we are married, with
 ‘ how much Gentleness I will hold the Reins,
 ‘ which your Wisdom will have contributed
 ‘ to put into the Hands of, — I was going
 ‘ to say your *Affectionate* ; but, in sober Sad-
 ‘ ness, of

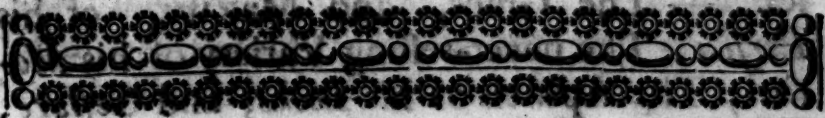
Your oblig’d,

and not insensible,

Humble Servant,

MARTHA AMBLE.

The



The Plain Dealer. No 70.

*Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis: Ut citò dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat. HOR.*

FRIDAY, November 20. 1724.

WHEN I was Young, I remember, among many other *Follies*, I was very vain, and tenacious of my own Way of Thinking. I was particularly delighted with the Notion I then had of *Eloquence*: And made no Manner, of Dispute, but I was, my self, a wonderful *Proficient* in it. I was ravish'd, with the flowing Swell of a long-winded Period. I had form'd my *Taste of Stile*, upon *Cicero*; and treated the *Commentaries of Cæsar* with an Extraordinary Air of Contempt, when I compar'd them with the most frothy Flourishes of That ever-abounding Orator.

I HAD not learnt to consider, That there is a Difference, in the Effect of the same Words, when they are *spoke*, and when they are *written*. — When we *see*, and *hear*, a powerful Orator, our Reason is betray'd, and dazzled,

dazzled, by the Interposition of our Senses. — The Grace, and Majesty, of his *Person*; The never-resting Variety of his *Motion*; The Aptness of his *Looks*, and *Gesture*; The Rise and Fall of his *Voice*, *insinuating*, *softening*, *accusing*, *repeating*, *urging*, *impressing*, and *enforcing*, with a *Gradation* of the strongest *Passions*: All these combine, to charm, and cheat, us, into *Admiration*. — But, when, divested of these *Prejudices*, we come to *read*, with a steady Judgment, what we *heard*, with so much *Emotion*, the cold, and languid, *Oratory*, depending now on *Sense*, and wanting all its Aid of *Emphasis*, and *Utterance*, lies tasteless on our Understanding; and *Repetition*, and *Change of Lights*, are found to fill up the Place of *Richness*, and *Variety* in the *Conception*.

ONE of the first, who made me bold enough to break out of my *Roman Bondage*, and resolve, for the future, to think, all *Words*, which give a Discourse no Progress in its Meaning, rather *Burdens*, than *Embroidery*, was *Montaigne*, where he is speaking of *Authors*.

‘ As to *Cicero*, says this free-spirited *Frenchman*, to confess the *Truth* frankly, His way of Writing appears to me very tedious. His *Prefaces*, *Definitions*, *Divisions*, and *Etimologies*, take up the greatest Part of his *Work*. There is *Life* indeed, and *noble Life*! but it is smother’d in the dressing. When I have spent an Hour, in reading him, I recollect what

‘ what *Substance* I have gather’d from him;
 ‘ and find, for the most Part, I have got no-
 ‘ thing but *Wind*: He is not, *yet*, come far
 ‘ enough, to be Enter’d upon his *Reasons*.——
 ‘ Now, for *Me*, who only desire to be *Wise*,
 ‘ not *Eloquent*, I wou’d read nothing, but what
 ‘ is to the *Purpose*. —— I know well enough,
 ‘ without being told, What is *meant*, by *Death*
 ‘ and *Pleasure*: Why then do they give them-
 ‘ selves the Trouble of *Anatomising* them? I
 ‘ am for *Reason*, and *Argument*, at the first
 ‘ Dash, and wou’d be instructed how to *witb-*
 ‘ *stand*, rather than *talk quaintly of*, my Passions.
 ‘ I am for Charging at once, into the Heart of
 ‘ the Doubt, and not Approaching it, by Way
 ‘ of *Siege*, with Logical *Lines*, and *Trenches*.
 ‘ —The Subjects of *Cicero* languish, by his De-
 ‘ laying our Expectation. His Way was very
 ‘ well for the *Bar*,; or might do, perhaps, for
 ‘ the *Pulpit*; and since ’tis so common to *Nod*,
 ‘ at a *Sermon*, Men, in this Case, might have
 ‘ Leisure to *take a Nap*, and wake, a Quarter
 ‘ of an Hour after, Time enough to find the
 ‘ Thread of the *Discourse*. Men may speak,
 ‘ in this Manner to *Children*, or to *ignorant*
 ‘ *People*: But I can never be made Attentive,
 ‘ by an Author’s Elocution, where his *Matter*
 ‘ is too weak to hold me.

BEFORE I had the Good Fortune to meet
 with this Censure, (which carries with it no
 more *Boldness*, than *Reason*) I had ventur’d
 to appear, in *Print*, and sent some *Treatises*
 into the World, which I have never thought
 of,

of, from that Time forward, without blushing at my Conscious Weakness, in the Affectation of a *Stile*, so *Wordy*, that it moves my own Indignation, very strongly, against my self, for what I have, formerly consider'd, as no small Part of my *Merit*.

IF my *own Works* were of Importance enough, I wou'd *light 'em up*, as a *Beacon*, to warn Others of the Danger: But, since That *Honour* is more than they deserve, I disclaim it, with due Modesty; and will borrow an Example, of like Nature, from an Author of more Dignity.

THE Gentleman, I mean, is a Reverend and Learned *Professor*: In whose *Preface*, to an excellent Translation of *Virgil*, we are told, after, at least, as much *Instruction*, as cou'd, *reasonably*, have been expected, That *He has, not, yet done with us: For something, more, still, remains, behind.*

Now, tho' much may be said, for this Gentleman's *Generosity*, from the Profusion of his Desire to *satisfy* us; yet a less Degree of Praise will be sufficient, for his *Discretion*: Since it was not kind enough to whisper in his Ear, that He, who tells us the same Thing, *Six Times over*, will rather provoke us to *Indignation* than to *Gratitude*; because it argues an Opinion in him, That he is talking to Persons, who have a *Deafness*, in their Understanding. — When he had assur'd us, *He had not yet done*, There cou'd be no Reason in the World, but the over-obliging *Liberality*

berality of his *Rhetorick*, to take the Trouble of adding, that *There was something more*: Much less, That there was *something more, still!* — But, when he goes on, with so unhop'd! so unexpected! a Flow of Bounty, as to add, That there was *something, more, still, that remain'd*, The Obligation was *enforc'd* to so surprizing a Height, that it must have been judg'd Impossible to raise it more, if we had not found, immediately after, That not only *something, more, still, remain'd*, but, that it *remain'd, behind*, also!

I cou'd wish to see it establish'd, as a Rule among *Writers*, That every Word should be a Fault, which, being taken out of a *Discourse*, left no *Void* in the *Sense*: For, to what End shou'd we use Expressions, which may be cut off, without *Maiming*, or let stand, without *Beauty*?

WHEN the Pen of One, who attempts to write *History*, happens to be thus, *dropscally*, disposed, He never fails to drown his *Facts*, in a Deluge of *Affectation*. — We have then, long *Speeches* of great Generals, made to their Armies, in Line of Battle, and just on the Point of Engagement; In which the monstrous Absurdity of supposing such a Time fit for formal Harangues, or that they could be Audible to the Hundredth Part of the Numbers they are address'd to, is not sufficient to deter these Orators from displaying all their *Tropes*, with so much Fullness and Variety, that, when the Armies come to
Charge,

Charge, the Historian has not Spirits enough left him, (after the Fatigue of his *War of Eloquence*) to observe, or explain to us, How the Battle, it self, was formed, and fought; or by what Conduct, on one side, or Mistake, on the other, The Fortune of the Day delcared in Favour of the *Victorious*.

TACITUS, of all Historians, was least guilty of using Wordiness, or Circumlocution, in his Relations. — On the contrary, when he errs, it is in the much nobler Extream, of too Rich, and Delicate an Excess of *Sense*. — He refines not on *Words*, but on *Things*; he *speaks* less for his Great Persons, than They *spoke*, for Themselves: But he *thinks* for them much more delicately than it is probable *They* ever thought. — When *Galgacus*, at the Head of his *Britons*, is about to charge the *Roman Army*, what Number of Eloquent Pages could have inspired his Followers with Reflections, more apt to inflame them with Heroick Sentiments, than what He *flash'd* upon their Imaginations, in this comprehensive Encouragement. — *Fall on, my Friends, and, in the Shock, think of your ANCESTORS, and your POSTERITY!*

ANTIQUITY can scarce produce an Instance of more perswasive Eloquence, than This *Oration, in a single Sentence!* — But I have the Pleasure to see, before me, the Speech of a *Modern Leader*, which, as it had an End very different, so its Influence was
much

much more powerful. — *Cæsar*, and many Generals, before, and after him, inspired *faint-hearted Followers, with Courage*: But This is the only Instance, I have ever met with, of a Commander, who had Rhetorick enough to *talk Brave Fellows, into Cowardice*.

THE Hero of our Story (which is, sincerely, a *true* one) was at his Studies, in One of the Universities of a Neighbour-Nation, when the late Rebellion broke out, and alarmed the Care of the Government. He was Young, and designed for a Pillar of his *Mother Kirk*. — Grace and Sanctity, had therefore, been more in his Thoughts, than Arms, and Slaughter: But some of his Friends, who claimed a Power in raising, and disposing, the *Militia*, took a Fancy to dignify the young *Kirkman*, with the Command of a *Company*, and gave him Orders to march them to a *Rendezvous*, that was appointed, a few Days after.

THE *New Captain* (as He tells the Story, Himself, with a great Deal of Humour, and Frankness) thought *Safety* more his Business than *Valour*: Yet was ashamed to appear Fearful, when Every Body, round him, looked as big, as a *Bajazet*. — He resolved, therefore, To have Recourse to his *Oratory*, and try, if it was not possible, under Pretence of *Encouraging* his Men, to frighten them into *Desertion*. — In Pursuance of this Hope, He drew them on the Morning appointed for the March, into a Ring, at the Foot of a little

Mount; and, placing himself on the Top of it, address'd them in the following Oration; which he gave me, in his own Hand-Writing:

Friends! Brethren! Country-Men!

‘ **W**E are marching against *Enemies*, who
 ‘ are marching, against *God*: For
 ‘ they fight against our *King*; and our *King*
 ‘ protects our *Kirk*: and our *Kirk* is the Care
 ‘ of *God*.—So, our *Enemies* are *God’s Enemies*,
 ‘ and our Cause *must* prevail against them.

‘ As an Officer of Command, and a Lea-
 ‘ der, who knows *No Fear*, It is my Duty
 ‘ to speak to You, in a *Stile*, that may
 ‘ inflame your *Courage*. — But, as I am
 ‘ a *Christian*, as well as a *Soldier*; — A Man
 ‘ of *Humanity*, as well as *Mettle*; I dare not
 ‘ conceal from You, That there is a *Danger*,
 ‘ which I, my self, am afraid of; I, who,
 ‘ to speak in the World’s Notion of *Fear*,
 ‘ am so *resolv’d*, that I can *fear Nothing*. —
 ‘ I mean, my Fellow Soldiers! The *Danger*,
 ‘ which some of your Dear *Souls* may be in,
 ‘ of rushing Headlong upon *Damnation*.

‘ IN all Probability, there will be an Im-
 ‘ mediate Engagement; — I am confident,
 ‘ we shall (I mean, All, who survive the
 ‘ Battle, shall) succeed in the Event. — But,
 ‘ alas! which of us knows, whose Lot it will
 ‘ be, to *Fall*, in the Field of Slaughter?
 ‘ And, since there is Odds against your *Lives*,
 ‘ Are Ye prepar’d for approaching *Death*? —

‘ It

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‘ It is, indeed, an *unseasonable*; but, ah! my
 ‘ Friends! It is a *necessary* Question. — Are
 ‘ ye prepar’d, I say, to die? — Have ye *Assu-*
 ‘ *rance of Salvation*?

‘ I acknowledge, That your Piety, your
 ‘ Loyalty, and your Bravery, may intitle
 ‘ you to *Hopes* of Glory: But, if you
 ‘ want the *Inward Token*, the *Assurance*, the
 ‘ *Testimony*! — If you are not *positive*, my
 ‘ Friends, Ye are *DOUBTERS*: And He
 ‘ *who doubteth*, (says *Holy Writ*) *is Damn’d.*)
 ‘ —Mark *That*, Bretheren! — He, *who doubt-*
 ‘ *eth*, *is damn’d*!

‘ AN weigh this important Question, be-
 ‘ fore I lead you a Step farther. Knock, at
 ‘ your Bosoms. Ask your Consciences, If
 ‘ ye are *Doubters*? And, if ye find, ye are
 ‘ *Upright*, and *Stedfast*, — If ye have clear,
 ‘ and unquestioned, Evidence: — If your
 ‘ Lives have been *Pure*; and your Bodies
 ‘ *Undefiled*. — Your *Credentials* for Heaven,
 ‘ are Good; — and ye may follow me, un-
 ‘ dauntedly; — for

Nil desperandum est Teucro Duce, & Auspice Teucro,

(That is, (being interpreted)

King GEORGE for Ever. Amen.

‘ But, If you *doubt*, If ye *Faint*, If your
 ‘ *Inward Man* is not Strong, — I desire none
 ‘ none of your fruitless Aid. — I shall be
 ‘ more Triumphant without Ye. Neither

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‘ would I have your Blood upon my Head ;
 ‘ since, if ye *die*, you will be *damn’d*. — But
 ‘ my *Christian* Concern for your *Souls*, hath
 ‘ made me forget that ye are *Soldiers*. — I
 ‘ come down, to put my self before you, and
 ‘ let you see, by my Example, in the hor-
 ‘ rid Bloodinesses of this Day, What an Af-
 ‘ surance there is in the *Accepted*, when they
 ‘ fight against the *Doubtful*. — I leave the
 ‘ Rest to your Consciences. They, who *doubt*
 ‘ *not*, will follow me.

N. B. — *They ran away, to a Man, from
 behind their Commander ! — What an In-
 stance was here, of the powerful Effect of
 Oratory !*



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—furens quid Fœmina possit. VIRG.

MONDAY, November 23. 1724.

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

‘ **I** COMMENCED *TOAST*, about the
 ‘ Beginning of Last Season ; and among
 ‘ some *Six Dozen* of Lovers, (who could,
 ‘ All, see, as clearly as any Old *Cynick*, in
 ‘ *England*)

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‘ *England*) I never heard it observ’d, That
 ‘ *Black Eyes* were *Jack o’ Lanthorns*, ’till I
 ‘ read it, in your *PAPER*, Number lxviii.
 ‘ — I must needs tell you, I don’t *like* some
 ‘ Things, in That *PAPER*: And, in Partic-
 ‘ ticular I make War against your odious
 ‘ Partiality, in preferring a *Musty Jynge*, of
 ‘ and old *Cardinal*, and Queen *DIDO*, to
 ‘ one of the prettiest, and wittiest, Copies of
 ‘ Verses, that ever was seen or heard of!

‘ Wou’d, I knew where to find That
 ‘ Dear! Genteel! Gay! Spritely! Charming!
 ‘ *Spanish* POET, who was Author of the
 ‘ Verses, to which you have done the Honour
 ‘ of finding Fault with them, for no Reason
 ‘ in the World, but because they were made
 ‘ upon *Black Eyes*! — I can’t help fancying,
 ‘ That you have, *not only* *Grey Hair*, but
 ‘ White Eye-brows, with a Whey-coloured,
 ‘ Fat Face; and a sower, freckly Forehead,
 ‘ with a pale, deadish, Look, as *limy*, and as
 ‘ *wall-ey’d*, as one of the Watch-Towers of
 ‘ your own *Barbican*! — Never go about to
 ‘ deny it; — for I am as sure, that it is so,
 ‘ as if I had been acquainted with you these
 ‘ Sixty Years. And I will never believe to
 ‘ the contrary, unless you get some Body to
 ‘ draw your Picture, after the *Life*, and have
 ‘ it Cut upon a Copper-Plate, to hang up
 ‘ like a Sign, at the Head of your PLAIN
 ‘ DEALERS, for the Entertainment of your
 ‘ *Female Readers*, in Place of your imperti-
 ‘ nent *Motto’s*.

*I know, too well, my cruel Fair
 Why those Sweet Eyes have Sable Covers
 Mere Pity bids 'em Mourning wear,
 To grieve the Fate of Murder'd Lovers.*

WELL-BRED! Transporting, Creature!
 — What Woman cou'd look with *Frowns*,
 upon a Lover, that could lay her *Eyes* under
 such delightful Obligation!

— Pity, bids 'em Mourning wear!
 To grieve the Fate of Murder'd Lovers!

‘ CALL you *This*, FALSE WIT?— I had
 ‘ always an Aversion to a Critick, from my
 ‘ Cradle: But from this Time forward, I
 ‘ shall never endure the Name of him: And,
 ‘ if ever I should so lose my Way, as to fall in-
 ‘ to the Company of one of them, my Eyes
 ‘ would ake, at the very Sight of them.
 ‘ My Grandmother, at her Country-house,
 ‘ has an overgrown, old Turkey Cock, that is
 ‘ the *Plain Dealer*, of the Family. — He
 ‘ could never abide *Red*, because it is the
 ‘ prettiest of all Colours; and therefore I
 ‘ bought me a *Pink-colour Damask Suit*,
 ‘ and carried it down, with me, on purpose
 ‘ to shake in the old Gentleman's Eyes,
 ‘ and set him a fretting, by Way of Diversi-
 ‘ on. — I have search'd, the whole Town
 ‘ over, for an Opportunity to deal with You,
 ‘ as I did your Brother *SURLY*, in the
 ‘ Coun-

‘ Country : And, at last, I met with the en-
 ‘ clos’d Copy of Verses, at an ASSEMBLY,
 ‘ where Eyes of all Colours, *Black, Blue, Grey*
 ‘ and *Hazel* ; — Nay, even the *Green* and
 ‘ the *Yellow*, agreed to *smile*, with Approba-
 ‘ tion, on the *Wit*, and the *Subject*. And,
 ‘ because I would *mortifie* you, I send you,
 ‘ What *others* have been *charm’d* by : And
 ‘ as far as all good Offices, of this kind, shall
 ‘ remain, very heartily,

Your Humble Servant,

NIGRELLA.

VERSES, To the Right Honourable,
 The Lady SOMERVILLE, on Her
 MARRIAGE.

WHEN *Thames*, unlov’d, invoke an absent *Muse*,
 The unlist’ning *Sisters* Half their Aid refuse:
 But, with full Force, the *Vot’arie’s* Hopes inspire,
 Whose Breast glows, conscious, with a favo’rite Fire.
 Oft, have I prov’d, that, when loose *Flights* we try,
 From our weak *Wing*, the sweet *Supporters* fly:
 The restive *Numbers* backen, on the *Tongue*,
 And no bold *Fancy* nerves the languid *Song*.

Not so, when softer *Subjects* court their Aid;
 Some new-blest Lover, or some brided Maid !
 Then, All, at once, their tuneful Force combine ;
 Swell, in Each Thought ; and, in each Cadence, shine.
 The Stream of Verse, like *Thames*, untroubled, flows ;
 And Strength, and Ease, a mingled Grace compose.

*Devious, of late, amid too light a Strain,
Each, of the Adverse Nine, was sought, in vain:
But, soon as FAME reliev'd me, with the Sound,
That SOMERVILLE in YOU, His Heaven had found;
Rap't, I resolv'd, th' inspiring Choice to sing;
And Crowding Muses danc'd, on Ev'ry String:*

*Receive, Illustrious Charmer! the Respect
Your Poet pays; and, what He writes, protect.
While Others, Cold, and Formal, Zeal display,
And wish you Joy, the dull, Prosaick, Way;
Distinguish'd, from the Rest, The Poet's Prayer
Visits, in Verse, — and hails, with livelier Air.*

*Reign, Wedded Love! on Reason, founded, strong;
Thou Source of Kindred! and Thou Soul of Song!
In Thee, the Lover meets no treach'rous Smile:
No faithless Snares his manag'd Heart beguile!
What, tho' to One, Thou dost Desire confine?
Thy Bounds are EDEN, a Restraint, Divine!
Sweetly associate, He sustains no Care,
That She disarms not, by Her Wish, to share.*

*Her Joys are brighten'd, by the Part, He bears;
And All Her Words are Musick, to His Ears.
Dash'd, on Life's Ocean, when the breaking Waves
Rise, over One, Th' assisting Consort saves:
'Till Each, at Anchor, 'midst the Tempest, rides;
Nor dreads the Surges, nor obeys the Tides,*

*How greatly blest, must This bright Union be,
Where BODIES Emulate, and SOULS Agree!
Pride, of the blooming World! — Your Eyes, and Air,
Have wearied Wonder, and awak'd Despair!*

Yours

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Your Form seems made, to match your Heav'nly Mind;
 And, while, on Earth, to leave all Earth behind!
 His Soul shines thro', and animates his Face,
 With Angel's Sweetness, soft'ning Manly Grace.
 His warring Race have triumph'd, oft, before:
 But HE, in Conqu'ring You, has triumph'd more!

*May lengthen'd Life your meeting Wishes Crown;
 And rising Ages spread your wreath'd Renown!
 May no first Death your social Hearts divide;
 But, late, together, be This Knot untied!*

RESERVING, 'till another Opportunity,
 What I have to say, against NIGRELLA's Eyes,
 and her *Pink-colour Damask Petticoat*, I shall
 satisfy my self, (for present Vengeance) with
admiring, as much as she does, the Verses,
 which she sent, to mortify me, — How will
 she be able to support this Disappointment?
 — Nay, to nettle her still further, I admire,
 very much, too, the Lady, on whom the
 Verses were made; and I have even heard it
 affirm'd, by as many Men, as there are Lines,
 in the Poem, That NIGRELLA's Eyes are no
 more to be compar'd with *that Lady's*, than
 Her *Spanish Poet's* Verses are as Good as This
 Gentleman's.

BUT, because I would not be behind-
 hand with NIGRELLA, in a Readiness to
oblige, I will, in Return for her Entertaining
 me, at so agreeable a *Wedding*, invite Her to
 a *Funeral*, which we owe to the same Hand.
 — She may come, without new-dressing her
 Eyes,

Eyes, since they wear Mourning, already.
 — But, (which will go very hard, with a
 Lady of so lively a Temper!) She must lay
 aside Her Favourite *Pink Colour*, and set her
 Face, to look *sadly*.

To close, in a more serious Strain, — The
 following Verses, and the foregoing, are the
 Work of a *North-British Muse*, and have,
 for their Author, the young Gentleman, who
 writ the *O D E*, *On the Power of Musick*. —
 It will be needless to point out to the Reader,
 The unusual Excellence of these Two Peices.
 They both abound with the True, and Su-
 blime, Poetick Spirit! And the Subjects are
 so diametrically Opposite, to Each other,
 That to place them, thus, *together*, will fur-
 nish a striking *Contraste* of Beauties, in the
 most *Joyful*, and the most *Melancholly*, of all
 Humane Circumstances!

VERSES, Occasioned by the DEATH of
 the Right Honourable, The Countess of
 GRANTHAM.

PARDON, O Shade Divine! *th' officious Verse,*
That breaks the sacred Silence of thy Herse!

The Muse's Tears, when for the Dead design'd,
Flow but in vain, Impertinently kind!

Courtiers, and Poets, mix not, oft, in Care,
Their Passions, and their Views, too diff'rent are?
But, to this mourn'd Occasion, All must owe
One social Ut'rance, of one, Gen'ral Woe.
So, shall the distant Poles one Ruin share,
When the Last Trumpet wakes the World's Despair.

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Oh! treach'rous Ebb of Joy ! that, thus, deceives,
And Hope's gay Bark on sudden Quick sands leaves !
The Smile of Loveliness lies, pale, in Clay ;
And weeping Wonder turns its Eyes away !

Trembling, the Muse surveys the clouded Courts !
How damp'd their Converse ! and how dash'd, their Sports !
What gloomy Palenefs deadens Every Face
What sick'ning Mem'ry checks each rising Grace !
The ROYAL PAIR stand, fix'd, in gen'rous Pain :
And look a Grief, that makes all Language vain :
Round, in deep Silence, sad'ning Passions flow :
And Sighs, from Sighs, catch the contagious Woe !

Fancy, amidst the Fun'ral Pomp is lod,
And waits, in solemn March, the Moving Dead ;
Lodg'd, in cold Earth, Her Body sinks, resign'd :
But Her Immortal Image charms Mankind !
Soft sleep, Thy Dust, to wait the Eternal Will ;
Then, rise, unchang'd, and, — Be an Angel, still !

Ye, Loveliest, of Her fair Survivors ! Come,
And, with sweet Sorrow, grace her sacred Tomb.
Fix'd, o'er the Marble Mirror, leaning, see,
What Weak Defence, from Death, your Charms can be !
Think, what She was ; and, conscious of Her Due,
Teach us, by mourning Her, to sigh, for You.

But, What wish'd Comfort shall the Muse afford,
To the sad Bosom of Her Widdow'd Lord ?
Think, — since not all your Love could Life retain,
How shou'd your Sorrow charm her back again ?
High, above Hope, or Fear, she, now, lives, blest :
Where Nothing, but Your Woe can break Her Rest.
O, let her, undisturb'd, those Blessings share,
Which cannot Greater be, — 'till You are there.

The



The Plain Dealer. N^o 72.

Mens immota manet. — VIRG,

FRIDAY, November 27. 1724.

AMONG the Beauties of Magnanimity, there is none, of a nobler Quality, than the Power of *forgiving Injuries*. — It throws a Majesty over the *Mind*, and illustrates the *Person*, with an Air of Sweetness, and Serenity. — We ought the more to admire it, since, where-ever it is found, It is in Company with the *Sublimeſt Virtues*: There not being Room for it, in a narrow, vulgar, *Soul*; because, overfill'd with Little Sentiments, such as have their Rise, and Revolution, within the Circle of *Self-Interest*.

BUT the Brutal Passion of REVENGE, and a malicious Memory, for *Mischief*, is become so Shameless, and Licentious, that it is common to hear Resolutions of retain'd Malice avow'd, coldly, and in general Expressions, Such as, *Setting upon People's Skirts*, — *Finding a Time to be Even with them*, — and the like malignant, silly, Phrases, whereby the Burnings

ings

ings of an inward Hatred seem to struggle, for Eruption.

METHINKS, a sufficient Fortification, against so abject a Frailty, might be drawn from such Natural Reflections, as These;— That, *In violently returning Wrongs*, we do Nothing but what *Beasts* can do, more readily. — That, in *Malice*, the most Exalted Noble, is but on a Level with the Lowest Slave: Whereas, to *Pardon*, is an Act of *Sovereignty*; and, however *Inferior* we were, *before*, to the Person, who has injured us, From the Moment, in which we *forgive him*, we exchange Conditions, and become *Superior*.

BUT, since many, who have no Ambition to be thought Men of *Virtue*, would, yet, gladly, be esteemed *Wise*, It may be an Argument, of more *Perswasion*, That This Propensity to *Revenge* is a Mark, not of *Mean-Spiritedness* only, but of *Ignorance*. — The Man of Knowledge can never be enough surpriz'd, at Common Wrongs, to be inflam'd into a Resentment, either too Malicious, or too Violent. — His Wisdom has instructed him, That where-ever we find *Men*, we shall be sure to find *Injuries*: And, That there is a Necessity of its being so, from the incompatible, and opposite, Wills, Humours, and Interests, among Mankind.

SHOU'D the Treacherous, the Suspicious, the Covetous, the Insolent, or the Reproachful, behave themselves otherwise than we could

could have expected, from their Natures, we might be justified, in our *Wonder* at it. — But, why should we express Amazement at what it was natural for us to depend on? Why be *Angry* with the *Inconsiderable*? — Most of Those, who provoke, and offend us, deserve rather our Grief, and Pity; For They are no more in their own Hands, than a *Mad-man*, or an *Ideot*, is: And we make a poorer Figure than our Pride allows us to *believe*, when we disquiet our selves, on such weak Motives. — When a *Fool* throws a *Straw* at us, It were to seem *light*, to feel the Weight of it: And *He* will never enjoy *Rest*, who is not Master of Resolution to *forgive* All Those Injuries, which his Honour, or his Safety, does not *compel* him to defend himself against.

NEITHER is there only a Wisdom, and a Nobleness; — There is something, too, of a generous *Courage*, in a Heart, that is above the Reach of these vindictive Impressions. — The Levity, that is shewn, in being moved, at every Trifle, carries with it an Air of Faintness, and may be mistaken for *Pusillanimity*. For, the firm, and manly, Temper, apprehending Nothing, with *Fear*, receives all Accidents, with *Calmness*: And, justly conscious of its Strength, to support it self, against Danger, is Indifferent to the Indiscretions, or Animosities, of malignant Natures.

T H E R E

THERE is a single, heroick, *Word*, in the History of the *Life* of *Adrian*, which I could never read, without Emotions of the highest Admiration; and, which carries in it the Instruction, and Sublimity, of many Volumes!—After That Great-Spirited Prince became possessed of the Empire, He met a Person, in the publick Way, who had been his most implacable, and bitter, Enemy.—The Wretch, whose Heart was as *contracted*, as His Malice had been *extensive*, began to tremble, with Expectation of some severe, and sudden, Punishment,—such as, He knew, He would, Himself, have inflicted on *Adrian*, had the Emperor's Power been *His*. But *Adrian*, with the sereneſt Gravity, only whisper'd, as He paſs'd him, *EVASISTI—You have Escap'd me.*

ALL, that *Largeneſs* of Soul could inspire, or Eloquence adorn, and utter, ſeems to have been expreſs'd, in this *ESCAP'D ME!*—It laid open, to the View of the World, the Mighty Heart of it's Great Speaker!—It declared him nobly ſenſible, That *Juſtice* would look like *Malice*, ſhould He, now, when at the Head of Empire, revenge, upon a Private Enemy, the Contempt, He met with, while a Subject!—That very *Power*, and *Command* of *Puniſhment*, which ſordid Natures would have uſed, with Greedineſs, to the Deſtruction of the Man they hated, *reſtrained*, and *temper'd*, His Reſentment!—He conſidered Himſelf, as no longer

on

on a *Level* with his *Injurer*. The *Protection*, which he owned his *Subject*, disarmed the Hatred which he bore his *Enemy*! — *You have escaped*, (He meant to say, in That significant, single, Word!) *You have escaped*, by my becoming your *MASTER*, the *Vengeance* which you should have felt, from me, *had*, I continued, but, your *EQUAL*. — That *ADRIAN* is, now, no more, from whom you could not have expected *Mercy*; And This *ADRIAN*, who gives you *Pardon*, owes *Compassion* to His offending *Subjects*, and remembers none of the *Other's Injuries*!

It is impossible, but a Collection of such amiable Examples as This, enforced, by some perswasive Pen, must work strongly upon the Minds of Men, not depraved into utter Tastelessness: For, by striking, even, *Little Hearts*, with a clear Conviction, That the *Precept* contains Nothing, but what has been exceeded in the *Practice*, It would leave them no Pretence for Evasion; and insinuate, by a gradual Progress, out of their Memory, into their Imitation.

BUT Nothing furnishes more Occasion for Surprise, and Indignation, than to observe our Places of Publick Worship, filled with *Outside Formalists*, of all Ranks, and of both Sexes; who, either with an impious *Hypocrisy*, or a *Stupidity*, as dark as *Ideotism*, affront the Majesty of Heaven, by petitioning *GOD's Pardon*, — as *They, Themselves*, pardon *Others*. While, at the very Moment
of

of their Kneeling, in this empty Mockery of Devotion, It is known, to one Half the Congregation, That the Hearts of the other Half are imbitter'd with malicious Purposes, and glowing with a painful Restlessnets, till they can be revenged, for, some slight Indignity. — Could These People have a Sense of the Signification of the Words they utter, They would tremble at the Apprehension of having What they pray for, *granted, literally*; and the Mercy of That dreadful GOD they dare to trifle with, *refused*, to their Unworthiness, till they have learnt as readily to *forgive*, as to *pray to be forgiven*.

BUT, exclusive of those severer Arguments, which might be drawn from *Grace*, and *Virtue*, There is *One*, which *must* be welcome; because we, all, agree to *love ourselves*; and no Enemy is so Troublesome, as *Malice* to our *Pride*, our *Health*, and our *Quiet*. — We submit our selves, by this unmanly Passion, to the Humours of the Men we hate. — We empower them to afflict, and mortifie, us. — At the Sight of a Person, against whom we meditate Revenge, our Spirits undergo a Tempest: And, even when he is absent, our Memory goads, and tortures us. — Our very Dreams become imbitter'd, and confound our *Rest*, with our *Disquiet*. — We wish the Evil to Another; but we inflict it on our Selves: And, contrary to our own Intention, become *Patients*, where we design to be *Agents*. — The Revenger lives

in Torment, and He, on whom He would be revenged, is at Ease.

It is a grinding, gnawing, Passion, that preys inward, upon the Heart, and mistakes the *Means* of its own *Purpose*. — What Triumph can *Revenge* afford us, but from a Reflexion, That the Person punished, repents, and wishes the Wrong unacted? This End can never be obtain'd by *Mischiefs*; for, by provoking *new* Malice, they make the Memory of the *old* delightful: But it may be nobly effected, by astonishing, disgracing, and confounding an Enemy, with *Benefits* in return for his *Demerit*. And This is what the most Venerable of all Books very strongly expresses, by *heaping Coals of Fire, on His Head*: That is, It burns, and wounds, his Imagination, with a conscious Shame, at his *Inferior Figure*, while He sees himself disgraced, by Services from That Person, of all the World, whom he least deserved to be obliged by! — The stubborn Virtue of *CATO*, would have allowed him to submit to *CÆSAR*; but that his *Pride* was more afraid of a *Pardon*, than his *Person* was of an *Insult*.

MEN of Spirit shou'd *despise* this Passion, because it is evident, That the *weakest* Minds are most malicious, and revengeful. — Children, Women, and Men, let's resolute than Women, sting, and fret themselves with sense of Slights, Contempts, and Follies, which they mis-call Injuries; while the *Rational*, and *Stedfast* Mind neglects, or smiles at,

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at, all such Accidents. — Their Effects may flutter round him ; but, when they find no Place, to enter at, are *lost*, in fruitless Murmurings ; like a Tempest, that is repuls'd, against the Firmness of a Mountain. — The *Distasts*, *Aspersions*, and *Indignities*, which appear so formidable, to an Abject Nature, may be compared with Thunder and Lightning ; which are *terrible*, to our *Lower World*, but have nothing in them, worth the Notice of those Angels, and superior Spirits, which inhabit the *Cælestial* Regions. — *SCIPIO*, *CÆSAR*, *ALEXANDER* ; All the Great and Shining Characters, which have made Antiquity Illustrious, have been so far from stooping, to indulge *Revenge*, that, on the contrary, they have sought Occasions, to overwhelm, with *torturing Kindnesses*, the most malicious, of their Personal Enemies.

BUT, a Mixture of *Shade*, with *Light*, being necessary, to compleat a Picture, I will set them off, by one another, in a Comparison, between a MONARCH and a MINISTER ; out of *Mirkond*, a *Persian* Writer.

‘ A POET whose Name was *Delab*, attracted by the Fame of *Ogtai-Khan*’s
 ‘ Munificence, undertook a Journey, on
 ‘ foot, from the remotest Parts of *Tartary*, as
 ‘ far as to That Prince’s Court, in *China*,
 ‘ for no other Purpose, than to throw him-
 K 2 ‘ self

' self at the Foot of his Throne, and im-
 ' plore his Assistance, to discharge a Debt,
 ' of *Five Hundred Balisches*, under the
 ' Weight of which he became dispirited, and
 ' was interrupted, in his Studies. — The
 ' Generous Prince, conversing with him, and
 ' discerning his Extraordinary Merit, enter-
 ' tain'd him very graciously, and order'd
 ' him *a Thousand*. — His Chief Minister re-
 ' monstrated, That this was rather *Prodiga-*
 ' *lity*, than *Bounty*, to give *Double* the Sum
 ' demanded! — *Have you not consider'd*, re-
 ' ply'd Ogtai-Khan, *That the Poor Man has*
 ' *travell'd over the Mountains, and Desarts,*
 ' *merely on the Fame of our Liberality? And,*
 ' *shou'd we send him back with no more, than*
 ' *is just sufficient to pay his Debts, by what*
 ' *Means will he be able to Defray the Charges of*
 ' *his Journey?* But your Highness, (answer'd
 ' the Minister) has not, yet, been inform'd,
 ' That he presum'd to write a *Satyr*, against
 ' *ME*, since his coming hither, because I was
 ' unwilling to allow him Access, with so im-
 ' pertinent a *Petition*! — *For which Reason,*
 ' reply'd the Prince) *You shall present him*
 ' *with another Thousand* out of your own Pri-
 ' vate Purse, *That he may go back, and tell*
 ' *his Countrymen, there is a Monarch, in this*
 ' *part of the World, who permits not his*
 ' *MINISTERS'S RESENTMENTS* to
 ' *be the Measures of his Bounty.*

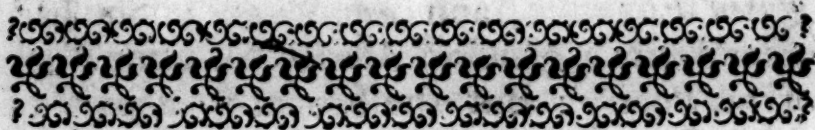
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JUST half as good a Story we read, of *Queen Elizabeth*, and *our Spencer*; She had order'd him a *Hundred Marks*, for some Piece of his Poetry: But the *Frugal Treasurer*, of those Days, whose *Wit* was too Little, for his *Wisdom*, took upon him to tell the *Queen* it was too much Money for an *Idle Ballad*.—Give him, then, said She, what you think he deserves, *in Reason*.—He reply'd, *he would consider of it*; which he delay'd to do, so long, that, at last, he quite forgot it.

THE *Queen*, a Year or two after, din'd, in one of her *Progresses*, at the House of a Gentleman, where *Spencer* happen'd to be; who, in Presence of his Friend, the *Treasurer*, put into her Hands these Verses.

*I was promis'd, on a Time,
To have Reason, for my Rhime:
But, from that Time, unto this Season,
I have had nor Rhime nor Reason.*

THE *Queen* (says the Story) was highly pleas'd with the Humour, and commanded the *Treasurer* to pay him Double the Sum, first order'd. — Had She added, That he shou'd pay it *out of his own Private Purse*, we shou'd have found no Occasion to mend her deficient Example, by a Better, in that of *Ogtai-Khan*, just mention'd.



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Proprium humani ingenii odisse quos læserit.
TACIT.

MONDAY, November 30. 1724.

MAHOMET the II^d, That victorious *Turkish* Emperor, who took *Constantinople* from the Christians, had a very great Genius for Poetry, and was so warm in its Encouragement, that He is reported to have offer'd Rewards, for every *Fault*, that cou'd be pointed out, in the Works of his *Court Poets*, and made Good against the Arguments, which shou'd be brought, in Favour of the Defendants.

HEAVEN be prais'd, That His Majesty of *GREAT BRITAIN* has no such partial Opinion of the Poets of our Age, and Country: Such a Proclamation wou'd drain his Exchequer, more effectually than a Ten Years *War*, with the strongest Power of *Europe*!

BUT, I believe, we may live at Ease: The Encouragement of the Poet's Art, in this present Generation, will occasion no Profuseness, that can be dangerous to the Revenue.

nue. And, as for our *Great Men*, They are *Patrons*, for the most Part, as They are *Doctors*, and *Masters of Art*, rather by Accident, than by Purpose; and think themselves under no Obligation to *pay for Compliments* which their Conscience tells them, They have *No Right to*.

THE Truth is, when Any Thing, so Extraordinary, falls out, as, That A Man of Quality is Witty Himself, and an Encourager of Wit, in Others; The Poets are so Unmerciful, in their Assaults on his Liberality, That His Equals, in Dignity, have found much Safety and Comfort, in the Fame of *Dullness*. And there never was a livelier Proof of the Soundness of That Common Maxim, that *Honesty is the best Policy*; than the Success of the fashionable Expedient, (at once so frank, and so ingenious!) of returning the Dedicator's Gilt Book, with this short Apology for not accepting it — *My Lord gives his Service, and says, He does not UNDERSTAND these Matters*.

FOR Want of some such dext'rous *Stroke of Art*, The Grandees, of That *Turkish* Emperor's Court, whom I nam'd, at the Head of my Paper, were, often, reduc'd to a *Nonplus*. It was, particularly, the Case of *Ali-Basba*, His Favourite *Treasurer*. He had learnt to *Read*, and *cast Accompts*; But *Wit* being out of his Way, He had one, regular, Method of rewarding All who address'd their Writings to Him: He put the Book into one Scale, and

dropt Gold into another, and, having *adjusted the Balance*, gave the *Weight* of the Work, as a Gratuity, to the Author. — The worst Effect of this General Rule was, That it was common for the *lightest Discourses* to bring with them the *heaviest Bindings*. There was nothing, more *Substantial* than the *Covers* of this Great Patron's Books! — But one Poet, above the Rest, had contriv'd a pleasant Scheme, to make the most of his Ingenuity. He compos'd a Copy of Verses; and, instead of *Writing* them, in the usual Manner, caus'd them to be *Engrav'd* on a Block of *Marble*, that was large enough for a *Tombstone*! — He loaded a Cart with his Compliment, and went to wait on the *Basha* with it; who, having Notice of his intended Present, sent out the Master of his Buildings, to examine the Size, and Workmanship, of the Stone, and pay for it, according to its Value — The Poet went away very much surpriz'd, and dissatisfy'd, and writ his Patron a Complaint, How contrary to His *Greatness's* Custom, His Officers had presum'd to Treat him: To which the *Basha* answer'd, gravely, That it arose, from a Change, in His Manner; — For, whereas he had, formerly, rewarded, by *WEIGHT*, He shou'd, hereafter, do it, by *MEASURE*.

WE have some, among our Nobility, who are equally Illustrious for their *Learning*, and their *Patronage* of Learning: But they are so *Poetically persecuted*, by the Swarms of Little Creatures,

Creatures, who have no End, in Writing, but the Profit they propose to draw from it, That they meet with daily Provocations to repel the Avarice of Flattery, with a Spirit, and Sharpness, like the *Basba's*, above-mention'd : And, This, no Doubt, is one Reason for the Neglect, which *Works of Genius* often meet with, when address'd to Men of Quality.

BUT, if Contempt is due to the *Mercenary*, The *Modest* deserve Encouragement : And They, who are truly Generous, shou'd never wait, till Occasion offers it self ; but seek, and make, the Opportunity. For, as the Sharpness of our *Sight* is best prov'd by the *Remoteness*, in which we distinguish Objects ; so our *Judgment* appears, most strongly, when we discern Merit at *Distance*, and invite it, to approach us.

I AM always pleas'd with the Prospect of Any Work, from which the *Publick* may promise It self, either Entertainment, or Instruction : And I hope, The Gentleman, who has sent me the following Verses, and Letter, will have no Reason to complain of the Reception, His Design shall meet with.

The HAPPY MAN.

HIGH, o'er the Winding of a cliffy Shoar.
From whose worn Steep, the back'ning Surges roar
Freeman, — Sweet Lot ! — in quiet Plenty, lives,
Rich, in the unbought Wealth, which Nature gives.

Unplanted Groves rise, round his shelter'd Seat,
And self sown Flow'rs attract his wandering Feet :
Lengths of wild Garden his near Views adorn ;
And far-seen Fields wave, with domestick Corn.

The

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*The grateful Herds, which his own Pastures feed,
Pay their ask'd Lives, and in due Tribute, bleed,
Here, in learn'd Leisure, He relaxes Life,
Twixt pratt'ling Children, and a smiling Wife.
Here, on dependant Want, He sheds his Care;
Moves, amid Smiles; and All, he bears, is Pray'r.
The World lies round him, like a Subject Soil;
Stor'd, for his Service, but beneath his Toil.*

*Hence, in a Morning Walk, His piercing Eye
Skims the green Ocean, to the circling Sky;
And marks, at Distance, some returning Sail,
Wing'd, by the Courtship of a flatt'ring Gale:
The fearless Crew, concluding Danger o'er,
With glad'ning Shouts, salute the opening Shore:
Fore-think how, best, They may their Gains employ;
And antedate thin Scenes of promis'd Joy!
Till a near Quicksand checks their shorten'd Way;
And the sunk Masts point thro' the rising Spray!*

*Freeman starts, sad! — revolves the changeful Sight;
Where Mis'ry can, so soon, succeed Delight.
Then, shakes his Head, in Pity of their Fate;
And, sweetly conscious, hugs His happier State.*

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

‘ **T**HE Enclosed is one Copy of Verses,
‘ of a great Number, which my Friends
‘ have been kind enough to favour me with, in
‘ Order to furnish out a *Collection of Miscel-*
‘ *laneous POEMS*: Concerning which, you
‘ may, possibly, have met with a Proposal
‘ in the Hands of some of your Acquaintance,
‘ for their being publish'd, by Subscription, in
‘ the Name of *Richard Savage*, Son of the
‘ late *Earl Rivers*. ‘ I AM

‘ I AM, Sir, That unfortunate *Richard*
 ‘ *Savage*; the peculiar Circumstances of whose
 ‘ uncommon Treatment, from a Mother
 ‘ (whose fine Qualities make it impossible to
 ‘ me not to forgive her, even, while I am
 ‘ miserable, by Her Means, only) induced
 ‘ You, some Months since, in your *Twenty*
 ‘ *Eighth Paper*, to publish a Few ineffectual
 ‘ Lines, which I had written, on Her surpriz-
 ‘ ing Usage of me: To which your Huma-
 ‘ nity was pleas’d to add certain Reflections,
 ‘ in my Favour, which I remember with due
 ‘ Gratitude; and am encouraged, by That
 ‘ Instance of your Goodness, to make the
 ‘ present Application.

‘ WHEN you shall have perused my Extra-
 ‘ ordinary *Case*, and Those convincing *Origina*
 ‘ *l Letters*, which I have entrusted with the
 ‘ Gentleman, who brings you This, I shall need
 ‘ say no more, to satisfy You, What *Right*
 ‘ I have, to complain, in a more *Publick*
 ‘ *Manner*, than I have, yet, allowed my
 ‘ self to resolve on. — The *Papers*, in the
 ‘ Order you will see them, are prepared for
 ‘ a Hand, too *Just*, and too *Powerful*, to
 ‘ to leave me the least Distrust of being,
 ‘ shortly, *less oppressed than I have been*: But
 ‘ I judged my self obliged to lay them under
 ‘ your Eye, That you might be sensible,
 ‘ you said less, of my *Wrongs*, and my *Suf-*
 ‘ *ferings*, than the unhappy *Truth* could have
 ‘ justified.

‘ As to the mentioned *Collection of POEMS*,
 ‘ They are, some of ’em my own: But many
 ‘ more the Works of Eminent Hands, for
 ‘ the most Part, never before publish’d. —
 ‘ The *Subscription* will be *Half a Guinea*:
 ‘ And, as I can sollicite Nothing, with *Im-*
 ‘ *portunity*, in which (tho’ a *small one*) I have
 ‘ a visible *Interest*, my Subscribers will be
 ‘ only Those, who, if They think They see
 ‘ any Thing, in *me*, or in my *Design*, worth
 ‘ their Notice, or Encouragement, can have
 ‘ Generosity enough to save me the Confu-
 ‘ sion of *applying to them*, and send their
 ‘ Names, and the Number of Books they
 ‘ subscribe for, to *Button’s Coffee-House*, in
 ‘ *Covent-Garden*; where Receipts will be
 ‘ given.

‘ THE *Book* is now in the Press, and will
 ‘ be published, as soon as it can be *printed*
 ‘ *off*. — If you find, among the *Poems*, which
 ‘ my Friend has desir’d he may shew you,
 ‘ What you think worthy of your Approba-
 ‘ tion, In That Case, (and in *That only*) I
 ‘ shall hope your favourable Interposition in
 ‘ Behalf of, S I R,

Your most obliged, humble Servant,

RICHARD SAVAGE,

I HAVE, purposely, *left out*, much of
 This ingenious, and unhappy, Gentleman’s
 Letter, which was very new, and surpriz-
 ing; and affected me with the most touching
 Grief. — If I apprehend His Case clearly
 (and

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(and the Proofs He sent me, are too *strong*, to be easily mistaken) It is, in some Measure, to be considered, as *That of an Injured Nobleman*, — But of This, the World will judge, for it self, when the Particulars shall be more publick, — *That is His own immediate Concern*, and will, I suppose, be His *own Care* : — But His *Proposal* is What *Every Body* ought to take Part in; because the Book, in itself, has a very uncommon Merit: And Both *Merit*, and *Ill-Fortune*, join, to recommend the Proposer.

I THINK it was finely said, by a Gentleman, whose Writings, and Humanity, were, for many Years, the Admiration of the Kingdom. — *That it ought to be the Care of All, in whose Power it lay, to lift Mr. SAVAGE above a Sense of his MOTHER's Cruelty; because a Misery, so undeserved, had intitled him to a Right of finding Every Good Man his FATHER.*

BUT, when, to a *Misery so undeserved*, we add a *Design, so full of Reason*, It is impossible, but there must be *Many*, who will feel a noble Delight, in distinguishing their Zeal, for so modest a Proposer; and send their own Names, and Those of Others, whom they can Influence, as so many *Examples*, when the *List* comes to be publish'd; That we have Spirits, who can discover *Genius*, before it rises into *Noise*: and dare promote it, without waiting till the *Way has been led*, by Others.

The



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*Fuit hæc Sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis.* HOR.

FRIDAY, December 4. 1724.

MY Devotion, I am afraid, is not so *Pure*, and *Simple*, as it ought to be. There is a *Niceness*, in my Taste of other People's Behaviour, at Church, which ill agrees with the Duty, which I my self am there, for the Discharge of.

I discovered this Defect of *Grace* in the Constitution of my Zeal, by a kind of Reprobate *Contempt*, which I found my self affected by, last *Sunday*, against that plain, and humble, Aukwardness, with which the mangled *Psalms* of *David*, were vociferated, by the Congregation. — A Gentleman, of my Acquaintance, unluckily whispered me, (in the midst of what they call their *Singing*) That he knew a *Dutch* Painter, who had drawn the liveliest *Grotesque* Piece, in *Europe*, by an Idea, that he brought out of Church
with

with him, from a Gallery of *Country Psalms-Singers*.

My Eyes, and Ears, took his Hint; and I shall never forget the *Group* of Living Imagery! — The Rolling Eyes, Raised Faces, Hanging Heads, Oblique Chins, Stretch'd Mouths, and Distorted Muscles! — The *Voices* too were as provokingly dissonant, as the *Looks* were ludicrously penitential! — Instead of finding my Thoughts exalted, by the Spirit of transporting *Harmony*, I became *ashamed*, at the presumptuous License, with which the Coardest, and most unskilful *Roarers* took upon 'em to *bear Part*, in Musick, Sacred to the Praises of the ALMIGHTY.

THIS brought to my Reflection, with how much Reason, as well as Reverence, The *Choirs* of our *Cathedral Churches* preserve the Dignity of their Religious Harmony, by *excluding the Unskill'd*; and aiding the Attracted Heart, by all the sweet, and melting Force, of Vocal and of Instrumental Musick; in its most moving Elegance, and Perfection.

BUT, It is not only the Manner in which *Psalms* are commonly sung, that I consider as an Indecency: The *Psalms Themselves*, as we have them in the old *English*, Version, are a Disgrace to our Learning, Language, and our Religion! — *Who*, that forms his Notion of *David's* Genius, from his Poetry, as This Translation gives it us, could possibly *believe* Him the Sublimest, of All Human Writers? Who, that should read these Lines, as they run, in the Exalted Original?

*Lord, Let not All, alike, Thy Mercy share,
Strike the PRESUMPTUOUS, but the LOWLY spare.*

Who, I say, could suppose He had found them, either in the *Sense*, or the despicable *Expression*, of This, which follows, from our Vulgar Version ?

*O Lord, then, be not Slack;
Nor draw thy Hand a-back :
But pluck it forth, from out thy Lap,
And give thy Foes a RAP !*

THE *Sectarians*, who are (too frequently) exceeding Rigid, and Narrow, in their Adherence to imbib'd Prejudices, seem rather to affect, than discourage, *Cant* and *Dullness*, in their Religious Eloquence: And, it is a very *Extraordinary* Reason which some of those Gentlemen have been pleased to give us, *in Print*, for the want of Taste, and Incapacity, with which the Noblest, and most Elevated, Strokes of *David's* Sacred Poetry, have been debased into Low, and untunable Jargon ; — *God's Altars need none of our Polishing !* As, if to write poorly, were a *Merit*, in Religious Treatises ; and it were possible to find a Subject, more adapted to the Fullness of Art, than the Praises of That GOD, who formed Both *Art* and *Nature !*

THERE is Nothing so Rapturous ! Nothing so strongly painted, in all the noblest Warmths

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Warmths of Fancy, or of Judgment, which have immortalized the Antient Poets, as most of the *Hebrew* Descriptions of the Power, and Majesty of GOD! And, among These, The CIVth *Psal*m, and especially the First Part of it, is a Collection, in one View, of the most Dreadful and Amiable, of the Almighty's Attributes: So glowingly conceived, and represented in such lively Fullness; that all the *Greek* and *Latin* ODES, are faint, and languid, in Comparison with it.

It is impossible to *Translate* the Images of This prodigious Poet, without doing them some Injustice: But, having lately been presented with an Essay, upon the mentioned *Psal*m, in which an Eye has been, Every where, kept to the *Sense* and *Dignity* of the Original, rather than to its dead *Letter*, I will publish it, as a Proof, That Nothing can be more unlike the Thoughts of *David*, than what we sing, as *His* in most of our Churches.

I.

NOW, while my Heav'n-tun'd Harp is rightly strung,
 Hear, my wing'd Soul! And let Thy GOD be sung.
 Cloath'd with embodied Light, He reigns, sublime;
 And grasps Eternity, — and governs Time!
 From His fear'd Wrath, the Sun's fierce Blaze retires:
 And dark Convulsions shake his sick'ning Fires.
 Conscious of Beams, which dazzle Nature's Eye,
 And, which, but once, to View, were, then, to die;
 Vol II. L Kindly,

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*Kindly, th' unequal Sight of Man to screen,
God, like a Curtain, drew out Heav'n, between?
Dreadfully known, in awful Fires, He glides:
Or, veil'd, in Clouds, His Self-roll'd Chariots, rides!
He walks upon the Wings, which guide the Wind:
Steps, beyond Worlds,—and leaves ev'n Thought behind.*

II.

*Myriads of Angels His Commands fullfil;
Angels! the Heralds of Almighty Will!
Lightnings, in Millions, sweep His fiery Way:
And, round His Paths, in blue Mæanders, play!
The firm fix'd Ballance of the pendant Globe,
To neither Bias, partial, sway'd,
Poiz'd, at His Word, has, from Time's Birth, obey'd.*

III.

*The covering Deep drew off the World's wet Robe,
Gave back—and fill'd the Channels, He had made:
But (tow'ring as, the Hills!) reluctant, staid;
Displeas'd with its New Bounds, —and, yet afraid,
It's old to re-invade!
The stubborn, and disdainful, Flood,—no more
High-licens'd, as before,
Oft, with bold Vengeance, wou'd devour the Shore:
But, when the Rebel Surges swell, too high,
And sprinkle Heaven's Eternal Eye;
Sudden — the watchful Prohibitions rise:
The starting Flood hears—shakes—and flies:
Down sink Her watry Mountains, from the Sky;
And, hush'd in humble Flatness, lie!
Yet, at the Sovereign Will, They quit their Beds:
And climb, above the Mountain's loftiest Heads!*

Thence,

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*Thence, call'd, again rush down, at God's controul ;
And, o'er broad Kingdoms, in wild Tempest, roll !
Loose, as they are, They feel th' Almighty's Check :
They know th' appointed Bounds ; and watch th' imperious
(Beck !*

IV.

*To Life's cold Treasury ; the briny Deep,
Thro' Earth-form'd Laby'riths taught to slide,
Fruitful of Springs the winding Currents creep ;
Thence, trickling, into Rivulets, they glide :
Slow travelling, to trace their mazy Way,
And 'twixt th' enamour'd Hills, delightful, stray !
Sweet, and exhaustless, Stores, of limpid Drink,
For each wild Thirst, that seeks the smiling Brink,
And, in the Groves, that, bord'ring, rise,
Sit, hous'd, the warbling Songsters of the Skies.
But the proud Mountains, which, ambitious, grow,
And, viewing Heav'n, disdain the World below ;
Nor will to humble Brooks Refreshment owe ;
Sip the moist Clouds ; and cool their Heads, in Snow.*

V.

*Amazing Goodness : — where's the smallest space,
Which does not feel His pow'rful Grace ?
The Herds, luxuriant, crop the flow'ry Mead ;
Fruit was for Man's superiour Taste decreed :
For Him, th' inspiring Grape was taught to bleed.
Bread-bearing Corn supports the Labourers Toil
And his rough Skin relents, with soft'ning Oil.*

VI.

*Call'd, at fix'd Times, up rolls the changeful Moon ;
And shoots her Shado'wy Gleam, thro' Nights black Noon !
Swift, tho' the Light, from its high Source, descends,
It dares not dart its Way, one Thought too soon,*

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*Yet, at God's Word, the Flag of Day is fur'd ;
And licens'd Darkness rises, o'er the World !*

*Then, does the gloomy Forest shake ;
And summon'd Savages their Sallies make :
The painting Herds creep, terrified, away ;
While the stern Lyon, hungry, roars for Prey !
God suffers him His meant Support to take,
And, then, new-wakes the Day !*

VII.

*The Sea's wild Herds, as well as Those, on Land,
Rough-moulded Sons, too, of Thy formful Hand !*

*All ! live, and move, by Thy Command:
That horrid Scene fatigues the aking Eye !
There, canvas'd Ships the op'ning Depths descie :
Captivè the Winds—and diff'rent Courses ply.
There, does Leviathan, wide wallowing, lye !
And, while his Sports the finny Nations fly,
Th' unweildy Monster sucks in Seas ; and spouts them at
(the Sky !*

*On Thee, Great Maker ! All Thy Creatures wait ;
And, in due Season, All, by Thee, are fed :
Thy All-deciding Pleasure is their Fate !
They seek, but what Thy ope'ning Hand has spread.
Soon, as thou bid'st Thy Face, we fall away,
To unform'd Dust ; —and, old, paternal, Clay !*

VIII.

*Time shall have End: But God, shall, still endure !
The self-rai's'd Pillars of Thy Pow'r stand sure !
The Mountain Tops wou'd smoak, — if touch'd by Thee :
And EARTH flow, liquid, and o'erwhelm the SEA !*

The



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— *Artem Experientia fecit :*
Exemplo monstrante viam — MANIL.

MONDAY, December 7. 1724.

I DECLAR'D, in a late Paper, that my Speculations shou'd sometimes, extend to *Politicks*. This Day's Entertainment shall be an Introduction, to that Purpose; which I shall, occasionally, pursue, with the open Spirit of a PLAIN DEALER: asserting, and making free with All the *Liberty* I was born to: — A Liberty, which does not alone intitle us to a Property in our *Estates*, but in our *Thoughts* also. It is the great Charecteristick of every Free-born Briton, That He may speak, as He thinks, and think, as He pleases.

WHILE, like the Provinces of the declining Empire of *Old Rome*, we are fretting, and disturbing ourselves, (under the Notion of *Reason*, and *Principle*) to support the factious Avarice of a few aspiring Men, who find their Interest in our Divisions, the GOTHS are at

our Gate; and we are apprehensive of no *outward Danger*. — There seems to be rising, near us, That *NORTHERN LYON*, which has, so often, been prophesied of: And I believe, in the Course of my Papers, I shall make it sufficiently visible, that, if early Measures are not taken, by Way of *Prevention*, against the threaten'd Evil, the *UNIVERSAL EMPIRE*, which *Spain* and *France*, have successively alarm'd *Europe* with a fruitless Dread of, seems, in Reality, to be coming upon us, with all the Terrors of a *Fifth General Monarchy*.

If it is suppos'd, That such a Fear concerns *Us*, less than *other States*, which may be thought to lie more expos'd, I doubt we deceive Our-selves, by a Vanity, common to all Nations, in over-rating the *Hazard* of an Enemy, who shou'd presume to invade us. — Our *Ships*, (powerful, and numerous, as they are) are more formidable by the Reputation of their Terror, than by the Danger of their Opposition. For, to expect that a *Fleet* will, at all Times, be able to keep Danger at a Distance, were to give our *Protection* to the *Winds* — How many *Caveats*, against so unstable a Security, cannot our own History furnish us with? — Neither ought it to be consider'd, as a Remote, or Chimerical, Prospect, *That we may be match'd in our Marine Pretensions* — We cannot possibly have more Advantage, in the Fame, and Practice, of Dominion at Sea, against
any

any of our Cotemporary States, than the *Carthaginians* had against the *Romans*: And the Success which crown'd the Industry, and unconquerable Spirit, of these Last, in Defiance of *all* Obstacles, as well of *Nature*, as of *Art*, is a Lesson, which may may teach our Statesmen, That there is infinite Difference, between Things *difficult*, and Things *impossible*.

NOT to insist on, the memorable Surprise, with which *France*, in a few Years Application, convinc'd us, with how little Reason we had indulg'd a Notion, *That there were natural Impossibilities to prevent that Great Nation from becoming Powerful, at Sea*; All which were found mere Shadows, when the Genius of her Ministers turn'd their Thoughts on attempting it! — The prodigious, and enterprizing, Spirit of the present *Czar of Russia* has, at once, establish'd, in the *Baltick*, a Third *Maritime* Power, Superior to Both its old Ones: And, now, while I am Writing, has a Fleet of Sixty *Ships of the Line*, besides *Frigates*; — and *Gallies* without Number.

As to *natural* Advantages, whether for *building, equipping, or maintaining* a Navy, this Prince has the Start of us, beyond all Comparifon. — And since, when his Ships are as *Many*, and as *Strong*, as ours, (which judging by what has been done already, they may be, in Three or Four Years) our whole Pretence to Superiority must be plac'd in our *Skill*,

Skill, and Experience, in Sea-Fights, how dangerous wou'd the Consequence be found, shou'd he hit upon some New Method of improving his Vessels, in their Strength, Defensive, or Offensive? Many High, and Arduous Attempts toward which, have busied, some Years past, the unresting Genius of that Monarch.

WITHIN the Memory of Numbers, yet living, the *Muscovites* were consider'd, as a People, so far from *Dangerous*, that they were even *Contemptible*: And the precipitate Advance of their Reputation in Arms, and Policy, is a Proof, that no Vanity is more weakly founded, and unjust, than the Common Practice of all Nations, to esteem *Themselves* more *Valiant* than their *Neighbours*. — Mankind is every where the *same*, by Nature, till a *Difference* is produc'd, by Custom. — What Nation *braver*, than the *Persians* under *Cyrus*? Yet, what Nation *baser*, when they oppos'd the Arms of *Alexander*? — What People, under Heaven, have more enrich'd the Histories of former Ages, than the Ancestors of those degenerate *Greeks*, who are, now, the Disgrace of *Christendom*? *Contented Slaves*, under a Tyranny, a thousand Times more insupportable than the worst of Those, in scorn of which their ancient Orators have fill'd the World with Noisy Declarations, in the boasted Cause of *Liberty*! *ITALY*, the imperious Mistress of the Universe! has been *sunk*, for many Ages; and
parcell'd

parcell'd into petty, and almost inconsiderable, *Jurisdictions*!—And, to bring the Proof quite *Home*, what People ever seem'd to hold a clearer Superiority over their Enemies, than the *English* Armies, which our *First Edward*, led to War against the *Scots*? And, yet, what Truth more undeniable, than the shameful *Cowardice*, and downright *Baseness*, of the Sons of those very *English*, drawn out, against the Sons of the same *Scots*, in the next succeeding Reign of *Edward the Second*.

COURAGE, when consider'd *nationally*, is not the Effect of *Nature*, but of *Discipline*! Skill, and Practice, teaching an Agility in the Use of Arms, excite a Pleasure in their Exercise: And, abating, by Degrees, that Fear of Death, which is natural to all Men, convert it into Hope of Victory; and a proud, and restless, Thirst of Glory. — *Arms* therefore, and a dexterous Superiority in the Use of them, should be esteemed the *Sinews of War*; and not *MONEY*, as is, commonly, pretended. — An Army, capable of *conquering*, will always find Means of *subsisting*: But *Money*, though it *subsists* an ill-disciplined Army, can never qualify it for *conquering*. — The Helpless *Indians*, of *Mexico*, were infinitely *Richer*, than their Plunderers, — the *Goths*, when (from that very Country, which the *Czar* now governs) they overran, and ruin'd *Europe*, brought them only, *Iron*; they knew, *That* would make them Masters of all the *Gold*, they should have Occasion for,

PRINCES,

PRINCES, whose Authority is absolute, and uncontroll'd, by *Privileges, Rights, or Customs*; whose Dominions are vast, and populous, and whose Subjects are laborious, hardy, and obedient; and acquainted with no *Learning*, but what is sufficient to aid their Industry, without inflaming their Pride. — Such Princes, become *dreadful*, as soon as they appear *ambitious*, and exert themselves in Preparations for *War*. — But, when it happens, too, that a Prince, in so tempting a Situation, has a Genius capable of *Improving* the Art-Military, It is difficult to put *Limits* to the Consequences, which may attend His Fortune.

THO' the Study of the *Art of War* has been carried to a great Perfection, yet there is Room enough left to give Scope to the Force of Genius, this Way: And it would, perhaps, be found, upon Trial, That the *Modern System*, (notwithstanding the Use of *Gunpowder*, which was unknown to the Ancients) is as subject as the *old* was, to be trampled on, and overpower'd, by some new, and unforeseen, *Discoveries*, on those Sides, most especially, where we believe ourselves securest.

THE *measur'd Lines* of Humane Foresight, which are, so proudly distinguished, by the Name of *Policy*, are vain Amusements, and mere *Cobweb Subtleties*. — Their narrow, busy, Schemes, of *balancing* the Power, and Interests of Nations, are often insufficient for the Purposes

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Purposes of their Designers, because these High-way Statesmen *found* their Maxims upon *Error, in the first Concoction.* — The Force of a Prince is, by their Rule, to be calculated, from his *Revenue*, and his *Revenue*, from the Wealth of his Subjects : But This Argument depends intirely on the general, *mistaken*, Notion, *That All Equal Numbers, will be of Equal Weight, in War* ; which is so far from being true, That, should the *Poorest* Prince in *Europe*, fall upon the *Richest*, with a Skill in Arms, as much Superiour, as He is *Inferiour* in his Numbers, the Disparity would be *revers'd*, immediately.

THE Romans, who never *conquer'd*, in order to *prolong a War*, but to make it bear its own Expences ; and encrease, as well their *Treasury*, as their *Reputation*, were so far from this new Way, of computing an Enemy's *Strength*, by his *Riches*, that Their Judgment was directly contrary. And this Opinion of Ancient Times appears strongly in that magnanimous Answer, which was given by a *Gaul*, to a King of *Macedon*, who shew'd him his Heaps of *Gold*, in order to excite Terror ; and, then, ask'd him, *What He thought of His Condition* ? The rugged Soldier reply'd, sharply, *That as to what concern'd His Condition, a Stranger could be no Judge : But His BOUNTY, He could perceive, Extraordinary, — since he had taken such unusual Pains to let his Enemies be convinc'd, clearly, That his Kingdom was worth their Conquering.*

WHERE

WHERE a Prince is really *strong*, — To be held *Weak*, in the Opinion of the World, is rather a Benefit, than a Disadvantage. — His Preparations alarm no Body; and the Blow, he designs to strike, will as soon be *felt*, as *apprehended*: Whereas the Fame of Power, and Riches keeps Jealousy awake; and attracts Envy, and Opposition, from all Quarters. — The *Fortune* of the late *French* King had, possibly, kept Pace with his *Ambition*, if it had not been watch'd, and check'd, upon this single Consideration. — On the other Hand, *Gustavus Adolphus* was so happily *despis'd*, by the *Austrian* *Grandeur*, which took it for granted, according to the modern Reasoning, *That the Poverty of such an Invader would be a Curb to his Courage*, that, boldly entring *Germany* with an Army of but *Seven Thousand Men*, he carried every Thing before him, like a Torrent; broke the whole Scheme of the Emperor's Designs; and had ruin'd, in all Likelyhood, the Interest of that Family, if he had not been *kill'd*, in the Battle of *Lutzen*.

DESIGNING, in some future *Papers*, to speak of Things, a little out of the common Road, and draw Conclusions, which I judge too *new*, to venture on, without a previous Notice, That I propose not to deduce my Arguments from the Principles of *Modern Politiques*, and therefore refuse to be try'd by them; I have, for that Reason, thought necessary to publish these few General Reflections, as a Preparative, for what I intend, hereafter, to consider, in a more distinct, and peculiar, Manner. The



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*Quos Ego — Sed motos præstat componere
fluctus.* VIRG.

*Age, si hic non insanit satis sua sponte,
instiga.* TEREN. AND.

FRIDAY, December II. 1724.

WHILE I was preparing to make good my Promise, in a late Paper, concerning the AFRICAN COMPANY; I receiv'd the following Letter; which has thrown me under a Necessity of Suspending the Execution of my Purpose, 'till I can argue the LADIES into a Humour of Supporting the Burthen of something, *very Grave*, upon the Comfort of its having been preceeded by something that was *very Whimsical*.

MR. PLAIN DEALER,

‘ I HAVE been One of your *Female* Readers, ever since your first Appearance; and, having begun to *take a Fancy* to you, was much concern'd, for your sake, when I saw you venturing upon *African Stock*.
‘ Take

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‘ Take my Word for it, You and I shall be
 ‘ *both Losers?* Only I have lost *Money*: And
 ‘ the *PLAIN-DEALER* will lose, but *La-*
 ‘ *bour*.

‘ You may spare your self the Trouble of
 ‘ Instructing the *knowing* Gentlemen, who
 ‘ manage our Affairs, in that Country, how
 ‘ to get, *all that is to be gotten*: And since
 ‘ *no more than All*, can be hop’d for, away
 ‘ with your *Schemes to improve Trade*, and
 ‘ enable us to *improve Conversation*.—I re-
 ‘ member a Story in one of your Papers,
 ‘ of a Widow, at *Wapping*, that had
 ‘ brought over an *Elephant*, from *Guinea*,
 ‘ that cou’d dance, *Moll Peatly*, *Overturn*
 ‘ *Apple Baskets*, and play a cleverer Circle of
 ‘ of Tricks than a whole Set of Managers,
 ‘ put together.—I remember, too, there was
 ‘ a *Russian Bear*, in the same Paper, who
 ‘ came over to offer his Service among the
 ‘ *Italian Fiddlers*, of our Haymarket *Orchie-*
 ‘ *stra*: But was rejected, as I since heard,
 ‘ on the Remonstrance of some of their
 ‘ *Singers*,—That his Strokes were too *Mas-*
 ‘ *culine*, for their *Measure*. — Now, never
 ‘ trust me, if I was not a Thousand times
 ‘ more pleas’d, with your Account of these
 ‘ two *wonderful Curiosities*, than I am like to
 ‘ be, with your expected *Essay*, for the Im-
 ‘ provement of our *African Traffick*.

‘ But, if you can prevail with the *Royal*
 ‘ *Company* to Trade in something, which *we*
 ‘ *Women*, may find our Interest in; If, in
 ‘ their

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‘ their *Exports*, for Example, you cou’d in-
 ‘ clude our *Husbands*, and disagreeable
 ‘ *Lovers*: And, enrich the *Bills of Entry*,
 ‘ with any *Privileges*, *Rights*, or *Benefits*,
 ‘ *imported Custom-free*, for the Use of the
 ‘ *SEX*, at home: In this Case, I cou’d read,
 ‘ with *Patience*, the most *profound*, of your
 ‘ *Commercial Dissertations*, and so, might
 ‘ come, in Time, to get *Gravity*, and *Breath*,
 ‘ enough to peruse *one Moiety* of an *Act* of
 ‘ *Parliament*; or begin, and end, a *Church*
 ‘ *History*. — I am (in no small Terror, and
 ‘ Apprehension.)

S I R,

Yours, at all Points, proper,

LÆTITIA GAMBOL.

As there is nothing, more easie, than to
 satisfy the Demand of this *Lady*; and I am,
 naturally, inclin’d to do every Thing in my
 Power to promote the *Pleasure*, or *Interest*,
 of the *SEX*, I shall postpone, what I mean
 to say, further, on the Improvement of that
Company’s Trade, in general, ’till I have open’d
 a Prospect to this ungovernable Member of
 theirs, Mrs. LETTY GAMBOL, of the many
 Great, and Glorious Advantages, which may
 be *imported*, as she desires, out of *Africa*, to
 our *Sea-Port Towns*; and thence, spread
 themselves, in due Time, over the Heart of
 this happy Kingdom; for the Ease, Emo-
 lument

lument, and Distinction, of the *Women*, its best *MANUFACTURE*.

I SHALL not confine my self to any single Part of *Africa*, but boldly, ransack that whole Continent, for a Purpose, so *Meritorious*. — It is the same Thing to me, whether the Commodities I enquire after, are the Products of *Wappo*, of *Popo*, or of *Ekke Tokki*; Provided only, That the Goods are as polite, and elegant, as the Names, I shall load as willingly at *Bossow*, or *Juffer*, as at *Quaqua*: Nor shall I make any Difference, as to the Value I rate *Laudable Customs* at, from the One's having been the Prerogative of a *Bossom*, and the Other the Quality of an *Arompo* *.

THE *Sable Toasts* of those Sunny Climates have such *Choice* of Tempting Privileges, that I shall have Room, in this Paper, to recommend but a very few of them: I will, therefore, select the Best; and begin with this *ARCH-CLAIM* of *Virginity*, within the *Tropicks*, that Girls, at Nine Years old, commence *Women*!

THE *Young Ladies*, too, in most Places, are at Liberty to dispose, freely, of whatever may be call'd *Their own*: And, when, afterwards, they think of *Marrying*, their

* Note, An *Arompo* is a *Man-Eater*; whence, no doubt, our *Engl sh* Word, *ROMP*: A private Remark, by the bye, for the particular Use and Instruction of the Lively *Mrs. Letitia Gambol*!

Credit, like that of other Traders, is rated the *higher*, by how much *wider*, and more *publickly*, They have carried on their *Dealing*.

I THINK, no Doubt can arise, concerning the Welcome with which *These Two valuable RIGHTS* will be receiv'd: But, not being *altogether so clear*, in my Opinion, concerning the *following*, I shall leave it to be weigh'd, maturely, How, far it may be of Use *AMONG US*, it is a *Privilege to retire, from the Fatigue of Man's Society, after having been Mothers of Ten Children.*

THE Antient Tryal, by *bitter Waters*, has been more generally heard of, than approv'd, among our *Women* here at home, who, if not, perhaps, the *Deepest*, are, unquestionably, the *prettiest Casuists*, in the Univerle. But the Duskier Beauties, of *Negroland*, when under Accusations of *too much good Nature*, have an Appeal, to *sweeter Waters*, in Justification of their Innocence: For, in order to discover, to a jealous Husband, whether the Wife has been guilty, or not, she is thrown, headlong, into a River: And if she *drowns*, she was a *Sinner*. But, it is a Remark, of great Consolation, That there never was found a *Woman*, who had not *Lightness enough to Swim*; and escape the Malice of her Accusers.

THERE is something, too, in their agreeable Manner of *Mourning*, for the Death of a Husband, which deserves to be offer'd to the Consideration of the SEX, in these more

Phlegmatick, Northern, Regions: And one wou'd wonder, indeed, how any thing, *ſo extravagantly Polite*, ſhou'd have got Footing, among People, who never Subſcrib'd, to an *Opera*. — The whole Term of ſuch *Mourning* is included within *Fourteen Days*: And the Ceremony conſiſts of *Cries*, which are modulated by the Tunes of Muſical Inſtruments; and accommodated (with a certain Equitable Dexterity) to the Eaſe of the *Performer*, and more lively Entertainment of the *Audience*; by large, intermediate, *Paufes*, during which they drink Brandy, and ſmoke Tobacco, 'till their *Spirits* are duly rais'd, to expect when the Muſick begins again, for *another Act*, of the *Obſequies*.

BUT, above all their agreeable Cuſtoms, I contemplate, with moſt Reverence, the vaſt Extent of their *Charity*! There is, in it, an uncommon Profoundneſs; and a Tenderneſs of Heart, beyond Example! — It is a Practice, among the *Rich Negro Ladies*, on the *Gold Coaſt*, to give Orders, on their Death Beds, for buying up a Number of Female-Slaves, to beſtow on the *Publick*, as *Living Legacies*, whoſe whole Buſineſs it is, to be at Every Body's Service, in *One ſole Employment*, (which they are, All, equally, capable of) for the Price of *Three Periwinkle-Shells*. — They conſider This, as a Work, of great Mercy, and Compaſſion; and, conſcious of their
pious

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pious Purpose, close their Eyes, and die, satisfied.

I cou'd add an infinite Variety of such uncommon Commodities as These: But the Foregoing will serve, as *Samples*, of what *Rich Goods* may be imported, for the Uses, which my Correspondent hints at, if, in Right of her self, and the *Ladies* she acts for, she cou'd propose any *Scheme* of *Engraftment*, by vertue whereof, the *Assistants* of the *Royal Company* might co-operate with the *Sisterhood*.

It is not to be question'd, but, when such a Scheme comes to be seen, the Directors of some other, of our more thriving *Societies* will stir against it, out of Envy, and propose their *own* respective *Bodies*, as most Capable of, or more adapted to, the mention'd *Incorporation*. But the Ladies will, I hope, have Honour enough to keep close to their first Engrasters: And, least their natural Disposition to think too meanly of *Themselves*, and their *own Reasonings*, should expose them, without Defence, to the Force of Arguments, they cannot Answer, I will conclude this Essay for their Service with the Example of a ROYAL AFRICAN; *His Majesty, the King of Boffoe*; who, when his *Conscience* was a little puzzled, brought himself off, by his *Resolution*.

‘ KING *Yagou*, the abovement, was a
 ‘ Lover of the Female Sex; but being a
 ‘ Prince of great Frugality, *contented* him-
 ‘ self with *Ten Wives only*, when many of
 ‘ his Subjects had *Forty*; and out of that
 ‘ small Number, of Ten, would, now and
 ‘ then, for mere Good Husbandry, bestow
 ‘ One, on his Son, *Joost*. — A *Portu-*
 ‘ *gueze Fryar*, to whom he was boasting of
 ‘ these Great Qualities, represented to him
 ‘ the *Wickedness* of the Action; and assured
 ‘ him, That no *civiliz’d* Part of the World
 ‘ allow’d it. — At which, he laugh’d, very
 ‘ heartily, and return’d him this Answer —
 ‘ *Must I be a Fool, because the White Men of*
 ‘ *your Country, are Fools?* — *My People are*
 ‘ *better inform’d*; — *and we act, in both*
 ‘ *Places, according to our different Under-*
 ‘ *standings!*





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Misce stultitiam Consiliis brevem. H O R.

MONDAY, December 14. 1724.

I REMEMBER a Passage, in some *Eastern* Writer, which carries a sharp, and instructive, Moral. An *Emir*, of great Sanctity, had a Custom, every Night, to call his Family together, that they might sit round him, with due Gravity, to hear his Son read some Chapter of the *Alcoran*, which the Father would take Pleasure in opening, and enlarging on, to his Domestick Congregation. It happened, one Night, that, in the midst of the Sermon, the whole Audience *fell asleep*; except the Preacher, and his Son: Which last, as soon as he observ'd it, interrupted his Father, with this Remark. — See, Sir, the Fruits of your Good Purpose! There is not one, of them All, but sleeps, as soundly, as if God's Word deserv'd no Reverence! — The *Emir* look'd round the Company, and shutting up his *Spectacles*, in the Book, against a fitter Opportunity, drew his Discourse to a

Conclusion, with this Reply, to his Son's Intelligence — *You had, your self, been better employ'd, in adding One to the Number of Sleepers, than in waking, not so much to correct your own Faults, as to observe the Faults of Others.*

I receiv'd a Letter, the other Day, which brought this Story to my Remembrance, and is one Proof, among many, how difficult a Province he undertakes, who assumes the Office of a PLAIN DEALER, at a Time, when People are so *vigorous*, in the Censures, which they make *Themselves*; and so *languid*, in their Approbation of Those, which others make, with the same Liberty!

The Author of this Letter is, so kind, as to let me know, “ He is one of my *Best Friends*; he will not therefore insist on my “ *Disingenuity, to fall foul of* — a single Sentence, — in one of my late Papers; and, “ *dwell on one Error*, in a voluminous Author: But he is so good as to be in Pain “ for my *Veracity*; having carefully (he says) “ examin'd every single Paragraph of *Mr. Trapp's Preface to his Translation of Virgil*, and not being able to discover, what I “ charge him with. — He closes all, with a “ Hint, that he writes, in Vindication of “ that worthy and Reverend, Author; and “ would not have Offence taken *at every Trifle.*”

THE VERACITY of the PLAIN DEALER being the Side he will be sure

to be most defensible on, it was unskilfully done, for a *Lover of the Muses*, as my Correspondent subscribes himself, to bring on his Attack, so rashly, on that Quarter. — He ought, first, to have been very careful, and confirm'd, in his *Discoveries*. — But, to remove the *Cloud* from his Sight, if he pleases to turn to *Page 382*, of the first Volume of the mention'd Translation; in an *Essay, on moving the Passions*, previous to the Remarks on the 4th Book, he will find a Paragraph ended thus, — *We have not — as — yet — indeed — completed the Explication, propos'd: — For something — more — still — remains — behind.* — If this differs from what it appear'd in my Paper, it is only by being a little worse than I made it.

THUS much, to the *Charge*, in that only Part, which carried any *Appearance* of Reason with it. — The other Articles have no Weight, at all, but from the Regard that is due to a *mistaken Good-Nature*; which has misled the Gentleman, whoever he was, to apprehend, as a *Trifle*, an Error of the first Magnitude, in Writing. — It is certainly the Business, and the *Aim*, of every Author, to *explain*, and *illustrate*, his Argument: But this tedious Redundance obscures, and perplexes it. — Where a Man should *imprint* Idea's, he distracts and *erazes* them: And, instead of awakening the Passions, affects the Spirits with Drowsiness. — Such a *TRIFLE* is this Fault, which my Correspondent is for

passing over, with so tender-hearted a Blindness!

THE censur'd Passage, then, is no Error, of such *small Importance*, as the Animadver-
tor had thought fit to imagine; but he falls,
next, into another Mistake, of considering it,
as a Place, pick'd out by the Inquisition of
a malicious Eye: Whereas (if he had been
as attentive to the *Argument*, of the Paper,
where he found that Censure, as he was to
the *Censure Itself*) nothing would have been
more easy, than to have observ'd *Numbers*,
of the same Kind of *Amplifications*, which
might, with equal Effect, have been borrow'd
from that work: And, thence, he must have
drawn this natural and obvious Conclusion.
—That *one Error, only, was dwelt on*, not be-
cause it was all that could be found, but be-
cause it was all, that could be admitted in
that Paper.

As to the *Worthiness*, or *Reverence*, of the
Author, the Letter-Writer himself can with
no less Ill to him, than the PLAIN
DEALER does. But this is a Matter en-
tirely out of the Question. The *Person* has no-
thing to do, where what he has *written*, and
published, is the Ground of the Argument.—
For a *Friend*, Partiality is *Weakness*: And,
against an *Enemy*, it is *Baseness*. The Merit
of a Cause lies above the Level of such low
Motives; and they, who would reach it, as
they ought, must be lifted in their Attempt,
between *Justice* and *Resolution*. — There is
nothing

nothing, which the PLAIN DEALER has a sincerer Detestation of, than Personal Reproach or Defamation: But then, on the other side, he who dares not speak out openly, whenever Occasion offers it self, concerning the Miscarriages of the Greatest Men, or the Vertues of the most Unprosperous, has a Soul, below the Duties, of one, who *writes, that he may deserve Reading.*

BUT, to make a Transition to a Subject, which I have, for some Time (in vain) been expecting an Opportunity to *resume*, with a Spirit less *ludicrous*, than That, in which I touch'd it, not long since: I am rais'd, to such a Height of Wonders, by the triumphant *Posture*, in which the *Wit* of this Generation is visible, almost every Night, at one or other of our Theatres, in the Genius of our Actors *Limbs*, that there is nothing, which I cannot promise my self, from the Readiness of their *Elastick Capacity*; and the Humour, which the Town is in, of *listening*, to the *Voice* of their *Muscles*!

I HAVE noted, for this Reason, what I discovered, not without due Transport, as I was perusing a certain *Venerable HIGH GERMAN* Compiler, (*CAMERARIUS* his *Historical Meditations*!) — It is a new, and unbroken *Mine*, of *Theatrical Treasure*! which I shall recommend, with the stronger Hope, to the Contention of our Rival Stages, because, the never-to-be-forgotten, the Triumphant *FAUSTUS HIMSELF* was of Happy *High German* Original! “ I

“ I HAVE oftentimes, says this Grave and
 “ Authentick Sage ! (for I reverence him too
 “ much to vary a Word, from his Text) *seen,*
 “ *with wondering,* in the Prince of *Bamberg*
 “ his Court, a certain Peasant of *Germany,*
 “ nourished, and brought up, as himself
 “ avouched, in the Mountains, *among Beasts ;*
 “ who was so active, and nimble, of his Bo-
 “ dy, that all that saw him were *astounded,*
 “ and thought he used *Enchantment,* which,
 “ yet, *I do not, verily think he did !* — And
 “ that, which was most remarkable in him
 “ was, That he shewed his Agility, *not stand-*
 “ *ing, but walking upon his Hands, and his*
 “ *Feet, prone and flat-back'd, like a Dog, or*
 “ *a Cat !*

“ IN that same Court, was a *Dwarf,* who
 “ would *get up, upon this Peasant,* as upon a
 “ Horse ; making him to turn, and wind,
 “ all manner of Ways, as a Rider would do
 “ a *Spanish Genet ;* But, when the *Peasant*
 “ *listed,* he wou'd easily *throw his Dwarf,*
 “ for all that ever he could do to sit fast. —
 “ Sometimes he was *baited,* with *very mighty*
 “ *Mastives,* and with *English Dogs,* that the
 “ Prince had : And, by a certain *Barking,*
 “ which he counterfeited naturally, and a
 “ *furious snarling, like a Dog,* would give
 “ them the Chale, and make them run apace,
 “ out of the Hall. — That done, he would
 “ set himself to *leap,* upon his Hands, and
 “ Feet, forwards, and backwards, with a
 “ *Nimble.*

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“ *Nimbleness incredible!* and would *scramble*
 “ *up, by the Coines,* towards the Roof of the
 “ Hall, faster than an *Ape* could do! albeit,
 “ otherwise, he was a *rustical Fellow,* heavy,
 “ and of a *gross making.*”

“ I SAW him twice, as I was at the Prince’s
 “ Table (after he had thrown his Dwarf)
 “ and driven away all the Dogs that were in
 “ the Room) leap upon the Shoulders of one
 “ of the Guests, and thence upon the Table,
 “ without overturning *Dish,* or *Cup:* And
 “ then cast himself with such a *Spring* up-
 “ on the Floor, that one would have said,
 “ *It had been a Squirrel,* or some *wild Cat.*—
 “ He did use to skip as fast upon the Tops of
 “ Towers, and of Houses, built Point-wise,
 “ as our House-Cats would do: And so ma-
 “ ny other PARTS of a *Cat,* and an *Ape,* HE
 “ PLAYED, that *his Tricks were the Talk,* and
 “ *the Wonder of all Men!*”

I WAS so pleas’d with this Fancy, that I
 could not forbear communicating it, for the
 future Entertainment of our *People of Fasbi-*
on: And I am so firmly convinc’d of the imi-
 tative Spirit, and Genius of the Hostile *Har-*
lequins of the *Two, Comic, Houses,* that I que-
 stion not, in the least, but by the Second
 Week, after *Christmas,* we shall see a Dozen,
 or two, of Bull-Dogs round the Tail of *Shep-*
herd, on *Drury-Lane-Stage,* without being
 able to *bite him,* while he *curvets* and *barks*
 with his *Back up,* and wheels safe, in *their*
Center;

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Center; — And Mr. LUN, at the other House, crawling up the Edge of one of his Scenes, and *sticking to the Roof, like a Spider* over the Heads of a *shouting Pit!* where he will *spin* himself into their good Graces, 'till their Necks are half broke, with the *Sublimity* of their Entertainment!



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Quo me cunque rapit Tempestas, deferor Hospes.

H O R.

FRIDAY, December 18. 1724.

L I K E, a Ship that is compell'd, by Tempest, to decline, from her due Course, I am, sometimes, driven out of my Way, by the Letters of my Correspondents; None of which beat so violently upon me, as Those from the *Feminine Quarter*.

I BEGIN to find it Impracticable to work any Good, on that perverse, and malapert, Sex, by the *Weight* of *Age*, and *Experience*. — If I had not confess'd, at my first setting out, that I was, then, in my *Grand Climacterick*, I am verily persuaded I might have
 apply'd

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apply'd my self to them, with more Success. — Under their Sense of my Weakness, they despise the wholesomest of my Lectures; and go on, in open Defiance of the utmost I am able to do to them! — Not a Day passes, but I have new Intelligence brought me, of their *persisting* in Mischiefs, and Enormities, which reach, and involve, all Men, from the *Canopy* to the *Cottage*.

THE Epistles, which this Paper shall be fill'd with, will be some small Proof, how hard a Task he takes upon him, who would oppose himself against an Influence, which bears down every Thing before, it! — In fine, I see there is much more than I once imagin'd, in this Observation of an honest *Mahometan*. *Five Things, in the World, will always be found uselefs: A Candle, in the Sun-shine. — Beauty before the Blind. — Rain, that falls, in a Desert. — A Feast, to those who have no Stomach. — And, Sage Advice, when it is given to a Woman, who has no Inclination to follow it.*

To the PLAIN-DEALER.

Oh! Prodigious!

' FLESH and Blood can bear it no
' longer! Twenty, and Twenty, Times,
' I have been provok'd at you, before; But,
' in your Paper, of last *Friday*, there is such
' an intolerable Piece of Impudence! such
' an Affront to the *whole Sex!* that it is not
' possible

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‘ possible for us to *live, silent*. — MANUFACTURE, quoth he? A *Woman* a MANUFACTURE! — Had you call’d us *Products*, or *Merchandize*, or *Things*, or *Commodities*, we could have born it, with some Patience: But, MANUFACTURE insults us, with an abominable Insinuation, *That we are but the WORK of our Women’s Hands!* like a Machine, that is *Empty, in its Inward Parts*, and whose Value consists, not in the *Matter it is made of*, but in the Curiosity, with which they *pin* it together!

‘ OH, that some Body would direct me, how to find out Mrs. *Patty Amble!* — If I don’t *do your Business, there*, never trust Woman more. — I’ll warrant, she shall *die, a Spinster*, rather than put herself under *your MANUFACTURING*; most facetious PLAIN DEALER! — And, so, no more, at this present Writing, but that I am, with a great Deal of Truth and Obligation,

Any Body’s, rather than yours,

PRISCILIA SPARKLEY.

THE TWO next LETTERS (the *First* from a Lover in *low Life*, writ in *simple Honesty of Heart*; and the second in a Strain, and from a Condition, very different) having really been sent me, in one, and the same, Day; I publish them, as a Proof, that All Degrees, and Capacities,

“ *Sink in the soft Captivity together.*

Higg

High-Holbourn, Nov. 27. 1724.

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

I AM like a Man, in the middle of a Bogg; the more he struggles to get out, the Deeper he *sinks in*. — To tell you the Truth, *I am in Love*: Only I am but an *Apprentice*, and have not serv'd quite Four Years of my *Time*. — Therefore, what I wou'd desire, of you, is, to *learn* me how I shall be able to *have done Loving*: For, 'till that is brought about, I shall never mind my *Business*. — And my Fear is, That my Mind being half towards *Love*, and the other half towards *Business*, that, *between Both, I shall gain Neither*. And what is a *Man* without a *Business*?

My Case being, therefore, of great Importance, and my Livelihood depending on my *Business*, I do not, at all doubt, but that, when you have taken it into Consideration, it will, likewise, be of great Benefit to many Hundreds, besides myself. — Good Mr. PLAIN DEALER, pardon This, my Presumption; and be pleas'd to correct what I have writ amiss, *being not right in my Senses*. — But tell me what I had best do: For one had better be an *humble Servant* to a whole *Army*, than be, what I am forc'd to write myself,

CUPID'S Slave.

S I R,

S I R,

‘ **W**HEN I read the Letter, in one of
 ‘ your late P A P E R S, sign’d *Amanda*,
 ‘ I was but *too well* assur’d of its *Author*.
 ‘ That Delicacy of Sentiment, and beauti-
 ‘ ful Propriety of Expression, *alas!* how
 ‘ how *often* have they *charm’d* me! Never
 ‘ was Eloquence so *persuasive*. — Never was
 ‘ Eloquence so *vain!* — While she begs me
 ‘ to *desist*, in so Enchanting a Manner, I am
 ‘ only *ten Times more her Slave* — Her Repul-
 ‘ ses, like the Struglings of a beautiful Vir-
 ‘ gin, serve but to heighten her own Charms,
 ‘ and *inflame* the Desire of the Ravisher.

‘ I know, *Rocheffcault* says, *If a Man fan-*
 ‘ *cies, he loves his Mistress for her own Sake,*
 ‘ *He is mightily mistaken.* — But, *alas!* He
 ‘ *never saw AMANDA.* Heaven be my Wit-
 ‘ ness, if I thought, that in those exquisite
 ‘ Raptures, which I hope, one Day, to owe
 ‘ her, she would not be an *Equal Sharer*, by
 ‘ all those Hopes, I *swear*, — sharp, killing,
 ‘ Thought! I *swear*, I *wou’d Foregoe her.* —
 ‘ With so sincere, so disinterested, so artless
 ‘ a Passion, I am,

AMANDA’S *Everlasting Lover.*

To

To the PLAIN-DEALER,

S I R,

‘ IF you wou’d do a Piece of Service to the
 ‘ Young Men of the World, whose war-
 ‘ mest Ambition it is, to recommend them-
 ‘ selves to the FAIR, without considering
 ‘ what *Vertues*, They, whom they love, are
 ‘ possess’d of — Let me give them, through
 ‘ your Means, the following *true* Relation.

‘ *Olivia* is a Lady, of genteel, and fashio-
 ‘ nable Education; for her Mother took
 ‘ early Care to *shew her the World*, as they
 ‘ call it: That is, To teach her, through the
 ‘ most contrary *Appearances*, to intend No-
 ‘ thing, but her *Pleasure*, and *Interest*. —
 ‘ *Pamphilio* is a Gentleman, of good Estate,
 ‘ in the Neighbourhood. — The Lady’s Re-
 ‘ putation was unsullied, He saw her often;
 ‘ and, every Time he saw her, saw new
 ‘ Marks of her Wit, and Good Humour;
 ‘ her Freedom and Sincerity; ’till from *ad-
 ‘ miring*, he fell to *adoring* her.

‘ His Love was inflam’d, by the little,
 ‘ innocent, Encouragements, which *Olivia*
 ‘ knew how to give, without incurring the
 ‘ Imputation of *Forwardness*: and which
 ‘ *Pamphilio* regarded, as so many modest
 ‘ Overtures, to the Advantage of his Passion.
 ‘ — His Visits were more frequent, and more
 ‘ open. He could, no longer, conceal his
 ‘ Love; he declar’d it, at once, to, both,

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‘ *Olivia*, and her Mother — for her *Father*
 ‘ was dead: And they, Both, gave him
 ‘ Hope, of succeeding, in his Wishes.

‘ *Pamphilio’s* Affection growing stronger
 ‘ and stronger; he became impatient for their
 ‘ Marriage; in the near Prospect of which, all
 ‘ the Neighbourhood rejoyc’d, and did their
 ‘ Utmost to advance it. For they observ’d,
 ‘ how his Soul *doated* on her; and darted it-
 ‘ self into his *Eyes*, whenever she approach’d
 ‘ him.—*Olivia* declin’d marrying. — She was
 ‘ too young, she said, to be Mistress of a
 ‘ Family; and insisted on a *Year* more, in
 ‘ which she might fix her Resolution. —
 ‘ Tho’ this *Year*, to *Pamphilio*, was a *Lover’s*
 ‘ *Eternity*, he was to submit, on any Terms;
 ‘ and the Time, requir’d by *Olivia*, at last,
 ‘ drew near its Conclusion.—The Lady, then,
 ‘ grew cooler, and the Lover more transported.
 ‘ — She declar’d to him, very frankly,
 ‘ That *It was impossible for her to love him.* —
 ‘ Neither Love, she said, nor *Hatred*, were
 ‘ Things in our own Power: And he ought not
 ‘ to take it ill, that she cou’d no longer deceive
 ‘ him.

‘ P O O R *Pamphilio* had no Voice to reply.
 ‘ But a sudden *Tear*, or two, spoke for him!
 ‘ — He trembled, grew pale, and gaz’d
 ‘ on her — and sigh’d, at length this faint
 ‘ Hope — That she cou’d not, sure, be in Ear-
 ‘ nest. — She answered, He had no Reason to
 ‘ give himself the Air of so much Surprise. —
 ‘ She had never promis’d him Marriage, —
 ‘ and

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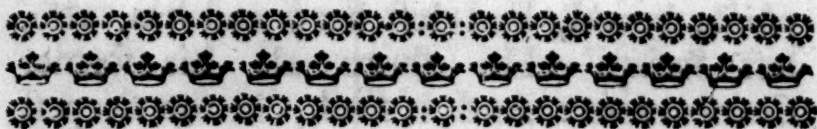
‘ and was, yet, at her own Disposal. — Pam-
 ‘ philio, bow’d, and left her; and has, also,
 ‘ left Society. He shuns all his former
 ‘ Companions: And is sunk, in the deepest
 ‘ Melancholy! His Affairs are neglected, his
 ‘ Health is destroy’d; and his Friends are
 ‘ enrag’d and astonish’d!

‘ ABOUT a Quarter of a Year ago, Olivia
 ‘ was married: and with so extraordinary a
 ‘ Success, that her Relations are already upon
 ‘ suing out a *Divorce*. — What ought to ren-
 ‘ der the Condition of this Lady *Inconsolable*,
 ‘ if she has either Generosity, or Reflection,
 ‘ is, — That *Her* hard Fortune afflicts Pam-
 ‘ philio, to a sharper Degree than *His own*
 ‘ did!

‘ SUCH a *Filting* Temper, may, perhaps,
 ‘ be consistent with *Chastity*, but it can have
 ‘ neither *Honour*, nor *Tenderness*. — She was
 ‘ form’d to inspire Love, and very capable
 ‘ of it, by *Nature*: But she was harden’d,
 ‘ by *Education*, to become *unsusceptible* of it.
 ‘ — She expos’d Charms to Sale, which she
 ‘ intended not to part with: And, then, like
 ‘ a covetous Tradesman, who has lost his best
 ‘ Market, she resolv’d, as a pretty Revenge,
 ‘ to throw herself away, upon the First Bidder.

Yours,

PAMPHILIOPHILUS.



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*Incertam frustra Mortales funeris horam
Quæritis, ————— PROPERT.
Tum vero in curas Animum diducimus omnes.
HOR.*

MONDAY, *December 21. 1724.*

I NEVER met with any Accident, which more touchingly surpriz'd me, than the Death of my Friend, Sir *Portly Rufus*, under Circumstances, with Regard to his Fortune, much inferior to the Figure, he had maintain'd in the World; and which made such Impressions on his departing Soul, as serv'd, at once, to excite my Pity, and inflame my Admiration.

I VISITED him, during his Sickness, and found his Family in great Disorder: The chearful Faces, which were formerly worn, by his Servants, as the lively Signals of his Hospitality, were quench'd, and sadden'd by a Sorrow, that prov'd its *Deepness*, by its *Silence*. — He was fallen into a forc'd Sleep, when

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when I came down to his House in the Country; and it being late in the Evening, I went to Bed, with a Resolution not to disturb him, 'till the Morning. — I lay awake, and heard the Clock strike *One*, indulging my Thoughts, under the Solemnity of the Midnight Darkness, with a Thousand busy Reflections, on the Instability of our Health and Pleasures; when, from an Old Tower of the Parish-Church, which was almost contiguous to my Chamber-Window, I heard the *Toll*, of a Great Bell, sound out, many Times, distinctly, with a deep, and mournful Fullness, which left an unusual Vibration in the Air; and had scarce ceas'd, when I found the whole Family alarm'd; and the House fill'd with *Shriekings*, and the most distracted Cries of Sorrow.

I ROSE, and dress'd my self, in much Amazement; and, following the Clamour, found it, collected in the Sick Man's Chamber: — I was assur'd, at the crowded Entrance, That *Sir Portly was a Dying Man.* — That *the Bell, which had toll'd out, at Midnight, always did so, of it's self, before every Death, that was to happen, in the Family:* — That *it was a Warning, which had never fail'd:* — And, That *Sir Portly, who had been wak'd, by the Sound of it, was, himself, of the Opinion, That he could live but a few Hours.*

I FOUND my Friend, sitting up, in his Bed, very faint, and scarce able to speak; and looking round him, with a Mixture of Wildness, and of Sorrow, on the Distraction

of his Assembled Family. — As soon as he saw me near him, He gave me his Hand, with a Glimpse of Chearfulness, which seem'd to brighten, through his Anguish: And, insisting, with much Earnestness, That I should be left, for some Time, alone, with him, the rest withdrew, and I sat near him, on the Bed-side. — He continued silent, for several Minutes, fixing his Eyes on me, very steadfastly, and with much inward Commotion; till at last he spoke to me, as follows.

‘ You have tim’d this Visit, kindly; for
 ‘ it is the Last, you will ever make me: It
 ‘ is a sensible Comfort, that I have this Opportunity to communicate my dying Sentiments, to a Friend, who will be capable of
 ‘ doing me Justice, where the World may
 ‘ speak of me with a mistaking Liberty’ —

HERE he put a Key into my Hand, and directed me to find a Paper, which I have now in my Possession; and from the Subject of which, I shall take Occasion, some Time hereafter, to draw more Observations than One, for the Use of Men of Business, who may receive Entertainment, and Advantage, from it. — He said something, concerning his Private Affairs, in which my Advice he believ’d, might be of Service to his Family: And, then assum’d a Discourse, on the *Tolling of the Parish Bell*, and proceeded in it with much Composure,

‘ I HAVE neither Learning, *said he*, nor
 ‘ Leisure, to enter upon an Examination,
 ‘ concerning the *Causes* of these *Præter-Na-*
 ‘ *tural Notices*. It is enough for me, that *It*
 ‘ *is thus* : And you will soon be convinc’d of
 ‘ the Consequence, with Regard to my ap-
 ‘ proaching End. — But, Let not any Thing,
 ‘ so common as *Death*, be an Affliction, or
 ‘ Surprize to you. I have enjoy’d my Bed
 ‘ of *Sickness*, like a *Study*. It has given me
 ‘ an Opportunity of retiring into my self,
 ‘ without Partiality or Interruption! — The
 ‘ Danger of my Condition drew a Curtain
 ‘ betwixt the World and me, and contra-
 ‘ cted all my Business into the Compass of
 ‘ this silent Chamber. Here I have seen
 ‘ Things, *as they are*, and learnt to judge of
 ‘ them, without Prejudice.

‘ To *forsake the World*, gives me no Pain,
 ‘ from any Attachment to its Pleasures. It
 ‘ can tempt me with Nothing *New*; for I
 ‘ have, already, seen it all. — Though I die
 ‘ (as I shall) to Night, *To-morrow* will be
 ‘ like to *To-day* : The same *Sun* will rise up-
 ‘ on it; and leave it, in the same Darknels.
 ‘ — The Seasons will come round again, and
 ‘ be *call’d New*; but they will be no other
 ‘ than the Repetition of what I have, so often
 ‘ beheld already. — Why should it startle me,
 ‘ to be call’d back to the Place, from which I
 ‘ came hither? I rose, from Uncertainty, into
 ‘ Life; and I am now but returning, out of
 ‘ Life, into Uncertainty. Can any Thing

‘ be more reasonable, than that *Others* having given Place to *Me*, I should give Place to others, in my Turn?—Either I have not made the proper *Use* of *Life*, which I have enjoy’d so long already, and therefore deserve to hold it no longer: Or, having reap’d the Profit of Living, to what End should I wish *Life* lengthen’d?

‘ I HAVE many Hopes, ’tis true, which, it grieves my Soul, to leave imperfect: But, if I would live, ’till I am *completely Happy*, I seek what is never to be found. It were to act, like those foolish *Indians*, who run themselves out of Breath, to *catch the Sun*, when it seems to *set, so near them*: — So might I travel on, *for ever*, and weary my self, to no Purpose: The Object of my Pursuit is not in the same World, where I am!

‘ YET there is one Thing, which makes Death *terrible*, and triumphs over Reason, Reflexion, and Philosophy! It is, That we are torn from our *Friend’s Society*. — That we are divided, by, perhaps, an *Everlasting* Separation, from what *Love* has made *dearer* to us than our *Life* is! It is that Blending, — That Liquefaction — or Confusion, of Two Hearts, in one Will, Desire, and Interest, which is the *Spirit* of all human Blessings! Light is Darkness, without it; and Prosperity *not enjoy’d*, but *possession’d*, without Relish.

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‘ IN this View, of our Soul’s Union, here
 ‘ on Earth, with some kindred Spirit, which
 ‘ it delights to mingle with, Death is *dread-*
 ‘ *ful*, when it strikes between us! — How
 ‘ many unfinish’d Purposes may it interpose
 ‘ it self, to the Disappointment of, with Re-
 ‘ gard to the Comfort, or Service, of Those,
 ‘ who are thus *Dear* to us, when we are cut
 ‘ off, by a sudden Summons, and allow’d no
 ‘ Time to compleat our yet but intentional
 ‘ Gratitude, or give Perfection to our unri-
 ‘ pen’d Labours! Can a *Husband* sit Easie
 ‘ *within*, when he is straining his dying Eyes,
 ‘ for the last, afflicting, Sight of a Wife, who
 ‘ deserv’d his Tenderness, and was intitled to
 ‘ his Protection; but, whom he is, that Mo-
 ‘ ment, compell’d to leave, to struggle with
 ‘ the Bitterness of *Want*; and acquaint her-
 ‘ self with the Licentiousness of Reproach,
 ‘ Contempt and Insult! — Or can there be
 ‘ a Strength, in Wisdom, to sustain a dying
 ‘ *Father*, whose Heart is tortur’d with the
 ‘ burning Uncertainty, of what shall become
 ‘ of his helpless Children, expos’d Orphans,
 ‘ to an unpitying World, without Guide,
 ‘ Support, or Prospect?

HERE, my Friend was interrupted, by the
 Impatience of his Family, who broke in up-
 on us, with a Grief, which soon appear’d to
 have too just a Ground: For *Sir Portly* died,
 in less than a quarter of an Hour after. —
 There were many Circumstances, in the Man-
 ner

ner of his Death, which will deserve to be describ'd, in a future Paper : But the melancholy Impression they have left me under, will at present be best indulg'd by an Abstract of some Excellent Verses, from a POEM of *Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER's*, on *the Death of Her Husband*. — I am not sure, that I remember them right ; for it is long, since I read them : But there is so much of *Beauty, Nature and Passion*, in them, that the Reader cannot fail to discern, and admire, the Author's Genius, through whatever Injury they may have suffer'd, by any Injustice, I may, perhaps, have done them.

*IN what soft Language shall my Thoughts break free;
 My dear Alexis ! when I talk of Thee ?
 Nor Nymph, nor Grace, of all the fancied Train,
 Nor weeping Loves, shall aid my pensive Strain ;
 True Passion has a Force, too strong for Art ;
 She needs no Muse, who can invoke her Heart.
 Tasteless of Forms, and from all Comfort torn,
 The Husband — Lover — and the Friend, — I mourn !
 All, that to Worth, and Tendernefs, was due ;
 Whate'er Excess the fondest Passion knew,
 I felt ! — My Pray'rs to Heav'n, were, All, for Thee :
 And Love inspir'd me, first, with Piety.
 Oh ! Thou wert all my Triumph, and my Pride :
 My Hope, my Peace, my Shelter, and my Guide !
 Thy Love (sweet Study !) busied all my Days :
 And my full Soul's Ambition was Thy Praise !*

*Why has my Heart this fond Engagement known ?
Or, why wou'd Heav'n dissolve the Tye, so soon ?
Whence had the Charmer all his Power to move ?
Or, why was all my Breast so turn'd, for Love ?*

*Oh! he cou'd talk! — 'Twas Extasie to hear !
The list'ning Soul hung, trembling, on the Ear.
Musick's whole Power dwelt, artless, on his Tongue ;
Awefully soft, like some kind Angel's Song!
Pain, that but heard Him speak, was charm'd to Rest :
And Mercy melted down the Miser's Breast !
Hours, Days, and Years, unheeded, took their Flight :
For Time was only measur'd by Delight !*

*Fancy, still, paints him, fresh, in every Grace ;
But, the thin Shade eludes my lost Embrace :
The shrinking Vision melts, in shapeless Night,
And a cold Horror blots my blasted Sight !
Then, the past Mis'ery rises, to my View,
His Death (sad Scene!) will be, for ever, New!
Then, with the quickest Sense, his Pangs I feel :
And his Last Accents o'er my Silence steal.*

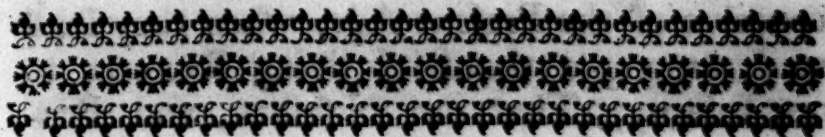
*" My Wife ! — my sharpest Pain! my fondest Care!
" Heav'n, for Thy Sake, will bear a Dying Pray'er :
" Will lead, and comfort Thee, when I am dead ;
" When, from these aking Eyes, thy Form is fled :
" When these cold Hands, which, now, thy Grasp implore,
" Shall tremble, at the Touch of Thine, no more ;
" Oh! where shall my unsocial Spirit stray !
" How, Err, unblest, along th' Eternal Way !*

" *From all Engagements, here, I now am free;*
 " *But That, which keeps my ling'ring Soul with Thee.*
 " *How I have lov'd, thy bleeding Heart can tell:*
 " *And — we MAY meet! — 'till which dear Time—*
 (Farewell.

He ceas'd — and waiting Angels catch'd his Breath :
And his quench'd Eyes dissolv'd their Beams, in Death !
But oh ! what Words have Passion, to express,
What Thought can feel, the Rage of my Distress !
Why did they tear me from the breathless Clay ?
I shou'd have stay'd, and wept my Life away.
Yet, gentle Shade ! — where-e'er thou now may'st dwell,
Where-e'er thy Spirit does the Rest excell,
If thou can'st listen to my Grief, oh ! take
The softest Vows, that Love, and Truth, can make.

" For Thee, my Thoughts all Pleasure shall foregoe :
 " My Tears, for Thee, shall stream, in secret Woe.
 " Far, from the busy World, I will retire ;
 " Where mournful Mem'ory feeds the silent Fire.
 " First taught by Thee the noblest Flame to prove,
 " The Force ! the Life ! the Elegance of Love !
 " Sacred, I will to Thee thy Gift confine :
 " Grasp Thee thro' Death, ——— and be for ever, Thine.





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— *Populus me sibilat, at mibi plaudo.* HOR.

FRIDAY, December 25. 1724.

IT has been justly observ'd, by our Writers, in Defence of the *Stage*, That *It is a GLASS, in which we see, what we, ourselves, are, by the Image of our own Actions, represented in the Persons of Others.* — Commend me then, to the Wit, or the Satire, of one of our Theatres, where they have brought *Newgate*, into their *Mirrou*r, and taught our People of Quality, the elegant Art of *breaking Fayl*, by Way of Diversion and Improvement.

To Treat this Subject, if possible, with some Appearance of *Gravity*, either the Taste of our Audiences must be depraved, to a Degree of Horror ; or the Judgment of our Master-Players corrupted, to a Degree of Pity ! — Too long, indeed, have the most Successful of our Theatrical Entertainments been *Low* and *Contemptible* ; but I never observ'd, before, That they were *Ungenerous*,
and

and *Inhumane*! — What Idea will Posterity conceive of the Present Age, when they shall read, among a thousand living Records, to our Infamy, That our Nobility, and People, of the First Figure, in Life, cou'd descend to be Partakers in an Insult offered to the Memory, and Misfortune, of a poor Wretch, a *Felon*, who had, just before, been Executed, at *Tyburn*; by sitting, contented Spectators, to observe his Crimes, and his Miseries, acted over again, for their Delight, and Instruction.

BUT, If (as *Lucan* says of *Nero*) the Gods cou'd make Way for *CÆSAR*, by no other Means than those dreadful Things which *preceded* him, — If *Nothing less* cou'd induce the Town, to bear with the insupportable *CÆSAR* in *ÆGYPT*, than their acting it immediately after *SHEPHERD* in *NEW GATE*, the Players have, at least, *One Good Argument* for permitting it: — They made Way too for a *Brother's Tragedy*, whose tender Heart might, have been broke, if he had, *twice*, write *dismally*, to no Purpose. — *King JOHN*, the Dramatick *Abortive*, of last Winter, was a pusillanimous Prince, and cou'd condescend to hear Reasons, why it was necessary to submit, for Fear of a forcible *Deposing*: But *CÆSAR* was a *Hero*, and too *resolv'd*, to shake at *Danger*! — Tho' all the Serpents, of *Africa*, shou'd have *biss'd* in his Face, he would have regarded them, as little,
as

as he did, the *Boxes*, the *Pit*, and the *Gallery*.

THIS Tragedy is so provoking, and copious a Field for Satire, that it is with Difficulty, I restrain my Pen, from the severest Licence of just *Invectives*. But I soften my Indignation, when I turn my Eye, from the Play to the *Author* : — The Exemplary *Candor*, *Humanity*, *Politeness*, *Affability*, and *Generosity*, of that Gentleman's indulgent Behaviour, with Regard to the Works and Interest of other Writers! But, *above all*, his *prodigious Modesty*! These, his extraordinary and well-known, Virtues, overbalance a thousand Absurdities in his Tragedy; and determine me to continue silent.

THE *Theatre*, to confess the Truth, is a Subject of too much *Consequence*, from its Effect on the Morals, and Behaviour of the *Publick*, to leave it either decent, or reasonable, to omit Defects in the Stage's Constitution, and descend to the Actor's particular Failings. — But we have Persons on the Stage, who want not some *Graces*, and Generous Qualities, as well of Body, as of Mind, which might have *adorn'd*, even the Best of those Characters, which they are accustomed to represent: And of These I shall speak seriously, and with Pleasure, on Occasions which will offer themselves, when I come, in a little Time, to consider the *Present State of our Stage*, and what Justice there may be, in those Pretences to its *Im-*
provement,

provement, which we have heard so very much of, under its Management, as it now stands.

BUT, To return to my first Subject: There have not been wanting, publick Marks of Disapprobation, as often as those ill-chosen Entertainments above-mentioned have been exhibited: Yet, they *went on, with an unmoveable Steadiness of Resolution*, which, in a Cause, the *Reverse* of theirs, might deserve to be call'd a *Virtue*; and, even as the Case really stands, it is an *Accomplishment*, *very new, and Extraordinary*, and must be allow'd not unworthy of the *highest Admiration*! — That heroic *Roman Spirit*, which *Horace* speaks of, in the Motto to my PAPER, went no farther than a private applauding himself, at home, in Return for the *Hisses*, which he met with, when abroad: But our *English Firmness of Face*, can look *Reproach in the Teeth*, and persevere, with as much Negligence, and Satisfaction, as if we suffer'd for our *Excess of Wit*, what is levell'd at our *Want of Judgment*.

I WAS favour'd many Months since, with a Sheet or Two, of Excellent Reflexions, which were lost, by some Accident, and have been but lately recover'd. The following Observations, seem so applicable to my present Purpose, that I cannot do better than borrow them, for Reproof of a barbarous Custom, which had spread itself, *too broad*, among us, before it appear'd on one of our *Theatres*.

AT *Paris*, and at *Amsterdam*, there is scarce a Week passes, without some *Publick Execution*; and yet, tho' there are *News-Papers* in Abundance, we seldom, or never, find any Account of that Sort, in them.—They think, and perhaps justly enough, That it is a Point of National Credit, to conceal, with as much Decency as they can, the Enormities of their Countrymen.—On the contrary, our Writers for the *Day*, and the *Week*, watch with Earnestness, for the Opportunity, and are sure to pass by no such Subject.—It often makes a very Glaring *Paragraph*; but is sometimes unhappily situated. I have frequently known a *Change at Court* yok'd with a *Remove at Tyburn*; and both follow'd, close in the Rear, by an Account of some *Church-Advancement*; or new-drawn *Matrimonial Tye*, among People of Quality.

I ONLY hint at these Liberties, and desire to deal gently with my Contemporaries.—There are other Wretches among us, who attend the *Gibbet*, like Ravens, or Vultures, and expect their *Subsistence* from it.—Not a poor Criminal can be hang'd, but they break open his expiring Lips, and rob him of his *Last Words*. When he has suffer'd the Sentence of the *Law*, he is condemn'd, afresh, to a *Libel*: And is far from being at *Rest*, even after he has surrender'd his Life to the Halter, his Cloaths to the Hangman, and his Body to the Sur-

geons! For, then, come the Scribler, the Pamphleteer, and the *Biographer* of *Newgate*, who draw out his Good Name, and quarter it; and hang up his Reputation, in *Effigie*, They give him a *Quarto*, or an *Octavo* Shrowd; and fringe, and flourish it with his *Birth*, and *Parentage*. — Hence, the *Ordinary*, to preserve his *Perquisites*, is driven upon the Necessity of *advertising* against *Counterfeits*; and, has, sometimes, no better Expedient, than to publish the *Posthumous Works* of his Communicants, even before they are yet departed!

To be *half-bang'd*, has been the Case of one or two Sufferers; but to be *twice bang'd*, is a very great Hardship: And when a Criminal's Account of *Himself* is suppos'd to be *true*, it seems a Misfortune that They, who wilfully, *belye*, him, should be permitted to survive him. — If the Sufferer can write and read, then, besides his *Birth*, and *Education*, his *Trial*, and *Confession*, we have his *Last Works*, and *Compositions*. If he is married, we have his *Widow's Lamentation*. If he dies, troubled, and unsatisfied, we have his *Ghost*: And if his Life has been at all remarkable, we have *His History*, and *Adventures*. — Some ready Compiler of *Newgate*, bundles up his *Memoirs*, and describes his Exploits, in so discreet, and adapted, Style, That the Pleasantry of the Relation is more apt to prevail,
on

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on the *Young*, and the *Giddy* (who are the common Readers of such Tracts) to *imitate* a Life of so much seeming Heroick Extravagance, than to take Example, from the fatal End of it.

I KNOW not whether such *Exposing* Methods as These, are not suffer'd to take Place, by Way of Advance upon the Lenity of our *English Executions*; and as a Counterballance to the Foreign Severities of *Torture*, and *Mutilation*. If there is any such Depth of Politick Refinement, in the Indulgence, which is shewn this Practice, the *Dead* feel nothing that relates to them; and the *Living*, I am perswaded, are very little the better, for such *Paper Executions*. But, of *This*, I can venture to be positive, That should some Drudge for the Bookseller's Benefit, make a *Collection of all Works, of this kind*, and some mercenary Translator dress it out, in a Foreign Language, our Neighbours, and our Posterity, might be tempted to believe, That the present Generation of *Englishmen* were a *Nation of Thieves, and Pick-pockets*.





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Diversos diversa juvant, non omnibus —
Omnia conveniunt. — GAL. ELEG.

MONDAY, *December 28.* 1724:

IT is a Rule, in Conversation, that he, who keeps all the *Talk* to himself, never pleases, so much as one, who *listens*, in his Turn, to what is said, by the rest of the Company. — The same Observation will hold good, with Regard to such a Paper as the *PLAIN DEALER*; I must, sometimes, fall civilly back, and give Way to my Correspondents; or I shall incur the Reproach of Writing rather to entertain *My-self*, than to delight, or oblige my Readers.

Mr. PLAIN-DEALER,

‘ **I** HAVE such a Veneration for the *FAIR*,
 ‘ that I am sorry, I shou’d have Occa-
 ‘ sion to exhibit any Complaint against them;
 ‘ but I am, once a Week, so whimsically
 ‘ treated, by some of them, that I am re-
 ‘ solv’d to *speak out*, and spare not.

‘ *THERE*

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‘ THERE are many young Ladies, and,
 ‘ what is worse, many old Ladies, within
 ‘ the Bills of Mortality, that, every *Satur-*
 ‘ *day*, while their Houses are cleaning, take
 ‘ a Fancy to have Business with *Me*, for no
 ‘ other Reason in the World, but because
 ‘ they can’t tell how else to dispose of them-
 ‘ selves: — For, you must know, That I
 ‘ am a *Mercer*. — They swim into my Shop,
 ‘ by Shoals, not with the least Intention to
 ‘ buy, but only to hear my Silks *rustle*, and
 ‘ fill up their own *Leisure*, by putting *Me*
 ‘ into full *Employment*. So they tumble over
 ‘ my Goods, and deafen me with a Round
 ‘ of Questions, ’till, having found nothing
 ‘ in my Shop, to *their Fancy*, as they call it,
 ‘ they toss themselves again into their Coaches,
 ‘ and *drive on the Persecution*, to the Terror
 ‘ and Disturbance of most of the honest Shop-
 ‘ keepers, from one End of the Town, to
 ‘ the other.

‘ LAST *Saturday* was three Weeks, at Two,
 ‘ in the Afternoon, I sent out my Servant,
 ‘ to watch a Couple of these *Silken Strollers*,
 ‘ and keep, if possible, within *Ken* of them.
 ‘ They *undress’d* about a Dozen Shops, with-
 ‘ out stripping themselves of a single Shil-
 ‘ ling; and, at six, my Man return’d, out
 ‘ of Breath, and told me, That he had left
 ‘ them, cheapening Sugars, beyond *Norton-*
 ‘ *Falgate*. — But, presently, they came back,
 ‘ and saw my next Neighbour, a *Linen-Dra-*
 ‘ *per*, at his Door. They pull’d their Coach-

‘ man by the Thumb, and broke in upon
 ‘ my Friend and Acquaintance, tho’ his Shop
 ‘ was shut up, and empty. — They had be-
 ‘ thought themselves, that *they must see some*
 ‘ *Cambricks*. My Neighbour *knew* them, for
 ‘ they were his Customers of five Years stan-
 ‘ ding; during all which Time, he had never
 ‘ taken any of their Money——But they had
 ‘ done him the Honour, to lean over his
 ‘ Counter, find Fault with every Thing he
 ‘ cou’d shew them; Exclaim, at his *fright-*
 ‘ *ful Prices*, and make it a Rule with them,
 ‘ *To bid Nothing*——He turn’d over his whole
 ‘ Variety of Cambricks; and had the unex-
 ‘ pected Good-Fortune, after the prettiest
 ‘ Doubtings, and Hesitations, in the World,
 ‘ to fix their Determination; for they pitch’d
 ‘ upon a particular Piece, about half an Hour
 ‘ past Seven, and order’d him to *cut off enough*
 ‘ *for a Tucker*.

‘ The worst of all This is, That these un-
 ‘ profitable *Wayward Visitors* keep Buying-
 ‘ Customers out of our Shops. ——Pray, Mr.
 ‘ PLAIN-DEALER, reprimand them, *for the*
 ‘ *Good of Trade*; and the Ease, and Deli-
 ‘ verance, of

Your afflicted Correspondent,

J. H.

S I R,

‘ **A** GREAT many useful Lectures were
 ‘ levell’d, heretofore, against the En-
 ‘ ormities of certain Fashions, which had
 ‘ taken

‘ taken Possession of the Female World. —
 ‘ The Reduction of the *Stays*. The Exal-
 ‘ tation of the *Petticoat* — and the Light-
 ‘ ness, and the Transparency of the *Modesty*
 ‘ *Peice*——(as that SEX had peceluiar Views,
 ‘ in each of these Modes) have been Topicks,
 ‘ for Admonition, and Stature.— The LADIES
 ‘ have even been told, That the obsolete Re-
 ‘ liques, of their Great-Grandmother’s Scare-
 ‘ crow Wardrobes, were less Fantastical than
 ‘ the *modern Whimsies*! But those wholesome
 ‘ Severities suffer’d the Comon Fate of such
 ‘ Good Purposes, *They diverted for a Week,*
 ‘ *and were forgotten.*

‘ ALL Arguments, which would be suc-
 ‘ cessful, must adapt themselves to the *Un-*
 ‘ *derstanding* of those in whom they expect to
 ‘ operate. — The WIT of a Woman is her
 ‘ *Dress*. To move genteely, is her JUDGMENT:
 ‘ And, to Govern herself, with full Freedom,
 ‘ is her BIRTH RIGHT, as an *English Sub-*
 ‘ *ject*; who renounces, and protests against,
 ‘ all absolute, and unlimited, Monarchy.

‘ BUT, pray, whisper (if you dare) to
 ‘ these pretty *Free-Thinkers*, That there is a
 ‘ a Country, in the World, call’d *Turkey*;
 ‘ where Women are secur’d against the Dan-
 ‘ ger of *Sun-burning*, by being kept out of
 ‘ the *open Air*, and lock’d up, like other
 ‘ *Jewels*, in Places where no *Mischief* can
 ‘ reach ’em. — A Side-Glance, once a Year,
 ‘ from a Window, or an imperfect Random-
 ‘ Shot, through the *Hedge* of a *Gauze Mus-*

‘ *fler*, is the utmost Danger a Man can be
 ‘ expos’d to, in those safe and silent Regions;
 ‘ where they have an unaccountable, savage,
 ‘ Notion, That *there is Temptation, in a Wo-*
 ‘ *man’s Eye, and that it is possible for a Pretty*
 ‘ *Fellow to stare himself into Fornication!*

‘ A LITTLE private *Rumination*, on such
 ‘ laudable Customs as These, may have In-
 ‘ fluence, perhaps, to moderate some of our
 ‘ Fine Ladies *well-bred Exorbitancies*. If
 ‘ not, we have at least this Remedy: It is
 ‘ but to *turn Turks*, and we new model our
 ‘ System of Government, with Regard to
 ‘ this *Female Freedom*. — Such a Revolution
 ‘ wou’d furnish Business, not at all disagree-
 ‘ able to

Your most humble Servant,

The Black EUNUCH,

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

‘ O RACLES have been deliver’d in
 ‘ Dreams, and I see no Reason why
 ‘ Truth may not be as well *nodded* over by
 ‘ us Moderns, as by the much more wake-
 ‘ ful Ancients. — Our Senses being too gross,
 ‘ and our Minds too much prejudic’d, to re-
 ‘ ceive Truth, for its own sake, it must ap-
 ‘ proach us *obliquely*; that, being couch’d
 ‘ under sensible Representations, it may be
 ‘ brought nearer to our View, and make its
 ‘ Way into our Apprehension.

‘ UPON

‘ UPON this Account, therefore, (not to
 ‘ keep you in Suspence any longer, least you
 ‘ may think me *dreaming already*) I have lent
 ‘ you my last Night’s Vision; which if it
 ‘ meets with your Approbation, may en-
 ‘ courage me to close my Eyes again; for I
 ‘ am, both *sleeping*, and *waking*,

Your constant Admirer,

EUGENIO.

“ AFTER having reflected on my Mi-
 “ stress, and on Marriage, I fell asleep,
 “ and found my self in a *Myrtle Grove*,
 “ where several *Ways* ran together into one
 “ Great Path, that led to the *Temple of Hy-*
 “ *men*. — The Flowers, most of which were
 “ *Violets*, and *bleeding Lovers*, exhal’d a deli-
 “ cious Odour: And the Birds, that warbled
 “ round me, help’d to fill the Scene with
 “ Transport.

“ I OBSERV’D Crowds of Travellers, pas-
 “ sing onward; but none, to my great Sur-
 “ prize, *repassing*. — Upon looking a little
 “ nearer, I discover’d Troops of flying Boys
 “ with Silver Wings, that hover’d before
 “ them, for their *Guides*. There were Per-
 “ sons of all Ranks, and of both Sexes.

“ I TOOK particular Notice of some, who
 “ tho’ they seem’d to make more Hasten than
 “ the rest, were, at the End, the farthest
 “ behind-hand. These, I heard, were call’d
 “ *Coquets*, in the Language of the Country.

“ They

“ They seem’d, to do nothing but sport, and
 “ flutter about; without gaining any Ground,
 “ or *desiring* to gain any.

“ THE next, I was told, were *Prudes*;
 “ And these had taken a Bye-Path, and
 “ mov’d onward, toward the Temple, very
 “ slowly; and, to all Appearance, unwillingly;
 “ with their Necks fantastically re-
 “ verted, and their Eyes looking back, upon
 “ the Country, they had newly pass’d through.
 “ Yet These were the First that came up;
 “ and flipt, silently into the Temple!

“ AMONG the Men, was a Troop, which
 “ seem’d compos’d of the most expert Tra-
 “ vellers. My Guide inform’d me, They
 “ were call’d *Hibernians*. They did many
 “ Things, I perceiv’d, very differently from
 “ the rest: For, while others led up but *one*
 “ Companion, to the Temple, these had several,
 “ in several Paths; and were the only
 “ Persons, who, after lodging *One*, went out
 “ again, to conduct *Another*.—It was easy to
 “ distinguish them, however mingled in the
 “ Crowd, by the *Shine* of a certain *Metal*,
 “ which had burnish’d their Cheeks, and Fore-
 “ heads, and cast a *Gleam*, like a *Corinthian*
 “ *Vizard*.

“ I WAS call’d off, by a confus’d Noise,
 “ at some Distance; and made toward it, as
 “ well as I cou’d; but found such an Al-
 “ teration in the Air, that I cou’d not stir one
 “ Step, without sneezing. This was a Troop
 “ of *Sword-Knots*, and *Cockades*, displaying
 “ a powerful

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“ a powerful Instrument, that glitter’d much,
“ and was call’d a *Snuff-Box*. The Scuffle
“ of Tongues was so great, that I staid not
“ long, among the *Pretty Gentlemen*, (for
“ that was the Name they went by) but
“ pass’d on, to a Part of the Grove, whence
“ there issued a delightful *Harmony*.

“ COMING thither, I observ’d a Number,
“ apart from the rest, with Harps in their
“ Hands, which they touch’d, with transpor-
“ ting Melody. Nine Goddesses were mix’d
“ among them: all most ravishingly beauti-
“ ful! These happy Gentlemen, I found,
“ were the Favourites of the Grove; but they
“ made no Haste to the Temple; rather
“ wandering up and down, and making *Sal-*
“ *lies* into every Path, with an Air of agree-
“ able Indifference.

“ I LEFT them, and came up with a Troop
“ of Clowdy, Haughty, and Erect, Movers,
“ distinguish’d by *peculiar Head-Pieces*, which,
“ at Distance, look’d like *Diadems*. All the
“ Female Travellers, they chanc’d to meet
“ with, receiv’d their Whispers with a kind
“ of Triumph; and listen’d to them with
“ more Rapture, than even to the Voices of
“ those *Divine Musicians*! — This Train was
“ under the Care of two Goddesses, whose
“ Names were *Insolence* and *Privilege*! I
“ was now within the Sight of the Temple;
“ but taking an Aversion, in my Sleep, to the
“ affected *Struttings* of this Company, I
“ wak’d fortunately out of my Dream, and
“ resolv’d to send it to the PLAIN-DEALER.

The



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*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt Oculis commissa fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit Spectator.* ————— HOR.

FRIDAY, January 1. 1725.

AN Evil Spirit had taken Possession of one of the Villages, in *Lapland*, and turn'd the Inhabitants into *Bears*: By which Means, being depriv'd of the *Discretion* of *Humane Creatures*, and unable to provide for *Themselves*; the King of the Country committed them to the *Keeping* of two or three of his *Beef-Eaters*; who took the Office, with no other Prospect, than to live at their Ease, on the *Perquisites* of it; and were consequently, more inclinable to provide Diet, to their *own* Taste, than to that of the *Metamorphos'd Animals*, which had been deliver'd into their Custody. — They had, however, so much Gratitude, for the Profit, accruing from their *Grant*, as to resolve, That the poor Creatures shou'd want nothing, that was *Strong* and *Savoury*: But they had not the

the Judgment, to consider, That a *Man*, when he becomes a *Bear*, requires a *coarser* Kind of Nourishment, than he was accustomed to, while a *Rational Creature*! — They gave 'em nothing to drink but *Brandy*; and fed 'em with *Cock-Broth*, and *Forc'd-Meats*; 'till they, All, grew giddy, and light-headed, and were taken with a dangerous *Vertigo*.

A *YOUNG* Shepherd, who had been brought up a little *wildly*; and, who, by living much among Beasts, had acquainted himself with the *Nature* of *Bears*, undertook to *Board* 'em *Cheaper*; and built, and open'd, to that End, a *New House of Entertainment*; where, for the same Rates which were paid his Rivals, he treated the Animals, in their own Way, with *raw Horse Flesh*, instead of *Ragousts*; and *Spring Water*, in the Place of *Brandy*. — The *Bears* were strangely delighted, at a Change, they were, so able to relish; and flock'd, in Transport, to their *New Ordinary*; where they grinn'd, and grew fat, upon a *Diet*, which was adapted to their Palates: So that, in a little Time, not a *Cub*, of any *Quality*, cou'd make a Meal, upon their *Old Commons*. And the poor Shepherd, who provided for them, *so judiciously*, had all their Custom, for the future, and became Richer, than the *King's own Bear-Wards*!

How

How such an odd Story as this came in my Way, I know not ; But I will leave it, as I found it: For I am in a Humour to talk of the *Theatres*.

THE *Royal Company of Comedians* differs from the *South-Sea-Company*, the *Bank*, and other *Acting Companies*, of this City, in this one Point, among more, That It has *Directors*, but no *Governour*.—It is certain, however, that those *Gentlemen*, whom they call their *Managers*, have had all possible Advantage on their Side. The Court-Authority, and Countenance, went with them. — The *Noble*, and the *Ignoble*, join'd in a long, and unreasonable Partiality, to support them, *without Rivals*; in direct Opposition to the Interest of their own Pleasure; which is, undoubtedly, best provided for, when *Rival Theatres* contend, which shall, most deserve Encouragement. — It is worth while, then to examine, how they *lost* this Advantage. And I take the Fact to be thus.

THE good Old *Patentee*, of the *New Theatre* died, under a Length of Oppression; and left his *Right*, and his *House*, to his *Son*; an Unfear'd, and Friendless Youth! of whom it might then have been said, as of *Chamont*, in the *Orphan*.

“ *His Hopes were all his Fortune!* ”

HE Open'd, against a Tide of *Prejudice*; and acted many Years, not only, without
Favour,

Favour, but almost without *Notice*, at least from the *Fashionable World*. — He try'd every *Reasonable Art of Pleasing*, without Success! — He reviv'd the best old *Old Plays*, and brought on several *New Ones*! but had, often the Mortification to oppose his own *Industry*, and the sublimest Scenes of *Shakespeare*, to the cold Encouragement of *Empty Boxes*! — What shou'd he do, in this Case? — The Torrent of Opinion was *against him*. Good *Sense*, and solid *Thinking*, were as Useless to him as his *Boxkeepers*! — At last, by a Quickness in his *Natural Wit*; and a Satyri-cal Sharpness in his *Observation*, He perceiv'd he had nothing to do, if he wou'd have the *Game* play'd into his Hands, but to lay aside his *Judgment*, and abandon Himself to his *Fancy*.

IN Pursuance of this lucky *Discovery*, He compos'd a *New Species of Entertainment*, which had an infinite deal of *Sense* in them; but it was only the *Sense* of *Seeing*. — It is scarce possible to conceive the *Ease*, which this Reformation of the Stage gave the Bulk of our *Genteel Audiences*! — They, cou'd, now, laugh out, without Restraint; for they were no longer in Danger of being *Merry, in the wrong Place*! They felt no Weight of *Words*, which had formerly lain heavy upon their *Understandings*: And, the Burden of their *Attention* being, so commodiously, *lighten'd*, they came, and saw, and were *satisfied*.

THE old *Managers* were indiscreet enough not only to *envy*, but to *imitate* him. — They made That their *Choice*, which, in their *Rival*, had been *Necessity*. But, attempting it, with inferior *Genius*, they appear'd so awkward, and ungraceful in it, that they *compell'd* their partial *Admirers* to take Notice, That they were *excell'd* — And, so taught 'em, from that Time forward, to believe it probable, That, since in *one* Point, they had, so manifestly, the *Disadvantage*, they might, in *Others* too, have been rather *Fortunate*, than so *Deserving*, as they had concluded them.

THUS, the *Young*, and *Oppress'd*, became a Match for the *Old* and *Prosperous*. — He has continued, ever since to maintain the Ground he won; 'till the Current is, now, turn'd, and dispos'd to *run*, in his *Favour*.

So far, his *Wit* has carried him. We are to look out for his *Judgment* hereafter. But, for my Part, I am of Opinion, That, when he shall have *toy'd* us into Good Humour enough to forgive him a little *Reason*, he will have Courage and Generosity, to restore the Stage to its Dignity; and exchange our *Fu-
leps* for *Substantial Diets*, as soon as our sick Stomachs shall have recover'd Strength enough to digest it. — There is scarce a surer *Proof*, That a Man has *Worth*, than the Respect, which he shews the *Worthy*: And I was delighted, the other Day, with the Praises, in which I heard it told, at an *Assembly*, That the
OLD

OLD BATCHELOR is, by this Gentleman's Voluntary Offer, to be acted, next *Monday*, at the *Theatre* in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, for the Benefit of so Learned a Benefactor to the Stage, as Mr. *DENNIS*.

UPON my expressing some Concern, That it was not rather a Play, of Mr. *Dennis's* own Writing, I was inform'd, That the Master of that *Theatre*, who sought all Opportunities of shewing his Esteem of so Excellent, and so Injur'd a Judge of Wit, and Learning, had left the *Choice* of the *Play* to Mr. *Dennis* himself; who had pitch'd upon the above-mention'd, because it was a Work of his old Friend Mr. *Congreve*. — I acknowledg'd the *Generosity* of the Master of the *Theatre*, and the *Modesty* of the Gentleman, whom he treats with so well-judg'd a Humanity: But I cou'd not avoid indulging a Fit of talkative *Spleen*, against that *Malice* or *Ignorance*, which has more than once, appear'd in the Discountenance of some Writings, from which the Name of Mr. *Dennis*, will, long, continue to receive Honour, after his *Body* shall be Dust and Ashes!

THE Stupidity which follows *Prejudice*, has made Thousands of his Cotemporaries insensible of his Great Merit, which, if they allow'd their Reason to examine it, they wou'd be charm'd by, and take a *Pride* to encourage. — The Terror with which young Writers have accusom'd themselves to hear, and to talk of, his *Austerity*, and of his Aversion

against *Scriblers*, has spread abroad a false Opinion, that he is *Ill-natur'd*, where he is only *impartial*: And, that he is an Enemy to *Wit* and *Learning*, while he is only such to the *Prophaners* of them.

It is pleasant to observe, to what a whimsical Degree this *Dread of Criticks* has been propagated; and how far down, into Low Life, we may trace the Effects of our Poet's mistaken Outcries, who, by giving their *Shepherds* the Name of *Wolves*, have taught the Clowns to set their Dogs upon 'em, and cut off the Defence of their own Fold. Honest Mr. *David Cook*, the ingenious *Bell-Man* of *Pye-Street-Corner*, is, I find, against the Opening of the *New Year*, under terrible Apprehensions, from the Impressions he has been fill'd with of the Dangers, all Good Works are expos'd to.

" Great Sirs! my Muse has You, her Guardians chose,

" Against the railing Malice of her Foes;

" For, she perceives, these well-meant Lines must bear

" The CRITICK's Censures, who will Nothing spare!

I WAS visiting, where one of honest Mr. Cook's GREAT SIRs ask'd him, *Why he was afraid of Criticks?* and was much edified by his Answer — One Mr. Pope, Sir, an ingenious Member, of OUR Fraternity, knows much, of these Matters; and has said it, in Print, That

" Criticks proceed, without the least Remorse,

" Seize on our Fame, and put their Laws in Force."

THO'

THO' I smil'd at the *Turn* of this Reason for the Fears of so safe a Muse as Mr. Cook's, yet I can't help wishing, that no great Writer had ever allow'd himself to join the common Cry against Criticks. — If the Poets have *no Art*, they are a Race of Contemptible Triflers! and if they have *Art*, they have *Criticism*. — Whoever is a good *Poet*, is, and must be, *Himself*, a *Critick*. — To be afraid of a *Judge*, is the Mark of a *criminal Conscience*. — But the severe, and manly, Censures, which are peculiar to Mr. Dennis's Writings, have encreas'd the Number of his Enemies, by a piercing *Sharpness*, which they carry with them? Such Arguers, if they had liv'd with *Cato*, wou'd have made War upon that *noble Plainness*, which distinguish'd, and supported, his Character: And refus'd the Reverence, due to his *Vertues*, because His *Manners* were not supple enough, to fall in with their Notions of *Politeness*.

THE best Way to become acquainted with a Writer is, to look for him in his Writings: — His *Soul*, which is his Noblest *Self*, lives there, and is, there *discovered*. — How often have I remember'd (with Pain, for the Infamy it must, one Day bring us) That the most generous, and extensive Design, that ever was conceived by Man, with Relation to the *Groundwork* of *Criticism*, in *Poetry*, was once, undertaken, by this Gentleman,

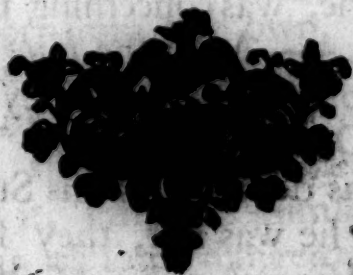
and a Subscription for it propos'd, upon the most moderate Terms, with so disproportion'd a Success, that after a Year or two's fruitless Application, he publish'd a *Specimen* of his intended Work, with an Apology for not proceeding in it: Because, after so long a Trial, he had been able to procure no more than *Seventy or Eighty Subscribers*, whose *NAMES* he printed, to their Glory! For, they will be read, an Age or two hence, with a Veneration, not unlike That, with which the *Athenians* engrav'd those of the *Three Hundred Patriot Greeks*, who defended the Streight of *Thermopylæ*, against the Fury of the *Persian Army*. — So, wou'd those *Noble Few* have defended the Honour of their Country's *Judgment*, against an Inundation, of *Ignorance* and *Presumption*.

WHAT will make this Fact more wonder'd at, is, — That it happen'd at a Time, when a boundless Profusion of Encouragement was pour'd out, upon all Pretensions, but Those of *Learning*, and of *Modesty*! — But it will not, I hope, be *believ'd*, That the *Tragedy* of *APPIUS* and *VIRGINIA* was acted, Three or Four Times, and *forgotten*, in spite of those powerful Passions, and strong Pictures of transported Nature, which it every where abounds with: Or, that *Shakespear's CORIOLANUS* cou'd be alter'd, by such a Hand as Mr. *Dennis's*, and so strikingly, to its Advantage, and yet brought on, without Success, where *Shakespear's RICHARD*
THE

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THE THIRD, rack'd, and mutilated, by a barbarous *Player*, ran into Fame, and Applause, and drew Audiences, every Season!

BUT I can never expect Room, in such a Paper as the PLAIN DEALER, to touch the Merits of this Gentleman's Writings, for whose Benefit, as above, the Play of *Monday* next, is to be acted: And, who, now, descending apace into the *Vale of Years*, ought to find his Way made smother for him; and lose Sight of these malignant Enmities, which his stronger Days have grappled with. There can be no-body, who is a Friend, either to Learning, or Humanity, and who has his Heart in the right Place, but must feel a generous Delight, in being *present*, for *His Benefit*, whose whole Life has been taken up, with *Essays*, for the *Benefit of Others*.—The *Brave* and the *Beautiful*, will agree, in a Resolution, to Shine out, upon this Occasion, where They will be known to *appear in the Cause of Wisdom*: And, where, to be *seen*, is to be *honour'd*, *Themselves*, for doing Honour to *unrewarded Excellence*.





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*Numquam adeoque pudendis
Utimur exemplis, ut non pejora supersint.* JUV.

MONDAY, *January* 4. 1725.

I HAVE somewhere, met with a Story of one of the ancient Princes, of the *East*, I think, it was ANTIOCHUS. — He was hunting, and lost his Followers; and Night coming on, after a tedious Wandering, over Heaths, and Forests he came at last, to a little Cottage, where the Poor People were at Supper, and entertain'd him, very chearfully, as a Traveller, who had lost his way. The chief Subject of their Discourse, was concerning the *King*, and his *Ministers*. — As for the *King himself*, they accus'd him of *no Vices*. — They spoke of him with much Duty; and agreed, That he *meant well*, and was desirous of his Subject's Happiness: But he was not, they said, so absolutely, the *Monarch* of his *Ministers*, as of his People: Submitting his own Sense of Affairs, and

and the Authority of his Determinations, to Men of less Vertue, and Understanding, than Himself; and giving Way to Ease, and Indolence, while he devol'd the Power of his Office, on Wretches, whose Hearts were too narrow, and their Passions too violent, to deserve any Government at all; much less That of a *Kingdom*!

THE King said little to all This; but laid it up, for his Use, and Benefit: And, in the Morning, when his Guards, and the Great Men, of his Court, having follow'd the Track of his Horse, were come to him, at the Cottage, he receiv'd them with this Declaration. — *You are mistaken, if you suppose, I have been, all Night, out of my Way. — I have sat in Counsel, with an Assembly of the only Honest, and faithful Advisers, I met with, since I became your Sovereign. Nor did I ever hear a Word, of the True Condition of my Affairs before I learnt it, in this Cottage.*

THE Condition of a Nation, where *Missions* have their Prince in *Pupilage*, is so vastly the *Reverse* of *Ours*, That a Discourse, on such a Subject must be forc'd to draw *Examples*, (either from the Histories of Foreign Countries, or from our own, remov'd, far backward. — But, as the Blessing of a perfect *Health* is never better understood, and valued, than while he who is so happy as to enjoy it, employs himself in reading the *Symptoms*, of some dangerous, and dreadful *Disease*, so the Comfort, which we, *Free*

Britons must receive, from a Comparison, of our *own Happiness*, with the *Misery of Others*, is an Argument, which convinces me, that no Theme deserves, more justly, the Consideration of a PLAIN DEALER.

I WILL venture to lay it down, as a *Maxim*, That, where the Soul of a *Minister* is not *Great* enough, to *overlook*, and forgive, and to drown all *Personal Regards*, in the Ocean of his *Publick Cares*, let his other *Vertues*, and good *Qualities*, be never so numerous, and so shining, he will confound his Prince's Interest, with his own private *Re- sentiments*. Instead of *healing Divisions*, he will *inflame* them; and, by a Thousand passionate *Extravagancies*, draw upon himself a Universal *Hatred*; and upon his Sovereign, a *Contempt*, that is the most dangerous of all Motives to Sedition; and, what wise Princes have been careful to guard themselves against, by a *Spirit*, and *Activity*, which, even where they have not been *lov'd*, serv'd, at least, to make them *fear'd*; which is the *next* sure Anchor of *Obedience*.

THE Best of Princes have had their *Favourites*: But, it is the easiest Thing in the World to distinguish the MINION from the MINISTER. The MINISTER is his Prince's Instrument; The MINION makes an Instrument of his Prince—Under a MINISTER, the common Themes, of all publick Conversation, are his Great Designs, for the Ornament, or the Interest of the Kingdom—

Bene-

Benevolence, Mercy, Wisdom, *Generosity*, and *Magnificence*, flow down upon the People, in a Current of new Laws, and Benefits. — On the contrary, under a MINION, nothing is talk'd of, but his Subtlety, his Malice, and his Avarice! — Little Weathercock *Artifices*, and temporary *Shifts*, and *Expedients*, stand in Place of a steady Policy, and a manly Course of *Equanimity*. — *Oppression*, *Pride*, *Suspicion*, *Faction*, *Bitterness*, and *Partiality*, are the Products of his Influence: And the *Law*, which shou'd be the Measure of his Rule, is the Nose of Wax, to his Ambition! — The MINISTER takes Delight to inquire out Men of *Learning*, or of *Vertue*, that his *Bounty* may raise them high enough to shine, like Stars, upon his Administration! — The MINION hates *Discernment*, because he knows himself unfit to be look'd into; and, therefore, appropriates Rewards, and Preferments, to the *Mercenary*, and the *Ignorant*. — In short, the MINISTER is *wise*; But the MINION is only *cunning*.

It is finely observ'd by *Aristotle*, in his Discourse concerning Government, “ That
 “ *Monarchy*, when its Power is wisely divi-
 “ ded, among *distinct Counsels*, none en-
 “ croaching on the other's Boundaries, draws
 “ into it self all Advantages, which are at-
 “ tainable by any of the *Common-Wealth*
 “ *Systems*: But, is in nothing so weak, and
 “ unstable, as in the Folly of partial Kings,
 “ who, ruling by their *Passion*, instead of
 “ their

“ their *Reason*, remove Truth out of their
 “ hearing, and submit their Will to the
 “ Guidance of some *one, sole, Director* ;
 “ neither examining Things, *Themselves*, nor
 “ allowing *Others* to examine them.

SUCH a *Political Monster* of a MINION,
 we read of, in the *Annals of France*, “ In
 “ the Year Nine Hundred and Nineteen,
 “ (says the Author, in his Second Book)
 “ *Charles* liv'd, as it were, alone, in *Soissons* ;
 “ despis'd, and forsaken, by his *Peers*, on
 “ Account of one *HAGANON*, of *Laon* ;
 “ a Man, of *vulgar Extraction* ; but who
 “ was, solely, trusted with the *King's Secrets* ;
 “ and without whose Concurrence, no Mat-
 “ ter of Importance, cou'd be done, either
 “ in the Court, or in the Kingdom. But
 “ the Credit of this *New Upstart* was
 “ the Cause of the King's Ruin ; for
 “ the Great Men resolv'd, at last, no
 “ longer to endure, that such a base Scoun-
 “ drel shou'd be exalted, over the Heads of
 “ the whole *Nobility*.

HAGI-FUSOUF, a Governor of *Arabia*,
 under the Reign of *Caliph Abdulmelec*, met
 with a Stroke of unexpected *Satyre*, which
 gives a lively Representation of the General
Odium, these busie MINIONS are always de-
 stin'd to live under. — He was hated for his
 Cruelty, and Exactions ; but carried, never-
 theless, an *Outside* of Charity and Religion.
 He

He met a *Dervis*, one Day, in the Street; and, having stop't, to give him Alms, recommended himself to his *Prayers*. — The *Dervis*, lifting up his Eyes, to Heaven, cry'd out, with a loud Voice, *Take him from us, O Great God! Take him from us, I beseech Thee!* — *Hagi-Jusouf* was not satisfied with the Turn of this Prayer; and began to murmur at the *Dervis*: But the *Holy Plain Dealer* replied, with great Earnestness and Humility, — *It is good for you. and for All the Mussulmans.*

THE Truth is, there is an unavoidable Necessity, that Princes shou'd be assisted by such Subjects as they think fit to Favour: But it is happy, where the Master has *Spirit*, and the Servant *Moderation*: For, in that Case, the Mischief will be either prevented, or corrected, before its Progress is become considerable.—Opinion, and the Obstinacy of Reasoning, have made a mighty Noise in the World, concerning the Differences between *Arbitrary* and *Limited* Government: But, in the Nature of Things, there is neither *Absolute Power* nor *Freedom*; taking them in their full Sense.—Every *Whale* has its *little leading Fish*, and follows it, with a Kind of unweildy Obsequiousness! This, in the *Sea*, has been thought a Wonder, but few Things, on *Land*, are more usual, and familiar.—The most terrible, of the *State Leviathans*, have been manag'd, and led along, by a *Wife*, a *Mistress*,
a Fa-

a *Favourite*, or some other such *diminutive Pilot*: So that in an unlimited Signification, there is no such Thing as *Monarchy*.

THE *Grand Signior* it is true, can cause any of his Subjects to be *Strangled*, without assigning other Reasons for it, than his *Imperial Will, and Pleasure*. But, how seldom is this done, at his *own mere Motion*; and how often, at that of his *Vizier's*, and tyrannick *Minions*? — *I my self*, (says a Writer of the last Age) *have known some Sovereigns, so far Strangers to what was convenient, that they wou'd scarce grant, or deny, any Thing, out of the Presence of their Secretary.*

THERE is but one *Consolation*, which can give Men *Patience*, while they are *suffering*, under the Insolence of such Upstart Tyrants: And that is, their reasonable Hope, that they shall live to see the *Punishment*, when the *Guilt* is ripe enough for Vengeance — It is long, before a Prince can break out of the obscuring Mist, which an Evil Counsellor will conjure up, and involve him in — But, when by Accident, or Reflection, he comes, at length, to clear his Eye-sight, and see Things, in their proper Colours, the *Minion*, then first, becomes a *Benefit* to the People he has injur'd; for he leaves them a Protection, in the Example of his Fall, which may guard them, in Times to come, against the Malice of a New Oppressor.

THE last Emperor of *China*, was one of the greatest Monarchs, of his Age, and for nothing more celebrated, than the Vigour, and Strictness, of his *Justice*: But he was warm, in his Pursuits of *Pleasure*, and impatient of Interruption, when his Mind was intent upon it. — The *Viceroy* of one of the Provinces, of that vast Empire that lay most remote from the Imperial City, had wrongfully confiscated the Estate of an honest Merchant, and reduc'd his Family to the extremest Misery. — The poor Man found means to travel as far as to the Emperor's Court, and carried back with him a Letter to the *Viceroy*, commanding him to *restore* the Goods, which he had taken, so illegally.

FAR from obeying this Command, the *Viceroy* put the Merchant in Prison; but he had the good Fortune to escape, and went, once more, to the *Capital*, where he cast himself at the Emperor's Feet, who treated him with much Humanity, and gave Orders, that he should have *another Letter*. The Merchant wept, at this Resolution, and represented how ineffectual the First had prov'd; and the Reasons he had to fear, that the Second wou'd be as little regarded.

THE Emperor, who had been stop't, by this Complaint, as he was going, with much Haste, to Dine in the Apartment of a Favourite Lady, grew a little discompos'd, and answer'd, with some Emotion — *I can do no more than send my Commands: And, if he refuses*

refuses to obey them, put thy Foot upon his Neck.

— I implore your Majesty's Compassion, reply'd the Merchant, holding fast the Emperor's Robe, his *Power* is too mighty for my *Weakness*: And your *Justice* prescribes a *Remedy*, which your *Wisdom* has never examin'd.

THE Emperor had, by this Time, recollected himself; and raising the Merchant from the Ground, said, *You are in the Right* — *To complain of him was your Part, but it is mine to see him punish'd.* — *I will appoint Commissioners, to go back with you, and make search into the Grounds of his Proceeding; with Power, if they find him guilty, to deliver him into your Hands, and leave you Viceroy, in his stead.* — *For, Since you have taught me how to Govern, You must be able to Govern for me.*





The Plain Dealer. No 84.

Curæ leves loquuntur — SENECA. H. I. P.

FRIDAY, January 8. 1725.

MANY Writers, besides the Author of my *Motto*, have observ'd, That the *Lightest Grievs speak loudest*! And, it is doubtful, whether there wou'd arise most Occasion for *Mirth*, or *Pity*, cou'd we see, at one View, the numberleis Variety of little Accidents, which are magnified into *Miseries*, by the Impatience, with which we kindle ourselves, upon every unwelcome *Trifle*, that runs counter to our Wish, or Humour; or squares not exactly with our *Interest*.

If People cou'd divest themselves of the Prejudices of *Self-Love*, half the Vexations, which imbitter Life, and rob Good-Fortune of its Tranquility, wou'd be found to owe their Existence either to our *Pride*, or our *Avarice*. But I am afraid, I shall touch this Subject, with very little Effect; because I have a Thousand Times, observed, That there is a *healing Quality* in *Vanity*, which cures the Wounds

Wounds of good Cōunfel. Lady *Low-taste* finds *SENECA* so dull, where he lays open a *sordid Heart*, and *shames* it, by a Comparison with the noble Loveliness of *Generosity*, That she can neither *relish*, nor *support* him, but falls *asleep*, over his Philosophy, as the readiest Way to be even with him! — Yet, who so lively in her Attention, and so transported an Admirer of *this very Seneca*, where he happens to speak *kindly*, of any Vertue, she is conscious of, in *herself*; or *severely*, of of any Vice, which she can charge upon Her *Acquaintance*! — There are *Two Ends* to the Glafs, thro' which we look into ourselves, and others. One *contracts* Objects; and one *enlarges* them: And, it is the pleasantest Observation in the World, to remark, how kindly *Nature* has instructed the filliest, and blindest, of both Sexes, to apply either End of this *Perspective*, so as to answer their particular Purpose, with as much Readiness, and Sagacity, as if their *Wit*, were no less than it *shou'd* be.

I AM overwhelm'd with Letters of Complaint, against *Fate*, *Ill-Luck*, *Blind Fortune*, and the whole Train of *malevolent Chimera's*, under whose Shadow it is usual to hide the Effects of our own Miscarriages. — *Arietta*, a brown Coquette, in her Five and Fortieth Year of Fluttering, has fill'd Three Pages of an angry *Epistle*, *Falsehood*, *Traitor*, and *Inconstancy*, against a Cousin of *Ned Volatile's*, who lov'd her Four Months, and a Week,
and

and then visited her no more, upon a private *Intelligence* from *Mrs. Lucy*, that his Name was down, in her *Lady's List*, as the Nine and Fiftieth, of her *absolute Conquests*!

WHAT shall we say to these insupportable Misfortunes? They must be submitted to, with as much Resignation as the Nature of them will bear: And, for what remains, I can do no more than provide a little Comfort for such *afflicted Vertue*, by a Proof, That there are Others, almost equally *wretched*! — If, therefore, *Arietta* will let me know what Part of the Town she shines in, I will wait on her, the Day after, and apply a Letter to her wounded Heart, which I receiv'd from a Druggist's Wife, in the City, who had *Three-score Tickets*, in the last Lottery, and was so *strangely Unfortunate*, that she clear'd but about *Two Hundred Pound*, over and above her whole Adventure, tho' an *ordinary Creature*, over-against her, that had but Three Tickets, in the Wheel, cou'd have Two of 'em come out *such Prizes*, that she sets up, *truly*, for a *Fortune*!

THE following Letter, I am afraid, must be number'd amongst the *Curæ leves*; tho' there is an Air of Concern, and Sincerity, in it, which perswades me, That the Author is, in good Earnest, at a Loss, how he shou'd act, in the Business he writes about.

Q

Fleet-

Fleet-street, Decem. 16. 1724.

Dear S I R,

‘ I CONTRACTED a strict Friendship,
 ‘ with a Gentleman : And we liv’d toge-
 ‘ ther for some Time ; during which he fell
 ‘ in Love with a Young Lady, between
 ‘ whose *Body*, and *Mind*, there seems to be a
 ‘ perpetual War, which of the Two, shall
 ‘ appear *most beautiful* ! — But she was *pro-*
 ‘ *mis’d*, by her Relations, to one, whose *For-*
 ‘ *tune* is much Superior to my Friends.—Yet,
 ‘ he had frequent Opportunity of *Discover-*
 ‘ *ing* his *Passion*, but wanted Courage to
 ‘ *declare*, what he, as much wanted Power to
 ‘ *conceal*, and, so, was forc’d, in Search of
 ‘ *Rest*, to retire into the Country.

‘ BUT Absence, instead of lessening, in-
 ‘ flam’d, and rivetted, his Anguish.—He re-
 ‘ turn’d to me, in great Disorder ; and deli-
 ‘ vering a Letter into my Hands, press’d me,
 ‘ with the most moving Words, and Gestures,
 ‘ to convey it, privately, to the Lady’s.

‘ NOW, Sir, you must not start, when I
 ‘ ask you this Question,—*Whether I ought to*
 ‘ *deliver it* ? The Difficulty lies here—I know,
 ‘ her Relations have a particular Aversion to
 ‘ this Gentleman.—And they are Persons, to
 ‘ whom I owe a Thousand Benefits, and
 ‘ Obligations. — My *Friendship* is dear to my
 ‘ *Soul*, — and my *Gratitude* is due to my
 ‘ *Honour*. I wou’d not appear to betray Those
 ‘ who

‘ who have so strong a Claim to my *Sincerity*.—On the other hand, I was tender of shocking the Delicacy, and Refinement, of a Passion, so sacred as our *Friendship*. Love is rash, and distrustful; takes Alarm at every Trifle; and judges hastily, and without Reason. He wou’d conclude, if I *refus’d him*, That his Peace, and Interest, are of no Weight with me. — Wou’d he had thought of *another Means* of conveying his Letter to the Lady!—But, now, shou’d I advise him to it, it wou’d look like Coldness in his Cause; and his Imagination wou’d take Fire, with so many false Apprehensions, That he cou’d never preserve *Temper*, to consider, That he has push’d me, where there is no Necessity for it, on the surest Step by which I can incur the Hatred, and the Reproaches, of a Family, to which I am indebted, for almost every Thing, that Fortune favours me in!

‘ IN this Struggle, between the Duties of *Friendship*, and of *Gratitude*, I can come to no Resolution. I have Friends enough, on whose Advice, in other Things, I set a very considerable Value: But, there is no Opinion, I wou’d follow so soon, in a Point of this *Niceness*, as that of the PLAIN-DEALER. It is the first Request I have ever made to you; and, I hope, you will not refuse your Answer.—When I tell him whose Determination I act by, I am sure, it will satisfy him: And, if you *deny* me, the Prejudice

‘ may be Infinite.—Let me have but a single
 ‘ *Paragraph*, to direct me: Or, if that be
 ‘ too much, give me a *Yes*, or a *No*, at the
 ‘ Bottom of One of your *Papers*; and it shall
 ‘ be enough, for one of your sincerest Admi-
 ‘ rers,

B—— B——.

‘ M E T H I N K S the Difficulty, in this Case, is not so great, as the *lively Painting* which describes it, makes it appear, upon a first View. — Since the Lover is so worthy of the Lady, (if he had no other Means of reaching, or being recommended to her, but thro’ the Hands of *This Friend*) my Correspondent, without all Doubt, wou’d have stood bound to deliver the Letter; and try the utmost of his Influence, to render it successful: And the rather, because *Interest* only, and not *Merit*, seems to have recommended the *Rival*. — But, since it is so easy to find other Means, as effectual; and the Favours, receiv’d by my Correspondent, from the Lady’s Family, are strong Motives against his Friend’s employing him, where there is no visible Necessity, that confines the Choice to *him only*, he appears, to me, a little *mistaken*, when he strips *Friendship* of that generous *Freedom*, without which, it can never subsist; and punishes himself with such inward Conflicts, in Support of a *Delicacy*; which, tho’ it *beautifies* the Face of *Friendship*, is rather the *Dress*, than the *Body*, of it.

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OF all human Passions, this, of *Friendship*, is the most refin'd, and I might, almost, say too, the most *ardent*. But I wou'd be understood to speak of the *Thing*: For the *Word* is much more common, and less powerful.—Most People, when they say *Friend*, mean *Companion*, or *Acquaintance*. But, alas! what infinite Difference! — How Few can distinguish between *Friendship*, (which is a Parity of Souls) and *Affection*, which is a Claim of Blood; or a Tye of mutual Interests; or an Agreement, of Hopes, or Fears, or Principles, or Humours; or any of these mistaken *Fellowships*, which are *Parts* of *Friendship*, but *not Friendship*.

I SAID, it was the most *refin'd*, of all our Passions: And it is *so*, from its Dis-interestedness, its Nobleness, and its Exemption from all *Earthly* Motives. It is a *strugling* of the conscious *Soul*, to enlarge her *Limits*, in the *Body*, and exert herself, in generous *Sallies*, into the *Purlieus* of *Immortality*! — It is, indeed, a *Desire*; but, it is such a *Desire*, as the *Angels* burn with! — It is an Exaltation of the *Human* Nature, by a powerful Mixture of the *Divine*: And serves to give us an Ideal Foretaste of our *Business*, when we shall have out-sail'd *Time*, and launch'd into *Eternity*!

I had a Friend, says our immortal *Dryden*, in some, or other, of his Tragedies; — I forget the particular *Place*, but must, always, remember the Beautiful Description!

I had a Friend, that lov'd me: —

I was his Soul: He liv'd not, but in me:

We were so lost, within each other's Breast,

That neither found himself, but in the other.

We mix'd, like meeting Streams, that flow, together!

All knew us different, yet perceiv'd us one;

Nor cou'd again divide us!

BUT I am entering on a Subject, which shou'd I do more, than barely *touch* it, wou'd carry me away with it, into a Length, in which I might *lose my self*, and my Reader: And the best Way I can find, to prevent it, will be to put an End to this *Day's Paper*, with two Excellent *Stanza's*, from *Spencer*, which are very strong, and elegant, upon the Subject,

Hard is the Doubt, and Difficult, to deem,

When All Three Kinds of Love, at once, contend,

'And cleave the labouring Heart, with wild Extream,

Which, with most Power, the stubborn Will can bend!

Or dear Affection, which from BLOOD descends?

Or raging Fire of LOVE, to Womankind?

Or that sweet Tye of Souls, that fastens FRIENDS?

Yet, sure! the Knot, that joins the fellow'd Mind,

Shou'd the associate Heart, with strictest Union, bind!

The Love of Kindred soon will feel Decay,

And shrink, or melt, in CUPID's scorching Flame:

But firmer Friendship bears its fiercest Ray,

And, bright'ning, in the Proof, its Rage can tame:

Inviting Trial, and despising Blame,

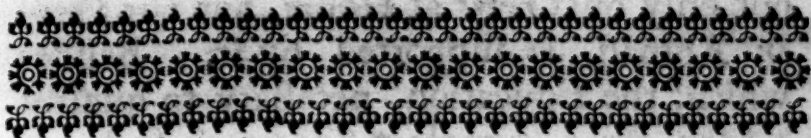
For, as the Soul inspires our moving Clay,

'And gives the Body every AE, and Aim,

So, the Soul's LOVE does Love of Bodies pass,

Far, as the ripen'd Gold surmounts the cank'ry Brass?

The



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*Gratum est quod patriæ Civem, populoque dedisti,
Si facis ut Patriæ sit idoneus, utilis agris,
Utilis, & bellorum & pacis rebus agendis. Juv.*

MONDAY, *January* 11. 1725.

To the AUTHOR *of the* PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ HAVING lately met with an Op-
 ‘ portunity of looking back, upon a
 ‘ Compleat *SET* of your PLAIN DEALERS,
 ‘ the last Paragraph, in your *Paper* of *Mon-*
 ‘ *day*, the 9th of *November*, puts me upon
 ‘ asking, Whether it would not be worth
 ‘ while, to bestow an *Essay* to shew the
 ‘ *Honour*, as well as the *Profit* of *TRADE*;
 ‘ in order to remove that mistaken Motion,
 ‘ which possesses the Minds of the *Indolent*,
 ‘ and *Unthinking*, Part of our Nobility and
 ‘ Gentry, *That by engaging in TRADE they*
 ‘ *degrade themselves?*

Q 4

‘ You

‘ You will easily prove the *contrary*, since
 ‘ not only our *Credit* at Home, but our *Pow-*
 ‘ *er* Abroad, is supported by it. Besides
 ‘ which, the Education, necessary to qualify
 ‘ a Man for a compleat *Trader*, is such, as
 ‘ becomes a Gentleman of the first Rank.
 ‘ For he should be a Proficient in *Languages*,
 ‘ *History*, *Geography*, and *Mathematicks*:
 ‘ And, in order to be Master of the Improve-
 ‘ ments, which may be made, in every Soil,
 ‘ and Climate, he should know something of
 ‘ *Natural Philosophy*. — He ought to be ac-
 ‘ quainted with the *Policy* and *Government*,
 ‘ of all Nations: And, though he does not
 ‘ immediately concern himself in the Ma-
 ‘ nagement of *State Affairs*, yet he should be
 ‘ *qualified* for a *PRIME MINISTER*.

‘ OUR Youth of *Title* and *Gaiety*, are
 ‘ generally taken with the Character of a
 ‘ *SOLDIER*; and it must be allowed, a
 ‘ *Noble Employment*, — Especially, when as-
 ‘ sumed in the Defence of our Country. But
 ‘ then, it may be remembred, That the Art
 ‘ of *War*, was introduced thro’ the *Corruption*
 ‘ of Mankind, and is always attended with
 ‘ *Ruin* and *Desolation*.

‘ OTHERS, who would appear more polite
 ‘ than their Neighbours, breed up their Sons
 ‘ to practice the *LAW*, — but I am sorry to
 ‘ say, that *This*, considered as a *Profession*, is
 ‘ is attended with Consequents, as Fatal to
 ‘ Families, as *That* is to Nations. — For,
 ‘ though

‘ though our *Seats* of *Justice* are filled with
 ‘ Men, from whom we may expect All, that
 ‘ is equal and just; yet by the *Turns*, and
 ‘ *Managements*, of the inferiour Practicers in
 ‘ those Courts, our Approach to Them, is
 ‘ made so *Intricate* and *Expensive*, that they
 ‘ who are obliged to sue for their own Right,
 ‘ in the common Forms, are frequently *un-*
 ‘ *done*, even though they obtain the *Verdict*,
 ‘ in their *Favour*.

‘ THUS the Properties of the People are
 ‘ render’d precarious, and many Difficulties
 ‘ are put upon them, in their Pursuit of
 ‘ *Justice*, by those, who pervert the true *In-*
 ‘ *tention* of the *Law*; and make That a dark
 ‘ *Mystery*, which being the Rule of every
 ‘ Man’s Actions, *should lie open, and plain to*
 ‘ *his Understanding*.

‘ AND, here, I cannot help mentioning a
 ‘ Thing, which, though it seems but a Tri-
 ‘ fle, much be allowed to look like a very
 ‘ unreasonable Hardship. — The Manner of
 ‘ making out, and serving a *Subpœna* in
 ‘ *Chancery*! — This is a small Slip of
 ‘ Parchment, roll’d up, in a Lump of Wax,
 ‘ and may chance to be serv’d, in the Coun-
 ‘ try, upon a Person, who can hardly read
 ‘ the plainest *English*: — When it comes to
 ‘ his Hands, perhaps, at first, he is *affraid to*
 ‘ *break it open*; but, if he proves *hardy* enough
 ‘ to do that, he is not one Jot the wiser;
 ‘ for it is wrote in *Barbarous Latin*, with odd
 ‘ unintelligible, *Abbreviations*; and, in a
 ‘ Hand,

‘ Hand, more resembling a Set of *Hieroglyphicks*, than the Letters of a *Christian Alphabet*.

‘ THE poor Man, thinking no Harm, lays it by, till his Convenience serves him, to get it *explained*, by the first *Great Scholar* he happens to meet with. But, in the mean Time, upon this Delay, out comes an *Attachment*, and so on, to a *Writ of Rebellion*; for no other Reason than that a Man who was bred to understand nothing but *Husbandry*, could not decypher a *Summons*, served upon him, in a *Language* he never heard of, and a *Character*, which the Parson of the Parish, might himself, have been equally puzzled by !

‘ THERE are many other Proceedings in the *Law*, of a like Nature, which if truly considered, have methinks, but an *odd Appearance*, in a Country of so much *boasted Liberty*. — But if, while we censure, what seems thus unreasonable, in the Method of some of our *Law-Practices*, it should be alledged, That, Notwithstanding all this, it has produced many Great, and Useful Men, *I allow it*, — only it may be worth considering, Whether we have not more Reason to be *ashamed we stand in need of them*, than to boast that we *have them*. And I will ask this plain Question, If that would not be esteemed a *happier Climate*, where there is no Need of *Physicians*, than where the Uncertainty, or Unwholesomeness

' nefs of the Air has encourag'd ſo many of
' them to ſettle, that you are ſure of finding
' a Good One in every Street ?

' I BEG Pardon for this Digreſſion ; but I
' was led into it by mentioning the *Law* as a
' *Profefſion*, compared with that of the *Mer-*
' *chant*, in order to engage your more able
' Pen to ſhow, at large, how much *One* is
' preferable to the *other* ; as well with re-
' ſpect to the *Honour*, as the *Uſefulneſs*, that
' attends it — ſince All, who raiſe their For-
' tunes meerly by the Practice of the *Law*,
' or the Succeſs of the *Sword*, muſt neceſſa-
' rily do it upon the *Ruin* of *Families* and
' *Nations* : Whereas the Generous *TRADER*,
' while he enriches *himſelf*, is ſpreading Be-
' nefits to all about him : From whence we
' may infer, That *This* is the Employment,
' moſt agreeable to the *Original Deſign* of our
' *Beings*, which was, not to *deſtroy*, but to
' *comfort*, and *cheriſh* each other.

' *MOSES* was a great *Lawgiver*, and
' *David* was a *Warriour* : But *SOLOMON*,
' whom *GOD* was pleaſed to honour, with
' ſtill ſublimer Marks of his Favour, and to
' whom He gave the *wiſeſt*, and moſt *Under-*
' *ſtanding Heart* ; — So that there was none
' like him, *BEFORE*, neither ſhould *Any* riſe,
' *AFTER*, like unto him. This *Solomon*, the
' Greateſt King, the Chosen People of *GOD*
' ever had ! was a *MERCHANT* ; and ſent
' Fleets, by way of the *Red Sea*, to bring
' home *Gold*, from the *East Indies* : And
' what

‘ what *Noble Monuments* did this Prince leave
 ‘ behind him of his *Wisdom* and his *Grandeur* :

‘ BUT we have a living Example in the
 ‘ *CZAR*, a Prince, who has done more for
 ‘ the Advantage of his Country, and his
 ‘ own Glory, by encouraing *Arts and Sciences*,
 ‘ and improving every Branch of *Trade*, in
 ‘ his Dominions, than by all the *Battles* he
 ‘ has ever fought. — In fine, *who* has not
 ‘ observ’d, That *our own most Gracious*
 ‘ *SOVEREIGN*, at the opening this present
 ‘ Session of *Parliament*, recommended from
 ‘ the Throne, *the Encouragement of TRADE*,
 ‘ and *NAVIGATION*, as *the great Means*,
 ‘ to Support, and Establish us.

‘ IF you think any of these Hints can be
 ‘ of Service to the Publick, you may use
 ‘ them as you please.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

Jan. 5th 1725.

PATRICIUS.

I AM perfectly in the Sentiments of the
 Ingenious Gentleman, who sent me the fore-
 going Letter ; — But, the Subject which he
 has recommended, can never hope to succeed
 better, than under the Care of so able a
 Hand, as his own : And, for that Reason, I
 am very desirous of the Continuance of his
 Correspondence.

THE

THE Opinion, That *Merchandizing debases Blood*, is a Folly, worthy only of the *Tribe*, to whom this Gentleman imputes it. — It is a Truth, too well known, that the *INDOLENT* and *UNTHINKING*, *Part*, of our *Nobility* and *Gentry*, is a very *large Part* of them: But (Heaven be prais'd!) not at all a *considerable One*. — They are a Race of *pleasant Creatures*, who had the Honour to be born, for their *own Ease*; but for the *Entertainment* of other People. — They put me in mind of the Innkeeper in the *STRATAGEM*, who was able *at present*, to produce none of the *Good Things*, his Guests wanted, but had the Satisfaction of, remembering that he could have furnish'd 'em, All, *if they had din'd with him, last SUNDAY*: — No Matter how *pur-blind* a Man of *Quality* happens to be, since he had a *Great Grandfather*, that was *sharp sighted*! He may be, a *Fool* too, (*HIMSELF*) — but it ought to be *Scandalum Magnatum* to laugh at him. — For he has *Proofs*, in the *Herald's Office*, That his *FOREFATHERS* cou'd *act wisely*.

WE have the Comfort, however, to know, that *All our Lords*, are not *LORDS OF TRADE*: If they *were*, my Correspondent's Excellent Notions might be urg'd, with an Effect, but ill-proportion'd to their Value; and fall under the *Noble Eye* of not a Few able Ministers, of the same Stamp with a famous One, in a late Reign, who, when a certain Knight, a Great Trader, presented him with a *Scheme*
for

for the Improvement of Commerce, threw it back to him, with a wise Contempt, and ask'd him, *Whether he thought, that Men of HIS QUALITY, had nothing to do but to read Papers!*

To the just, and lively, Observation, *That a Merchant ought to be qualify'd for a Minister of State*, I will add this Wish, of my own, — *That we may, never have a Minister of State, who is not qualified for a Merchant!* — Not Trade alone, but *Politicks*, would soon feel the Benefit of so new a Regulation. — Yet, there is a Happiness, *still greater*; and it is the *Last*, the warmest, *Hope*, of those, to whose successful Industry we owe our *Commerce!* — *That the Way might always lie open, to the Ear of our Princes Themselves*, without passing the narrow *Posterns*, which Truth is often oblig'd to wait at, 'till it has wearied it self, to no Purpose.

THE First remarkable *Start*, in the Enlargement of the *English Traffick*, was made in the Reign of our High-spirited *Queen Elizabeth*: And to what Kind of Measures it was owing, may, I presume, be gather'd, without much Difficulty, from the following little Story, which I have taken out of Sir *Walter Raleigh's* Discourse, concerning the *Prerogative of Parliaments*.

“ *QUEEN Elizabeth* would set the Reason
 “ of her meanest Subject, against the Authority
 “ of her greatest Councillor. By her Patience,
 “ herein,

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“ herein, she raised the ordinary *Customs* of
 “ *London*, above *Fifty thousand Pounds*, a
 “ *Year*, without any new *Imposition*. — The
 “ *Lord Treasurer Burleigh*, the *Earl of Lei-*
 “ *cester*, and *Secretary Walsingham* (*All Three*
 “ *PENSIONERS* to *Customer Smith*)
 “ join’d, to set themselves against a poor
 “ *Waiter* of the *Custom-House*, call’d *Car-*
 “ *warden*; and commanded the *Grooms* of
 “ the *Chamber* not to give him *Admission*.
 “ — But the *Queen*, sent for him, on a *Peti-*
 “ *tion*, which he deliver’d, into her *Hands*,
 “ and gave him *Countenance* against them all.
 “ — It would not serve the *Turn* with *Her*,
 “ to be told by her *Great Officers*, that she
 “ disgrac’d *Them*, by allowing her *Ear* to the
 “ *Complaints* of *busie Heads*; and that she
 “ dishonour’d *Her own Dignity*. — She had al-
 “ ways *This*, to answer — *That*, *If Men shou’d*
 “ *complain*, unjustly, against her *Ministers*, she
 “ knew well enough, how to punish them — But,
 “ if they had *Reason* for the *Complaints* they
 “ offer’d *Her*, She was *Queen* of the *SMALL*,
 “ as well as of the *GREAT*; and would not
 “ suffer *Herself* to be *BESIEG’D*, by *Ser-*
 “ *vants*, who cou’d have no *Motive* for wishing
 “ it, but their *Interest* in the *Oppression* of
 “ *other*s



The



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*Audit iter numeratque dies spatioque viarum
Metitur vitam.* — CLAUD.

FRIDAY, January 15. 1725.

I THINK, I have already inform'd my READERS, That I am a great Lover of *Walking*: But I don't know whether I have, yet, acquainted them with a Custom I have, to *look back*, from every Rising Ground I meet with, in my Perambulations, and examine the Change of Prospect; and the Face, and Scituation, of the Country, I have left behind me.

I HAVE transplanted this good Custom, from my *Body*, into my *Mind*; which I have, for some Years past, inur'd to make *Pauses*, now and then, in *Life*; and reckon over its *past Stages*, and the Uses I have adapted them to: And This I sometimes do, after a *General*, and, at other Times, in a more *particular*, Manner. — The *Distinction* of *Ages*, by *Solon*, into Divisions, of *Seven Years*, is an Example of the *First* Kind; and has something

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thing in it, that is just, and natural; and uncommon enough to be worth translating.

*The Seven first Years of Life, (Man's Break of Day)
Gleams of short Sense a Dawn of Thought display.
When Fourteen Springs have bloom'd his downy Cheek,
His soft, and blushful, Meanings, learn to speak.
From Twenty One, proud Manhood takes its Date;
Yet is not Strength compleat, till Twenty Eight.
Thence, to his Five and Thirtieth, Life's gay Fire
Sparkles, burns loud, and flames, in fierce Desire.
At Forty Two, his Eyes grave Wisdom wear;
And the dark Future dims him o'er with Care.
On, to the Nine and Fortieth, Toils increase;
And busy Hopes, and Fears, disturb his Peace,
At Fifty Six, cool Reason reigns, intire,
Then, Life burns steady, and with temperate Fire.
But Sixty Three unbinds the Body's Strength;
E're the unwearied Mind has run her Length.
And, when, from Seventy Age surveys her Last,
Tir'd, she stops short — and wishes, All were past.*

OF the *second*, and more particular Kind, I have met with no livelier Example, than That of the illustrious *Paulo Paruta*, a Noble *Venetian*; who was sent Ambassador, from his Republick, to *Pope Clement the Eighth*; and compos'd the following *Soliloquy*, during his Residence at *Rome*; wherein he briefly Examines the whole Course of his past Life.

‘ **W**HERE am I? What am I doing?
 ‘ What am I designing? — I am
 ‘ hastening already to the *End* of my *Life*;
 ‘ and have hardly so much as thought upon
 ‘ the *End* of my *Being*! — I am transported
 ‘ with That which I am not sure to possess,
 ‘ a *Day*; and neglect to acquaint myself
 ‘ with what I must carry with me, *thro’*
 ‘ *Eternity*! — *Age* has, naturally, a Power
 ‘ to afflict, and mortifie, the *Body*: Let it
 ‘ now exert a *nobler Influence*, and *exalt*, and
 ‘ *quicken*, my *Spirit*! — Summon, O my
 ‘ Soul, thy stray’d, and degenerate, Thoughts;
 ‘ Know the Dignity of thy Condition; and
 ‘ let nothing proceed from Thee, but what
 ‘ may, truly, be worthy of Thee.

‘ I FEAR, if I make a Scrutiny into the
 ‘ Conduct of my Life, I shall disgrace my
 ‘ blushing *Reason*, by a Recollection of my
 ‘ *Vanity*. — The Tendernefs of my *Infant*
 ‘ *Years* was too weak to afford Matter, that
 ‘ cou’d merit my *Age’s* Notice; and yet,
 ‘ the *Tears*, methinks, which it was subject
 ‘ to, might have forewarned me, That I
 ‘ was ent’ring upon a *Wilderness*, of *Misery*!

‘ I N the *Boyish* Years, which succeeded
 ‘ *Childhood*, I drew in Pleasure, at my Eyes,
 ‘ and Ears; and gave my Soul a *Tincture*
 ‘ that prepared it for the Impressions of fu-
 ‘ ture Levity. — *Riches*, *Honour*, and
 ‘ *worldly Greatness*, glitter’d on me, from a
 ‘ lovely *Distance*: And *Retirement*, when I
 ‘ heard

‘ heard it talk’d of, seem’d *Stupidity* or *Mad-*
‘ *ness*.—These Conceptions gather’d Strength,
‘ as I advanced into riper Life, from the
‘ *Common Consent*, of all Men, to practise,
‘ and to praise, as I did: And *That* most
‘ among Those, who were reputed *wisest*,
‘ and *most happy*.

‘ At my Entrance into *Youth*, I applied
‘ myself to *Study*. — I delighted, chiefly,
‘ in *Rhetorick*, and *Philosophy*; and, having
‘ the good Fortune to meet with Excellent
‘ Masters, I made a swift, and unusual Pro-
‘ gress. — Yet I cannot help confessing,
‘ That it added Fuel to my native Pride.
‘ It inflam’d me with a *Thirst* of *Praise*;
‘ and serv’d to countenance that *Self-Love*,
‘ which stood in need of no *Incentive*. —
‘ Knowledge is apt to *puff up* its Possessors.
‘ — I dare not say, I possess’d it: But, if
‘ I should be ask’d, *What Fruit, I reap’d,*
‘ *by my Studies*? I think, I might venture
‘ to answer, *That Philosophy, if it did not*
‘ *teach me TRUTH, awaken’d, and prepar’d*
‘ *me, to receive it.*

‘ For a while, I was very Earnest in the
‘ Study of *Morality*; and delighted in it so
‘ much, that I publish’d a Treatise, on that
‘ Subject: And, afterwards, when I was
‘ come to Man’s Estate, I compos’d, in Obe-
‘ dience to my Father’s particular Command,
‘ an Elaborate *History, of my Country*. —
‘ But, while I labour’d to contribute toward
‘ the Glory of other Men, I pleas’d myself

' with a flattering Prospect, That I too, by
 ' those my Labours, should have a Place,
 ' in the Temple I was building; and, live,
 ' in my *Fame*, many Ages after my *Death*.
 ' Absurd Extravagance of *erring Vanity*! —
 ' As if, what is *nothing*, in *Itself*, could ga-
 ' ther an *Existence*, from the Opinions of
 ' Others!

' N E X T, I gave myself wholly up to the
 ' Service, and *Government* of my Country;
 ' and found my Way so plain, and easy,
 ' that I soon attain'd Great Honours, and
 ' helped to fill the *foremost Employments*. —
 ' But, alas! What *Boast* is *This*? — Am
 ' I not sensible, that not only the most *busy*,
 ' but even the most *pleasing*, of my present
 ' Thoughts, will vanish, like a silent Sha-
 ' dow? — All these Dignities, and Di-
 ' stinctions, these *State Bustles*, and *Negotia-*
 ' *tions*, with which my Mind is, so *gloriously*
 ' *incumber'd*, will dissolve, like *Smoak into*
 ' *the Wind*! or be wither'd, like *Flowers*,
 ' by the Beams of that *Sun*, which cherish'd
 ' them! — Yet, unstable as these *Phan-*
 ' *tasms* are, and as I *know* them to be, I must
 ' meditate on *Them only*. My Thoughts,
 ' however reluctant, must, at all Times,
 ' and in all Places, give way to the imagi-
 ' nary Importance of these proud *Chimera's*;
 ' and abandon the Contemplation of Things
 ' *intrinsically Noble*.

' A L A S! how hard it is to serve *Two*
 ' *Masters*, of opposite Meanings! my *Rea-*
 ' *son*,

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‘ *son*, and my *Pride*, seem to have divided
 ‘ me, between them. — *Pride* teaches me
 ‘ to measure my Actions, with Regard only
 ‘ to *outward Appearances*, by which Men ra-
 ‘ ther *seem* happy, than *are* so. — But
 ‘ *Reason* is always whispering me, that *Pa-*
 ‘ *tience*, *Humility*, *Mediocrity*, and *Self-denial*,
 ‘ are the Roads, which lead to *Felicity*. —
 ‘ As I approached to *Old Age*, I grew, more
 ‘ and more, sensible on which of these Two
 ‘ Sides *Truth* lay : But I persisted, even
 ‘ against Conviction, and sacrific’d my *Peace*,
 ‘ and *Rest*, to *Careful Power*, and *Splendid*
 ‘ *Misery*.

‘ WHAT, then, do I *wish*? — What
 ‘ is it, that I am *expecting*? — If I know,
 ‘ that my Pursuits are *Follies*, what hinders
 ‘ but that I *change* them? — If, after
 ‘ having wasted the Vigour of my Life,
 ‘ without Advantage from such Applicati-
 ‘ ons, I am less satisfied than when I *began*
 ‘ to *live*, Am I weak enough to hope, That,
 ‘ while, I, *myself*, do not *change*, the *very*
 ‘ *Nature of Things* shou’d alter? Shall *Disaf-*
 ‘ *pointment* turn to *Delight*, because I am
 ‘ fondly *in Love with Pleasure*? — Or
 ‘ shall a World, that produces nothing but
 ‘ *Cares*, be taught hereafter to abound with
 ‘ *Comforts*, That I only may be *indulg’d*,
 ‘ with new, and unnatural, *Satisfaction*?

‘ Look out, my Soul, upon these *Ruins*,
 ‘ that are every where spread round thee!
 ‘ This was, once, That *aweful ROME*! The

' Queen of the dependant World! —
 ' Where is, now, her *unbounded Influence*?
 ' Where the *Majesty* of her *Empire*? Where
 ' are Her *Treasures*? Her *Triumphs*? and
 ' the dreadful Consequences of a *Thousand*
 ' *Victories*? — Are they not the Prey of
 ' *Death*, and *Time*? Do they not lie *buried*,
 ' in these Heaps of *Ruin*? — And shalt
 ' *Thou* be fond of *Glory*? — *Thou*, who
 ' canst look down with *Pity*, on the Defo-
 ' lation of a *Power*, that drew a Chain about
 ' the World; — Shalt *Thou* presume to pride
 ' Thyself in *Honours*, or *Distinctions*? or
 ' grow *vain*, upon the *little Preference* of a
 ' light, and momentary, *Dignity*!

' No, — *Thou*, who hast *Duration*, and
 ' *Stability*! *Thou*! who shalt endure, *un-*
 ' *wasting*, thro' the *Changes* of *Eternity*!
 ' consider better the true *Rate* of *Things*;
 ' and proportion thy Desire to their *Val-*
 ' *ue*. — If they are not of *Real Worth*,
 ' why then, hast *Thou* lov'd them? —
 ' Why endeavour'st *Thou* to *retain* them?
 ' Why art *Thou* *shaken* at a Prospect of thy
 ' *losing* them? — Or, grant they have, in
 ' them, any Thing, that may be call'd a
 ' *Real Good*, why, at least, is it not remem-
 ' ber'd, *For how short a Time* *thou* canst pos-
 ' sess them?

' A THOUSAND Ways, these worldly *Be-*
 ' *nefits* have it, in their very *Nature*, to de-
 ' ceive us. — While we suppose their
 ' *Increase* the only Means to make us *happy*;
 ' we

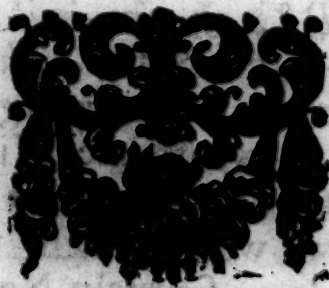
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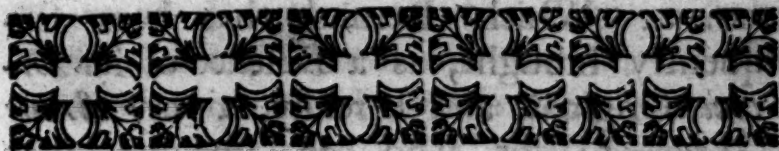
‘ we, insensibly, become *miserable* : For we
 ‘ fix our Minds, so intently, upon the *Little*
 ‘ *we, yet, want*, that we continue *Dead* to
 ‘ the Enjoyment of All that we were before
 ‘ possessed of. — The Fear of *losing*, what
 ‘ we have already got, has a Power to im-
 ‘ *poverish* vulgar Minds, as effectually as if
 ‘ they really *possessed Nothing* ! And a greater
 ‘ Vexation than This, the Humane Soul is
 ‘ not capable of being tormented by — —
 ‘ Because, as the Misery is *imaginary*, it is
 ‘ *boundless* ; and, as it drew its Evil from
 ‘ *Depravity*, it can receive no *Cure* from
 ‘ *Reason*. — Strange Perverseness of our
 ‘ Nature ! — We have our *Happiness*,
 ‘ *within ourselves*, and are always seeking it
 ‘ *abroad* : — We have our *Miseries*, *remote*,
 ‘ *and without* ; and, yet, are, for ever,
 ‘ *smarting inward* ; and transplanting Tor-
 ‘ tures, to ourselves, which have no *Roots*,
 ‘ but in our Diligence, to *excite*, and *nourish*,
 ‘ our own Mischiefs !

‘ If we *feed* the Soul with Meat, which
 ‘ is not *proper* to her Nature, what Won-
 ‘ der, that she *pines*, and can never be *sa-*
 ‘ *tisfied* ? — But, I perceive, while I
 ‘ *praise MARY*, I am *imitating MAR-*
 ‘ *THA*. — I discern the *right Way* ; But
 ‘ I chuse to travel in the *wrong*, till I have
 ‘ lost my self in its intricate Windings ! —
 ‘ I am troubled, and *busied with many Things* ;
 ‘ tho’ I know, well enough, that there is
 ‘ but *One*, of ’em, sincerely Necessary. —

' I am *birdlim'd* by the tempting World. —
 ' I am given over to a Variety of solicitous,
 ' and grinding, *Cares*, which I hug, like
 ' *Blessings*, to my Bosom; and am solten'd,
 ' more and more, into an Affection, and
 ' Partiality, for them. ——— The Love
 ' and Gratitude, I owe my *Friends*. ———
 ' The Hopes, and Fears, and touching
 ' Tenderness, with which I think of my
 ' *Wife*, and *Children*; ——— *Domestick*, and
 ' private *Oeconomy*; and the weightier Con-
 ' cerns of the *Government* of the *Common-*
 ' *wealth*! press my Thoughts, on every
 ' Side, and afflict me with Purposes, dia-
 ' metrically *opposite* to each other.

' FAIR would I *free* my Soul, and re-
 ' store her to her *Liberty*, from these *Passions*,
 ' which confine, and torture her: But I nei-
 ' ther know *how*, nor *when*, to resolve it.—
 ' Yet, am I comforted, however, That I
 ' feel, in myself, a strong *Desire*, to exert
 ' the Prerogative of my *Reason*. Since I
 ' consider it, as a Sign, that tho' I am not
 ' *able to do well*, I retain the *Principles* of
 ' *well-doing*.





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*Hoc habet animus argumentum, suæ divinitatis,
Quod illum divina delectant.* SEN.

MONDAY, January 18. 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the PLAIN-DEALER.

S I R,

IF You think, This may deserve a Place,
In one of your Papers, insert it; If not,
deal Plainly, and commit it to the Flames;
and either way, you will oblige,

Yours, &c.

THE Wise Author of Nature gave
us *Passions* for a noble End: And,
to defend us from *Excess*, our *Understand-*
ings were conferred, to *regulate* them;
And, lest All should prove deficient, out
of His overflowing Goodness, He enriched
us with a *Revelation*.

THE Eternal Truths of the Christian
Religion, cast a *Shade* upon the finest, and
most

“ most exalted, Productions of *humane Lite-*
 “ *rature*: Which Remark has been fre-
 “ quently brought, as a Defence of its *Di-*
 “ *vine* Original, and is really, a very *strong*
 “ *Argument*; for who can imagine, that
 “ without *supernatural* Assistance, Men of
 “ ordinary Condition, unassisted by the
 “ Lights, or Improvements, of *Learning*,
 “ should be able, in various Languages, to
 “ lay down such *invaluable Principles*; a Mul-
 “ titude of which, were vastly preferable,
 “ to any that had been introduced, by the
 “ most penetrating of the *Heathen Philoso-*
 “ *phers*.

“ *SOCRATES*, *Plato*, *Epictetus*, and
 “ several others, have *thought*, and
 “ *written*, so well, that their Memories
 “ deserve to be highly respected; But what
 “ *nobler*, and inimitable *Morals*! How Ex-
 “ tensive, and yet adapted, to all Abilities,
 “ have descended to us in the *Divine Col-*
 “ *lections*? — I have often, with no small
 “ Concern, lamented, that the Study of
 “ the *Scriptures*, is so little relish’d; I had
 “ like to have said, so much despised, in
 “ in Comparison of the *Pagan Writers*.

“ I N the *Schools*, to open an Acquaintance,
 “ with the Politest of the *Classicks*, is un-
 “ doubtedly a commendable *Offset*. But to
 “ be taught, a greater Admiration of them,
 “ than of the *Prophets*, and *Inspir’d Wri-*
 “ *ters*, is an *Extream*; and one, that is,
 “ more than ordinary *Criminal*. — How com-
 “ mon

“ mon is it, to hear Persons expressing their
 “ utmost Fondness for the Former, whilst
 “ the Last is seldom mentioned; or, how-
 “ ever, with much *Indifference*. There are
 “ *sublime* Sentiments in the *Greek* and *Latin*
 “ Authors; — But there is something, too,
 “ which, I cannot forbear to take Notice of,
 “ that their *Characters* were seldom suitable;
 “ — One Proof of which Assertion, we may
 “ borrow from *Plutarch’s* Life of *Cato*; Even
 “ that *Cato* who was famous for the rigid
 “ Stubbornness of his Morality! — When his
 “ Domesticks were worn out with hard La-
 “ bour, or grown past it, through Encrease
 “ of Age, he would dismiss them, and show
 “ no Tokens of further Regard or Huma-
 “ nity: On which *Plutarch* has left us this
 “ Reflection, *That we are not to use unfortu-*
 “ *nate Wretches, who depend on us; as we do*
 “ *our old Shoes, or Platters, and throw them*
 “ *away, when they are broken, and fall to*
 “ *Pieces in our Service*: — But if it were for
 “ nothing better than to express the Respect,
 “ we have for the *Humane Nature*, a Man
 “ ought always to cherish in himself a kind
 “ and compassionate Disposition.

“ But, not to digress farther, There are
 “ infinitely *Sublimier* Sentiments in the *Sacred*
 “ *Writings*, and the Lives of their Authors
 “ shone, illustrious Examples of their Doct-
 “ rine! — How becoming a great Soul,
 “ is, *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken*
 “ *away, Blessed be the Name of the Lord* —

“ Again,

“ Again, *What ? shall we receive Good at the*
 “ *Hand of God, and shall we not receive*
 “ *Evil ? —* How Happy would it be for
 “ Mankind ? if they would feel, and ap-
 “ ply, to their Practice, the glorious Com-
 “ mands of our Redeemer, *To do nothing,*
 “ *but as we would be done by ;* to exercise our
 “ Benignity even towards those, who *bate,*
 “ and who *persecute* us ! This Proposition
 “ is contemned by too many, tho’ we
 “ have it so strongly recommended, not only
 “ by the *Words,* but by the *Practice* of
 “ Him, who *died* for our Salvation ! Be-
 “ sides, (as you have observ’d in one of your
 “ PLAIN DEALERS) a Return of *Good*
 “ *Offices, for Injuries,* is, indeed, the sharp-
 “ est *Revenge ;* For by such a Conduct, we
 “ triumph over, confound, and disgrace, a
 “ malicious Enemy : As by a contrary
 “ Management, we seem to *justify,* as well
 “ as *inflame* him.

“ IN Fine, There are a beautiful Variety
 “ of Instructions, in Holy Writ, which can
 “ never be parallell’d ; They manifest their
 “ Heavenly Original ; And, if we make
 “ ’em our Delight, will alleviate all earthly
 “ Calamity, and furnish an infallible Re-
 “ medy, for every Accident, that can befall
 “ Us. I design’d now to have ended ;* but
 “ Recollecting, that there are some, who
 “ have little *Faith,* in *Revelation,* I’ll go
 “ on, a Line or two farther ; — Suppose,
 “ we grant their *inconsistent Hypothesis :* Yet,
 “ still

“ still, it is our Interest to direct ourselves,
 “ by the Measures of *Revealed Religion*, be-
 “ cause it is the truest Friend to humane
 “ Nature, and promotes nothing which is
 “ not conducive to our Quiet, and Well-be-
 “ ing ; so that, allowing it were not our
 “ *Duty*, it is, however our *Prudence*, to
 “ comply with so excellent, and even so
 “ *agreeable a Model*.

So far, I have entertain'd my Readers with some Reflexions, for which I am oblig'd to an unknown Hand, on a Subject, whereon much has already been written ; with less Effect than might reasonably have been expected, from the Force, and Clearness, of the Arguments.

IF I am not mistaken, That *Disrelish* of the *Sacred Writings*, which my Correspondent complains of (tho' I hope it is far from Universal among us) may be imputed to the low *Spirit*, and flat, obsolete, *Expression*, of the *coarse English*, they are *translated* in.— I leave it (says an Excellent Modern Critick) to our Prelates and Pastors, to consider, Whether, since they are satisfied, That there is a Necessity for a *Numerous Style*, in some Parts of our *Publick Worship*, they ought to remain contented with the *Vile Versions*, now in Use, and suffer the most lofty, and most pathetick Idea's of *Religion*, to be *burlesqu'd*, in our Churches? — which is all one, as if they shou'd dress up a *Bishop*, in some *an-*
tick-

tick-Habit, and expose him, every Sunday, in *That merry Garb*, to raise the *Veneration* of the People!

It is finely observ'd, and indeed, undeniably demonstrated, by the same Gentleman, in his *Grounds of Criticism in Poetry*, That, as the *Great Characteristick of Poetry*, is *Passion*, and the strongest, and most moving Passions flow most naturally, from *Religious Idea's*; For this Reason chiefly, the *Ancient Poetry* (where their *Religion* had its most powerful Influence) has, so visibly the Advantage over the *Modern*, (which is for the most Part *light, prophane, and contemptible.*) And, for the same Reason too, the *Poetry of the Hebrews*, which the *Old Testament* is, every where, fill'd with, excell'd That of the *Antient Greeks and Romans*.

THERE are numberless Instances, in the *Psalms*, and among the *Prophets*, and indeed throughout all Parts of the *Old*, and *New Testaments*, of a *Sublimity*, that exalts the *Humane Soul*, and shakes it, with a much stronger Degree of *Terror*, and *Admiration*, than Any, the most noble Strokes of rapturous *Enthusiasm*, which can be met with even in *Homer Himself*.

WHAT a Collection of dreadful Images are thrown together in the *Eighteenth Psalm*, to describe the Majesty of GOD, descending in the Fullness of his Power! — *The Earth trembles*, — *The Foundations of the Hills are shaken*, — *He bows the Heavens*, and comes
down

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down, — and Darknefs is under his Feet!
 All This is animated, and wonderful! —
 But, what follows, is a Conception, of ſo
 immense, and terrible a Grandeur! that our
 vulgar *Translation* ſeems unpardonable, for
 the manifeſt Injuſtice it has done the Mean-
 ing; *Then the Channels of the Waters were*
ſeen: And the Foundations of the World were
discover'd! — But, ſee, how This ought
 to have appear'd, in the noble Dreſs which
 Mr. Dennis has given it.

Still Darknefs uſher'd His myſterious Way,
And a black Night of congregated Clouds
Became the dark Pavillion of his Throne!
Earth, upwards, from the gaping Center, cleav'd,
And bar'd the fix'd Foundations of the World!
A Sight! that blaſted even the World's, Great Eye!
And made the ſtarting SUN recoil,
From his Eternal Way!

WHAT comes neareſt to This, is, That
 famous Paſſage, in the xxth *Iliad* of Homer,
 to which alſo, the Gentleman juſt nam'd
 has given the fineſt *Translation* it ever met
 with,

Mean while, Maſtick Neptune, from below,
The reeling Globe with his huge Trident Strook.
Mount Ida trembled, from his hoary Top,
And from his nethermoſt Foundations ſhook.

Pluto

*Pluto starts, frighted, from his burning Throne,
And, striking his infernal Breast, cries out,
Least such another Stroke shou'd rend the Globe,
And, on his pale Dominions, let in Day!*

THE *Hebrew Prophets* abound, Every-where with *Idea's*, so *sublimely Enthusiastick*, that they transport and carry away the *Reader*, with a *Power* that is *resistless*; and worthy of the *GOD*, who is honour'd by them! — Among These, the Description of That *Desolation* from the *East*, which was prophesied against the *Jews*, by *Habakkuk* (as we see it, in his *first Chapter*) has something in it, so strongly painted, and so *terrible!* that it strikes us, (thro' the most un-ornamented *Simplicity*,) with a *Force*, that was never excell'd, by all the *Elaborate Productions* of *Poetry*!

*I will raise up the Chaldeans, That bitter,
and fierce, Nation! and They shall march thro'
the Breadth of the Land.*

THEY are terrible! and their *Horses* are *swifter than Leopards*; and *fiercer than Evening Wolves*!

THEY shall come on, and fly with *Violence*, as an *Eagle*, that hastens to eat!

THEIR Faces shall drink up, like the *East-Wind*; and they shall gather the *Captivity*, as *Sand*.

THE fourth Chapter of the same Prophet, is one continued Height of the *Divineſt Elevation*; and I ſhall inſert the whole Succeſſion of its matchleſs Images, as a Proof how truly it has been obſerv'd, by the Gentleman who ſent me the foregoing Letter, *That there are infinitely ſublimier Sentiments in the Sacred Writers, than in any of the moſt celebrated Claſſick Authors.*

*At Iſrael's Call, th' Almighty's Thunder, burſt;
From Paran's Summit, ſhook th' Aſtoniſh'd World!
Frowning, provok'd, his threat'ning Wrath flam'd high;
And Earth's dim Regions gleam'd, beneath his Eye.
Poiz'd, in his undetermin'd Hands, he bore
Judgment's heap'd Horn, and Mercy's ſtrugling Store.
Near him, Pale Death, in ſhad'owy Triumph, trod;
And preſs'd, with ghastly Signs, the doomful Nod.
Keen, from beneath his Feet, red Lightnings broke,
And the veil'd Mountain ſhook, in Clouds of Smoke.*

*He ſtood--- and, while the meaſur'd World be ey'd,
The ſtarting Nations drop'd their warlike Pride.
High-boasting Cuſhan ſtruck her Tents, with Shame,
And Midian groan'd, beneath repented Fame.
He ſtept — and, from their old Foundations, rent,
The Everlaſting Hills before him bent!
He march'd — and all th' up-rooted Mountains ſtray;
And roll, in Earthquakes, to eſcape his Way!
Faſt-ſoll'wing, from their Chafms, a thouſand Tides
Spout a wiſh'd Deluge o'er their frighted Sides!
Back ſwell'd the roaring Sea, his Face to fly,
And, in Oae trembling Billow ſcal'd the Sky!*

*Conscious of Wrath Divine, the Sun grew pale,
And o'er Distinction, cast a dusky Veil.*

This when I hear, civil Frosts my Heart o'erspread,

And my Lips quiver, with the rising Dread.

Trembling, and sunk, my Limbs I faintly draw,

And my Bones crumble, with Ideal Awe!

I SHALL close my *Paper* with the Words of a Gentleman, whom I have, already, once or twice, nam'd in it, — ‘ If Harmony, *says* ‘ *he*, is, of itself, so Efficacious, what must it ‘ not be, when incorporated with a *Religious* ‘ *Sense*? — There can, certainly, be no better Way to *Reformation*, than the Reading of those Writings, which we believe to ‘ be *divinely inspir'd*: But it is equally certain, that the greater the *Pleasure* is, with ‘ which we read them, the *oftner* we shall ‘ discharge that Duty: And, to make us ‘ read them with more Pleasure, They must ‘ have more of the Harmony, and Force, of ‘ their *Originals*. — This would attract the ‘ *Gentry*, and Persons of the most *Extraordinary* ‘ *Parts*, whose Examples would influence the rest. For Persons of the most Extraordinary Parts, being extremely delighted with *Poetry*, and finding the *most exalted Poetry upon Religious Subjects*, wou'd, by ‘ Degrees, become more us'd to be mov'd, ‘ by *Sacred*, than *prophane Idea's*; and, in ‘ Consequence, wou'd be *reform'd*.



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*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
Et Terra magnum alterius spectare laborem. —*

LUC.

FRIDAY, January 22. 1725.

THE Sea is the most *Vast*, of all the visible Objects of Nature: And, when the Wind adds *Disturbance* and *Motion*, to its Immensity, There is nothing, that seems so *Dreadfully* proportion'd to the Greatness of its Almighty Creator! — Yet, as the Art of the Painter gives us a sensible *Delight*, from the *Representation* of Prospects, of Creatures, or of Actions, which, in their *Natures*, are Productive of *Horror*; so, we are never more pleas'd, by any Descriptions, in Poetry, than by Those, which set before us the strongest, and liveliest Pictures, of *Shipwrecks* and *Storms at Sea*: Whether it is, that the Soul exults, and prides its self, in a Consciousness of its own Capacity, to *move* and *conceive* so greatly? — Or, That we derive a

sharper Taste, and Enjoyment, of our own *Safety*, from a Comparison, with those represented *Dangers*?

ALL the Poets, Ancient and Modern, have been fond of *raising Tempests*; wherein, for the most Part, their own *Time*, has been *cast-away*. For, they have *scatter'd* and *weaken'd*, the *Terror*, they design'd to *increase*, by throwing together *All the Images that occur'd*, rather than selecting the most *Essential* and *Impressive*: By means of which perplexing, and inconsistent *Variety*, their Reader's Imagination finds *Relief*; from not clearly *discerning* their *Object*, through the *Dust*, which they have rais'd about it.

It has been observ'd, by the Admirers of *Homer*, That there is a Similitude, between *His* manner of *Thinking*, and that of *David* and *Solomon*, and others of the *Hebrew Writers*, who ow'd their Excellence to the Inspiration of the *Holy Spirit*. — Methinks, this Remark, which is much to the Honour of that immortal *Greek*, may gather some New Force if we consider *Homer's* Description of a Tempest, which *Longinus* was so justly charm'd with, and compare it with that of *David*, in the 107th *Psalms*, which has often been mention'd with Wonder, by the *Criticks*, of our own, and foreign Nations. — Both the *Versions* are New: But Both the *Originals* are inimitable. — I begin with That of the *Psalmist*.

They,

*They, who in Ships, the Sea's vast Depths descend,
And, o'er the warry World, their Passage bend ;
They, (more than All) their GOD's Great Works discern,
And 'midst th' unfathom'd Deep, his Wonders learn.
There, from smooth Calms, on sudden Storms, they rise :
Hang on the horrid Surge, and Skim the Skies !
Now, high as Heaven, they climb their dreadful Way :
Now, sink, in gulphy Slants, and lose the Day !
Giddy, they reel ; to shoot the frightful Steep ;
And their Souls melt amid the sounding Sweep !
Helpless, they cling to what supports them, first,
And o'er 'em feel the breaking Billows burst.
Then, to their last ALMIGHTY Hope, they cry ;
Who hears, and marks them, with a pitying Eye :
HE bids the Storm be hush'd — The WINDS obey :
And the aw'd WAVES, in silence, shrink away !*

Now follows *Homer*, with a Terror, and a Majesty, which leave it almost doubtful, to which of these *Great Poets* the Victory shou'd be ascrib'd ; but, *Certain*, beyond all Question, — That no other has equall'd either of them.

*O'er the broad Sea the driving Tempest spreads,
And sounding Surges swell their sweeping Heads.
Upwards, Immense, the Liquid Mountains flow ;
And shade the distant Ship, that climbs, below !
Down her wash'd Decks the white'ning Foam rolls o'er ;
And the big Blasts thro' bursting Canvass, roar !
Back shrink the Sailors from the briny Grave :
And see pale Death, press close on every Wave !*

WE see here no Time lost, in enumerating *little Particulars*. All the Great, and Striking, Circumstances are thrown forward, in their proper Lights: But nothing is added, That can either *diminish* or *distract*, the Apprehension. — I have plac'd these two admirable Descriptions thus opposite to each other, That some of our fashionable Applauders of *Homer*, may see his Sublimity more than match'd, in the Works of a *Poet they have seldom heard of*: And that *they*, who are, *justly*, his *Admirers*, may find Cause to esteem him, yet more, by observing how near he comes, to One, whom GOD was pleas'd, after a peculiar manner, to *inspire and delight in*.

WHILE I am upon this Subject, it falls naturally in my Way, to recollect a Letter, that was lately sent me, by a Gentleman, who writ the Particulars of the Story from the Mouth of a Person, who was, himself, an Eye-witness.

To the AUTHOR of the PLAIN DEALER,

Will's Coffee-House, Cornhill.

S I R,

‘ YOU appear, by some of your Writings, to be so heartily a Lover of the
 ‘ Trade, and Prosperity, of your Country,
 ‘ that I perswade my self you must of Necessity, be a Well-wisher to the *honest Sailors*: A Set of Men, who at the continual
 ‘ Hazard of their Lives, contribute their
 ‘ Toil,

‘ Toil, and their Skill, to the Power and
 ‘ Grandeur of the Nation: And, who, al-
 ‘ lowing *Themselves* no Leisure for Luxury,
 ‘ furnish *Means*, notwithstanding, to main-
 ‘ tain the Luxury of *other People*. — The
 ‘ Sailors, to be short, are a Race of open-
 ‘ hearted, gallant, Thinkers, who retain the
 ‘ Plainness, the uncorrupted Sincerity, and
 ‘ blunt *Species* of *Virtue*, which distinguish’d
 ‘ our Forefathers; and which *Old England*
 ‘ has, so often, triumph’d by, in Times, whose
 ‘ Customs we rather *admire*, than *imitate*.
 ‘ — Whatever, therefore, relates, in a very
 ‘ extraordinary Manner, to the *Good* or *Ill*
 ‘ *Fortune*, of any of this useful, and worthy
 ‘ Race of your *Kindred Plain Dealers*, I pro-
 ‘ mise my self, you will take Pleasure to
 ‘ distinguish, by allowing it a Place in your
 ‘ Paper.

‘ THE Ship *Bouexia*, of *London*, of Bur-
 ‘ then about 250 Tun, Captain *Brooks*, Com-
 ‘ mander; set sail, from the Coast of *Hol-*
 ‘ *land*, on the 25th of *November* last; having
 ‘ two Pilots, one *English*, and the other
 ‘ *Dutch*: And his *Wife* was on board, with
 ‘ him.

‘ THE Day had been fair, and clear; but,
 ‘ in the Evening, about Six, it blew hard at
 ‘ South and by West. The Gale increas’d,
 ‘ into a violent Storm, and continu’d for
 ‘ about Seven Hours, veering to the West,
 ‘ and North and by West: During which
 ‘ the Ship was *stranded*, off of *Enchuyssen*, in
 ‘ the *Texel*.

‘ IN order to save themselves, if possible, the
 ‘ Men all got into the Long-Boat, and were
 ‘ just ready to put off: But, not having their
 ‘ Captain among them, they call’d to him
 ‘ to hasten down; because the Sea ran so
 ‘ high, that it broke over the Boat, and in-
 ‘ danger’d her beating to Pieces, against the
 ‘ Side of the stranded Vessel. — The Cap-
 ‘ tain, in this nice, and perilous, Point of
 ‘ Time, recollecting that his Wife was Sea-
 ‘ sick, in the Cabin, cou’d not bear the un-
 ‘ generous Thought of endeavouring to save
 ‘ himself, without her, and was earnestly la-
 ‘ bouring to bring her along with him. —
 ‘ But, she, who had heard the Men cry out,
 ‘ That the Boat wou’d sink, under the
 ‘ weight of two Persons more, embrac’d him
 ‘ passionately, and refus’d to go. — She wept,
 ‘ and told him, in the most moving man-
 ‘ ner, That a *Woman*, in such an Extremity,
 ‘ wou’d prove a *dangerous Incumbrance*. She
 ‘ implor’d him not to think of *dividing* his
 ‘ Care; but to employ it all for Preservation
 ‘ of his single Life, much dearer to her, than
 ‘ *her own was*.

‘ FOR some Time, he press’d her, in *vain*;
 ‘ but prevail’d with her, at length, to come
 ‘ up with him upon Deck; where the first
 ‘ Observation they made, was, *That the Boat*
 ‘ *was out of Sight*; having been beaten off,
 ‘ by the Force of the *Swell*, that rose between
 ‘ her and the Vessel.

‘ He

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‘ HE was Gazing, Speechless, on her Face,
 ‘ in a Despair, which he found no *Words* to
 ‘ utter, when a Billow, breaking over the
 ‘ Midship, wash’d him headlong, into the
 ‘ Sea; and left *her*, shrieking, and alone, be-
 ‘ hind him, in a Condition so far *less support-*
 ‘ *table than his*, that, after a Succession of
 ‘ the bitterest *Out-cries*, she fell forward, in
 ‘ a Swoon, and sunk senseless after him.

‘ THE Boat, in the mean Time, endea-
 ‘ your’d to return to the Ship; and passing,
 ‘ providentially near their Captain, who was
 ‘ yet faintly Swimming, the Men discern’d
 ‘ him, in the Sea, and took him up quite
 ‘ Spent, and Speechless: In which Condi-
 ‘ on, they laid him in the Bottom of the
 ‘ Boat; and coming along the Ship’s Side,
 ‘ one of the Sailors looking up, saw some-
 ‘ thing like a Woman, with her Arms and
 ‘ Cloaths, entangled in the *Sbrouds*.

‘ THIS Woman was the *Captain’s Wife*;
 ‘ who, in the Moment of her falling forward,
 ‘ had been sav’d and supported against that
 ‘ Part of the *Rigging*! — She was still in a
 ‘ Swoon, and *insensible*; but so beloved by
 ‘ the Mariners, that they redoubled their
 ‘ Efforts to get Aboard, that they might
 ‘ have it in their Power to save her; And
 ‘ they were so *Fortunate*, in their Humanity,
 ‘ that they found Means to lift her into the
 ‘ Boat: Where they laid her, *Dead in all*
 ‘ *Appearance*, by her Husband, who was in
 ‘ the same Condition.

‘ THEY

‘ THEY put off, again; and, with great
 ‘ Difficulty, got ashore, upon one of the
 ‘ Islands in the *Texel*; where the Captain,
 ‘ coming to himself, told his Men, That they
 ‘ wou’d have done more kindly, had they
 ‘ let him perish in the Sea; since the Life,
 ‘ they had forc’d upon him, must for ever
 ‘ be *imbitter’d*, by the Memory of *Her un-*
 ‘ *happy End*, for whose Sake only, He had
 ‘ thought it worth wishing for. — His Wife,
 ‘ was now recovering; and near enough to
 ‘ *bear*, and *answer*, this noble Instance of
 ‘ his Tenderneis. — They flew, astonish’d,
 ‘ and quite lost in Extacy, into each other’s
 ‘ Arms — And it is easier to *imagine*, than
 ‘ *describe*, what they *thought*, and *said*, on
 ‘ so transporting an Occasion!

‘ LET me only add, That this Relation
 ‘ was faithfully taken, from the Mouth of a
 ‘ Gentleman, who was an *Eye-Witness*, of
 ‘ the miraculous, and providential, Particu-
 ‘ lars. — I am,

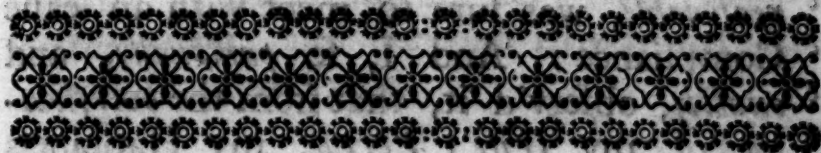
S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

G.—B—r.



The



The Plain Dealer. No 89.

*Sed neque quam multæ species, & Nomine quæ sint
Est numerus* _____ *VIRGIL.*

MONDAY, *January.* 25. 1725.

S I R,

‘ **S**INCE my *Misfortune* arises only
‘ from my having *succeeded*, to the full
‘ left Point of my own, and my Friend’s
‘ *Wishes*, I know not how, in Conscience,
‘ I can expect your *Pity*; but, be that as
‘ it will, my Case is somewhat extraordinary;
‘ and I shall fairly *state* it, with the Pur-
‘ pose of serving as a *Buoy*, for the Warn-
‘ ing of others: — You *must* know, Sir, I
‘ was left an *Orphan*, under the Tuition of
‘ a Rich Uncle, who promis’d to settle his
‘ whole Estate upon me at the Day of my
‘ Marriage: And that he might not *cramp*
‘ me in my Choice (a Folly too frequently
‘ attending the Caprices of *Old Age*) the
‘ only Article he insisted on, was a *Woman of*
‘ *strict*

‘ *strict Vertue*: — A Condition, so very
 ‘ *reasonable*, was sure to meet with an easie
 ‘ *Compliance*: And I, so *punctually*, and
 ‘ *exactly*, observ’d it, that from the *overflow-*
 ‘ *ing* of my *Wife’s Vertue*, my Happiness
 ‘ lies under Water.

‘ *WHATEVER* Mismanagement, or Folly,
 ‘ she happens to be guilty of, she can im-
 ‘ mediately set to rights, by the Counter-
 ‘ poize of her *Chastity*: And I have no
 ‘ sooner *open’d my Mouth*, than *she hits me*
 ‘ *in the Teeth with her VIRTUE*, the con-
 ‘ scious Good Fortune of *coming off*, without
 ‘ *Cuckoldom*, is, it seems a *Cordial Prepara-*
 ‘ *tive*, that can defend a Husband’s Palate
 ‘ against the bitter Taste of *Arrogance*,
 ‘ *Pride*, *Vanity*, *Ill-Nature*, and the rest of
 ‘ That long Catalogue, which *Female Purity*
 ‘ is pleas’d, sometimes, to arm it self with-
 ‘ al, against the Danger of *Worldly Temp-*
 ‘ *tations*.

‘ I SHALL content my self with men-
 ‘ tioning a few Instances, that lately hap-
 ‘ pen’d, upon the Heels of one another. —
 ‘ Amongst many *Neighbours in the Country*,
 ‘ I can boast but of one *Friend*, with whom
 ‘ I live in the greatest Intimacy. — He was
 ‘ one Day at Dinner with me, and said, oc-
 ‘ casionally, in a laughing way, That there
 ‘ might possibly be *other Faults* in a *Wife*,
 ‘ as insupportable as *Adultery*: At this, my
 ‘ *Lucretia’s Chastity* flew out, at her Mouth,
 ‘ and Eyes. — *The Spirit of Honesty* came
 ‘ upon

‘ upon her, and she threw the Spoons, and
 ‘ Salts, at his Head, till her *Vertue remain’d*
 ‘ *Triumphant*, and she had driven her An-
 ‘ tagonist from Table.

‘ WHILE this Storm was in the Air, there
 ‘ cou’d be little Quiet under its Influences;
 ‘ so, I judiciously retir’d to a Farm-house;
 ‘ where I had been recovering my self,
 ‘ about a Week, when a Messenger came
 ‘ with Tydings, That my spotless Spouse,
 ‘ having heard, as Ill-luck wou’d have it,
 ‘ that the Nurse to my only Child was a
 ‘ Bastard, had turn’d her away, at a Mi-
 ‘ nute’s Warning, and kill’d the Child, in
 ‘ Three Days after, by persisting in a Resolu-
 ‘ to *wean* it, from a Milk of so *wicked an*
 ‘ *Original*! Upon this melancholly Account,
 ‘ I hurried Home, where I had the Comfort
 ‘ to be convinc’d, that I ought, by no
 ‘ Means, to be sorry, for the Death of my
 ‘ Child, since my Wife’s *Vertue* was yet
 ‘ *alive*, and her *Modesty* preserv’d *inviolat*e.

‘ Now, Sir, what is to be done in such a
 ‘ Case? — I wou’d tell her, if I durst;
 ‘ (nay, I will, if you are so kind, as to *stand*
 ‘ *by me*), That the *Vertue* of a Man’s *Wife*,
 ‘ *will* never attone for the *Loss* of his *Friend*:
 ‘ And that her *Chastity* is the worst Remedy,
 ‘ she cou’d have thought on, to supply the
 ‘ Loss of a *Son* and *Heir*. — Nay, if she
 ‘ shou’d not believe me, I am determin’d
 ‘ (if you think there may be no *Danger* in
 ‘ it) to let her alone to try the Experiment.

SIR,

‘SIR, I have fairly told you my Story,
 ‘and beg you will expatiate upon the Sub-
 ‘ject. Pray give a little of your seasonable
 ‘Advice to these Professors of *Grace with-*
 ‘*out Gracefulness.* ——— Perswade ’em, if
 ‘you can, to consider, That a Wife’s *Cha-*
 ‘*stity*, is in the Nature of *Laudanum* to
 ‘her Husband; a just Quantity promotes
 ‘*Rest*: ——— Too little occasions *Restless-*
 ‘*ness*, and too much gives convulsive *Rav-*
 ‘*ings*: ——— Such a desperate Old Gentle-
 ‘man as *you* are, may venture to say, too,
 ‘That *Continency*, by *Constitution*, is rather a
 ‘*Happiness*, than a *Vertue*: And, that a
 ‘Wife, who lets up her *Chastity*, as a *Spe-*
 ‘*cifick*, to cure all Uneasinesses, is more in-
 ‘supportable, than a *Quack*, who can cure,
 ‘only, the *Tooth-ach*, and maintains (for
 ‘that Reason) that the *Stone*, the *Gout*, and
 ‘the *Consumption*, are *Distempers*, of no Con-
 ‘sequence.

YOURS,

J. W.

INSTEAD of complying with the Request
 of my Correspondent, and coming in, to his
 Assistance, against so *impenetrable* a Champio-
 ness; I shall add to his Complaint, as just a
 one of my own. ——— That I, too, lose my
 Rest, by WOMEN. ——— What they do, or what
 they suffer, is for ever invading, and over-
 whelming, my Purposes. — Their Charms,
 and

and their *Mischiefs*, press in upon me, from Town, and Country. — The *Post* groans as we do, under the Burthen of their *Vanities*. — But, what I think ought to be reckon'd among my *Sufferings not deserv'd*, is, — That it often costs me a *Groat*, to read one of their *Secret Histories*, not worth a *Half-penny*. My *Intelligencers*, from remote *Quarters*, make no manner of Conscience in their Correspondence, with me. — For, while they *charge* the *Follies* they acquaint me with, upon those to whom they belong; They take care to charge the *Postage* upon a Person, who is *wholly Imocent*.

I WAS lately in Despair of working any Reformation upon Offenders, who possess the Power of *bewitching* those who examine them; But there came to my Hands, some Time since, a short Treatise, in Manuscript, subscrib'd by Seven Ladies, its Authors; who intitle themselves *The Order of Angels*. Into this Order, they tell me, they propose to admit all the *BELIEVING Fair*, (which, if they do, they can never fail of a most *comprehensive Establishment*!) The Business, they are to be *admitted for*, is, to learn, it seems, to *CONCEIVE after a new Manner*, so as to be *brought to Bed of themselves*; and, by Virtue of such *New Birth*, be made *Kings*, and *Priests* to God, and become what All the Best of them were, at first, created by the Lord to be, *Real, Blessed, Heavenly, ANGELS*.

THESE

THESE being the Words of the Ladies Treatise, I am restor'd to some Degree of Hope; and shall shortly form a Resolution to disburthen myself of a Care I am *unequal* to, and deliver over the *whole Sex*, into the Hands of these *Able Undertakers*. — Mean while, here are Three Letters. — The First is a mortifying Proof, that Avarice can teach Women of Fortune, to *think as poorly*, as the *Lowest* of their *Species*: And the Second, and Third, relate to a *Grievance*, almost too common to be *worth complaining of*; I shou'd not therefore, have insert'd these Two, but for the Sake of a Rhetorical *Figure* in the Last, concerning a *Snail*, whereby I have been able to gather, That the Person accus'd is less pardonable, for having no *Money*, than for having no *Conscience*, or *Generosity*.

To the PLAIN-DEALER.

S I R,

I HAVE been so unhappy, for this great while, as to indulge a Passion for a young Lady; in whom I thought I might reasonably promise my self an agreeable Companion, and a virtuous Wife. But alas! how vain and uncertain are all our Hopes! A near Relation of mine, who married her Sister, by Errors, and Misfortunes, (which generally go together) is *well nigh reduced*, which, I am too sensible hath created a *Prejudice to our Family*. My present Circumstances

' circumstances are such as I think could not
' well be excepted against; but am so well
' acquainted with the Effects of *Prejudice*,
' that I dare not hazard revealing my Mind;
' fearing it may totally debar me, the Satis-
' faction, which I, sometimes (but alas!
' seldom) enjoy, of being in her Company.

' As She is your constant Reader, the in-
' certing this in one of your Papers, may,
' very possibly, incite her to pity him who
' loves too well to dare to offend. Hoping
' Fortune may some time offer the happy
' Means of possessing her; the only Object
' of my Desires. Excuse this Trouble.

I am Yours, &c.

Good Mr. PLAIN DEALER.

' **A** DISTRESSED Kinswoman of mine,
' desires you would be pleased to in-
' sert the Epistle inclosed (which I received
' from her by the last Post) in your next Pa-
' per, if possible, for a publick Warning to
' our unguarded Sex. And if you would take
' upon you to warn these unthinking Mon-
' sters, the *Men*, by describing the Heinous-
' ness of their Crime; you would do a laud-
' able Act, and worthy your self; for Men
' of this Complexion are become so daring of
' late, that none but a PLAIN DEALER
' dare meddle with them.

I am,

Your Constant Admirer,

E. A.

VOL. II.

T

Dear

Dear Cousin,

‘ **Y**OU might too justly have condemn’d
 ‘ my Folly, if it had not been too,
 ‘ too severely punished already. I am there-
 ‘ fore to intreat you to lay by your Anger,
 ‘ least you still aggravate my too rigid Fate,
 ‘ and lend a compassionate Ear to this dole-
 ‘ ful Tragedy, and consider withal, that ’tis
 ‘ I, — your near Relation, who bear the
 ‘ principal, and insupportable Part in it.
 ‘ No Hopes remain — to speak at once the
 ‘ unwilling Truth, and utter all my Dis-
 ‘ grace — *I have been betray’d ! betray’d*
 ‘ by gaudy *Outside !* expecting *Wedlock* and
 ‘ a *wealthy Spouse* : But, Confusion seize
 ‘ him — *The Snail carries his all upon his*
 ‘ *Back !* — Nor is this all : The upbraid-
 ‘ ing Consequence too plainly appears, —
 ‘ *The Consequence* — that *swells* the Tide of
 ‘ all my *Woe*. — I can no more. — Let others
 ‘ who are free, learn from my Woes to shun
 ‘ the alluring Bait. And least such Trea-
 ‘ chery should be any longer a Secret, *Dear*
 ‘ *Cousin*, let me, as a small Recompence for
 ‘ this long ‘Train of Evils, have the poor
 ‘ Pleasure of being a *Warning to others*; and,
 ‘ to that Intent, I humbly intreat that you
 ‘ would get this publickly printed the first
 ‘ Opportunity, and forgive the Error of,

*Your much Afflicted till Death,**But loving Cousin,* Z. H.

* * P. S. Do not forget to have this Printed.
 * The



The Plain Dealer. No 90.

Unusquisque sua noverit ire via.— PROPRIET.

FRIDAY, January 29. 1724.

To the PLAIN-DEALER,

S I R,

‘ IN Return for that Pleasure with which
‘ I have read your Abridgment of *PA-*
‘ *RUTA*’s *Soliloquy*, in one of your late *Papers*,
‘ I send you an Abstract from a much more
‘ modern Treatise, Intituled, *An Enquiry into*
‘ *the Nature of Society*, wherein the Author
‘ has consider’d *Hypocrisie*, as it is the Effect of
‘ our Common *Self-Love*, in a manner, that
‘ is equally new, and delightful; and with a
‘ *Penetration*, as Remarkable as the *Plea-*
‘ *santry* of his Images. — In short, His *De-*
‘ *scriptions* appear to me so full of Nature,
‘ Wit, and Liveliness, that I believe they
‘ cannot fail to give great Pleasure to your
‘ Readers: And, for that Reason, I have
‘ transcrib’d what follows, and send it you,
‘ for their Entertainment.

T. 2

THEY

‘ THEY (says this too near Observer) who
 ‘ have never taken Notice of the Conversa-
 ‘ tion of a *Spruce Mercer*, and a *Young Lady*,
 ‘ his Customer, who comes to his Shop, have
 ‘ neglected a Scene of Life, that is very *en-*
 ‘ *tertaining*. — HIS Business is, to sell as much
 ‘ Silk as he can, at a Price by which he shall
 ‘ get what he proposes: — As to the *Lady*,
 ‘ what SHE would be at is, to please her Fan-
 ‘ cy, and buy cheaper by a Groat or Six-
 ‘ pence a Yard, than the Things, she wants,
 ‘ are commonly sold at.

‘ FROM the Impression, the Gallantry of
 ‘ our Sex has made upon her, she imagines,
 ‘ That she has a fine *Mein*, and easie *Beba-*
 ‘ *viour*, and a *peculiar Sweetness* of *Voice*: —
 ‘ That she is *handsome*; and, if not *beauti-*
 ‘ *ful*, at least more *agreeable*, than most
 ‘ young Women she knows. — As she has no
 ‘ Pretensions, to purchase Things with *less*
 ‘ *Money* than other People, except those,
 ‘ which are built on her *Good Qualities*, so
 ‘ she sets herself off, to the best Advantage
 ‘ her Wit, and Discretion, will let her. —
 ‘ The Thoughts of *Love* are here out of the
 ‘ Case: So, on one Hand, she has no Room
 ‘ for playing the *Tyrant*; and giving herself
 ‘ *angry*, or *peevish* *Airs*; And, on the other,
 ‘ she has more Liberty of *speaking kindly*, and
 ‘ being *affable*, than she can have, on almost
 ‘ any other Occasion. — She knows, that
 ‘ Abundance of well-bred People come to
 ‘ his Shop; and endeavours to render herself
 ‘ as

‘ as *amiable*, as Vertue, and the Rules of
‘ Decency, allow of.

‘ BEFORE her Coach is yet quite stopp’d,
‘ she is approach’d by a *Gentleman-like Man*,
‘ who has every thing *clean*, and *fashionable*,
‘ about him: And who, in low Obeisance,
‘ pays her Homage, and hands her into the
‘ Shop.— There, immediately, he slips from
‘ her; and through a Bye-Way, that remains
‘ visible, only for half a Moment, with great
‘ Address, *entrenches* himself behind the *Coun-*
‘ *ter*; whence, *facing* her, with a profound
‘ *Reverence*, he begs the Favour of *knowing*
‘ *her Commands*,

‘ LET her say, and dislike, what she plea-
‘ ses, she can never be directly *contradicted*:
‘ She deals with a Man, in whom, consum-
‘ mate *Patience* is one of the *Mysteries* of his
‘ *Trade*. Whatever Trouble she creates, she
‘ is sure to hear nothing but the most *oblig-*
‘ *ing Language*, and has always before her a
‘ chearful Countenance, where *Joy*, and *Re-*
‘ *spect*, seem to be blended with *Good Humour*,
‘ and altogether make up an *artificial Sere-*
‘ *nity*, more engaging than *untaught Nature*
‘ is able to produce,

‘ WHEN Two Persons are so well met,
‘ the *Conversation* must be very agreeable,
‘ as well as extreamly mannerly, tho’ they
‘ talk, about Trifles. While *she* remains ir-
‘ resolute what to *take*, *he* seems to be the
‘ same, in *advising* her; But, when once she
‘ has *chosen*, he immediately becomes *positive*,

‘ That it is the *Best of the Sort*. He continues to extol her Fancy ; and, the oftener he looks upon it, the more he *wonders*, that he shou’d not, *before* have discover’d the Pre-eminence of it, over any Thing he has in his Shop.—He sounds her Capacity, finds out her Blind-side ; and, by Fifty little Stratagems, makes her *overvalue* her own Judgment, as well as the Commodity she wou’d purchase.

‘ THE greatest Advantage he has over her, lies in the most material Part of the Commerce between them, the *Debate* about the Price ; which *he* knows, to a Farthing, and *she* is wholly ignorant of : Therefore, he no where more egregiously imposes on her Understanding. But, tho’ he has, here, the Liberty of telling what *Lies* he pleases, as to the *Prime Cost*, and the Money he has *refus’d*, yet he trusts not to *Them only*. He attacks her *Vanity*, and makes her *believe* the most *incredible* Things in the World, concerning *His Weakness*, and her own *Superior Abilities*, — He had taken a Resolution (he says) never to part with that Piece, under such a Price.—But she has the Power of *talking* him out of his Purposes. He protests, must *lose* by her ; but, since she seems to *have a Fancy for it*, and is *resolv’d* to give no more, rather than disoblige a Lady he has so extraordinary a Value for, *He will let her have it*.—Only begs,
‘ That

‘ That *another Time* she won’t stand so hard with him.

‘ IN the mean Time, the Buyer, who knows, that *she is no Fool*; and has a *voluble Tongue*, is easily perswaded, that she has a very winning Way of talking: And, thinking it sufficient, for the Sake of *Good-breeding*, to disown a Sense of her Merit, in some witty *Repartee*, she swallows, very contentedly, the Substance of every Thing he has told her: And the Upshot is, That with the *Satisfaction* of having *sav’d Nine-pence a Yard*, she has bought her Silk exactly at the same Price as any Body else might have had it for.

‘ IT is possible, that this Lady, for want of being sufficiently *flatter’d*, or for a Fault she is pleas’d to find in his Behaviour; or, perhaps, in the *Tying* of his *Neckcloth*; or, for some other Dislike, *as Substantial*, may be lost; and her Custom bestow’d on some other of the Fraternity. But, where many of them live in a Cluster, It is not easily determin’d which Shop to go to: And the Reasons, some of the Fair-Sex have for their Choice are often very *whimsical*, and and kept as a *Great Secret*. — Among the Mercers, a Fair-Dealer must keep before his own Door; and, to draw in random Customers, make use of no other Importunity, than an *Obsequious Air*; and a *Bow*, to every well-dress’d Female, that offers to look towards his Shop.

‘ BUT, I have seen another Method o
 ‘ *Inviting Customers*, the most distant in the
 ‘ World from what I have been speaking of.—I
 ‘ mean, that, which is practis’d by the *Water-*
 ‘ *men*, on those, whom, by their Mien, and
 ‘ Garb, they know to be *no Londoners*. — It is
 ‘ pleasant to see half a Dozen of these *Tritons*
 ‘ surround a Man, whom they never saw in
 ‘ their Lives before, and Two of them, who
 ‘ can get nearest, clapping Each an Arm
 ‘ over his Neck, hug him, as familiarly, as if
 ‘ he was their Brother, newly return’d from an
 ‘ *East-India Voyage*: A Third lays hold of his
 ‘ Hand,—Another of his Sleeve,—His Coat
 ‘ — the Buttons of it — or any thing he can
 ‘ come at: While a Fifth, or a Sixth, who
 ‘ has scamper’d twice round him already,
 ‘ without being able to get at him, plants
 ‘ himself directly *before* the Man in *Hold*;
 ‘ and, within Three Inches of his Nose, con-
 ‘ tradicting his Rivals with an open-mouth’d
 ‘ Cry, shews him a dreadful Set of large
 ‘ Teeth, and a Remainder of Bread and
 ‘ Cheese, which the Country Man’s Arrival
 ‘ had hinder’d him from swallowing.

‘ AT all *This* no Offence is taken. The
 ‘ Peasant thinks *they are making much of him*;
 ‘ and, therefore, far from opposing them, he
 ‘ patiently suffers himself to be push’d, or
 ‘ pull’d, which way they direct. — He has
 ‘ not Delicacy to find Fault with their *Dirt*,
 ‘ and *Sweat*; for he has been us’d to it, from
 ‘ his Cradle: And it is no Disturbance to
 ‘ him,

‘ him, to hear half a Score People, some of
 ‘ them at his Ear, and the farthest not Five
 ‘ Foot from him, *bawl out*, as if he was a
 ‘ Hundred Yards distant. — He is consci-
 ‘ cious, that he makes no less Noise, when
 ‘ he is merry, *Himself*; and is secretly *pleas’d*,
 ‘ with their boisterous Usage. The hawling,
 ‘ and pulling him about, he construes, as a
 ‘ *Courtship*, which he can *feel*, and *understand*:
 ‘ And he can’t help wishing them well, for
 ‘ the Esteem they seem to have for him.

‘ HE loves to be *taken notice of*, and ad-
 ‘ mires the *Londoners* for being so Earnest in
 ‘ their Desires to *serve* him, for the Value of
 ‘ *Threepence*: Whereas, in the Country, he
 ‘ must first tell People what he wants, and
 ‘ tho’ he lays out Three or Four Shillings,
 ‘ he has hardly a Word spoke to him, unless
 ‘ it is in Answer to the Questions he is forc’d
 ‘ to ask them! This *Alacrity* in his Behalf,
 ‘ moves his Gratitude, to all the Watermen,
 ‘ and being unwilling to *disoblige any*, he
 ‘ knows not which of them to pitch upon —
 ‘ I have *seen* a Man *think* all this, or some-
 ‘ thing like it, as plainly as the Nose, in his
 ‘ Face: And move along, all the while,
 ‘ very contentedly, under a *Load* of *Solici-*
 ‘ *tors*, carrying down to the Waterside,
 ‘ with a smiling Countenance *Seven* or *Eight*
 ‘ *Stone* more than his *own Weight*.

THE RE is something, so strongly touch’d,
 so *picturesque*, and so diverting, in these Two
 Descriptions,

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Descriptions, that I cou'd not resist the Temptation I was under to send 'em you, with my Request, That you would publish them, in one of your PLAIN DEALERS: Where, if I am not mistaken, they will make a very agreeable Figure.

I am,

SIR,

Your constant Reader.

und humble Servant,

TERENTIUS.



The Plain Dealer. N^o 91.

Furit alter amore. MANIL.
Nascentes morimur, finisque ab origine pendet.
Ibid.

MONDAY, February 1. 1725.

IN the Decision of that Important *Questi-*
on, What is strongest? which we read of,
in the Sacred Writings, LOVE and DEATH,
stand out, *distinguish'd*: And two of my
Correspondents have given me an Opportu-
nity

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nity of placing both these *Invincible Powers* in full View, near one another: A Position, which, like the *Contraste*, observ'd in the *Poetry* or *Painting*, of *Judicious Masters*, sets off, and throws forward, every Object, by its *OPPOSITE*; and *rounds*, and *raises*, to the Eye, what (without such artful Disposition) might be lost; and lie too *flat*, to catch the Notice of a slight Remarker.

I SHALL introduce the *Lover's* Letter by a Reflection; concerning the Impossibility of *describing* Love, and the Benefits, which *Society* owes this Passion; from a Poetical *PICTURE* of it, which I have more than once, made mention of, in the Course of these Papers,

*The roughest Passions gently learn to move,
And Savage Hearts are humaniz'd, by Love:
Love, in a Chain of Converse, bound Mankind,
And polish'd, and awak'd, the rugged Mind.
Pity, Truth, Justice, Openness of Heart,
Courage, Politeness, Eloquence, and Art;
That generous Fire, with which Ambition flames!
And all th' unsleeping Soul's Divinest Aims:
Touch'd, by a Beam from Love, burn up, more, bright;
Proud of the godlike Power to give Delight!*

*Thus, have I vainly try'd, with Strokes too faint,
Love, in his known, and outward Marks, to paint:
Forgetful, that, of old, they veiled his Face;
And, wisely, cover'd, what they cou'd not trace.*

*Lovely Creator of my Soul's soft Pain !
 Pity the Pencil, that aspires in vain.
 Vers'd in Love's Pangs, and taught his Pow'r, by you,
 Skill'd, I presum'd, that what I felt, I drew :
 But I have err'd — and, with delirious Aim,
 Wou'd picture MOTION, and imprison FLAME !
 He, who can Light'ning's FLASH to Colours bind,
 May paint Love's Influence, on the Lover's Mind.*

To the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ **E**VER since you have oblig'd the World
 ‘ with your Paper, I have taken a great
 ‘ deal of Pleasure in reading it; such just
 ‘ *Sentiments*, and your *peculiar Method* of
 ‘ *Plain Dealing*, must charm the intelligent,
 ‘ and give Satisfaction to every one, who is
 ‘ susceptible of Tenderness and Good Na-
 ‘ ture.

‘ **A**MONG the Subjects, which you have
 ‘ cursorily touch'd on, **LOVE**, that Hea-
 ‘ venly Passion, (notwithstanding your *grand*
 ‘ *Climacteric*) seems to claim a considerable
 ‘ Share in your Composition; else, how could
 ‘ you so tenderly express your self concern-
 ‘ ing the Affair of *Lucinda*? With what En-
 ‘ ergy did you Discourse! Humanity ap-
 ‘ pear'd in every Word, and I believe it im-
 ‘ possible for the most Ardent **LOVER**, to
 ‘ speak of Love, with greater *Emotion*, than
 ‘ you did in that Beautiful **PLAIN DEALER**.

‘ **I HAVE**

‘ I HAVE for some time been *in Love*,
 ‘ with a Woman, invested with all the Gra-
 ‘ ces which accomplish the Sex; And, as I
 ‘ am entirely *devoted* to that Passion, when I
 ‘ read that Paper, of *Lucinda*, I felt within me
 ‘ something *new*, That argued still, for *Love*;
 ‘ something, so natural, so moving! that it
 ‘ was impossible for one, in my Circum-
 ‘ stance, to withstand it. The Opinion I
 ‘ had already conceiv’d of my *Beautiful Di-*
 ‘ *sturber*, heighten’d by a growing and ver-
 ‘ tuous Passion, made me a Thousand times
 ‘ delight my self with an Imagination, that
 ‘ my *Emilia* resembled *Lucinda*! The Love I
 ‘ bear this most agreeable Woman, has so
 ‘ deeply rooted it self in my Heart, that nei-
 ‘ ther *Time* nor *Accident*, can eradicate it. —
 ‘ All my Thoughts center in her, and when
 ‘ *absent* from *her*, I have lost the *Soul*, that
 ‘ *animates* my *Life*, and my *Mind* is as effe-
 ‘ ctually *Dead*, as my *Body* will be, when I
 ‘ *am no more*, and shall have learnt the Pow-
 ‘ er of *forgetting* her.

‘ My Passion for this *dear Creature* has been
 ‘ sometime *Dormant*: About two Years ago,
 ‘ my Affairs obliged me to go Abroad, when
 ‘ our Acquaintance was but little cultiva-
 ‘ ted; yet, an Infant Passion, even then
 ‘ made me solely *her* Admirer: Such *Beauty*,
 ‘ *Good-Nature*, *Wit*, and lively *Conversation*,
 ‘ as are rarely to be met with in one Person,
 ‘ so captivated me, that I could think of
 ‘ nothing but the *dear Emilia*. — When I
 ‘ return’d

‘ return’d Home, my Passion encreased daily,
 ‘ infomuch, that at this Time I am a Stran-
 ‘ ger to every Thing in the World, but *Love*,
 ‘ and *Emilia*! without *her*, I shall be the most
 ‘ unhappy Man alive. — I dread the
 ‘ Thoughts of *her* being *unkind*, and Hea-
 ‘ ven grant, they may be groundless! — I
 ‘ have declar’d my Passion to *her*, and, if I
 ‘ don’t flatter my self, she *appears* to have
 ‘ some regard for me; this you will readily
 ‘ conclude gives me *Hope*; but, alas! *I fear*
 ‘ too, or I shou’d be *no Lover*.

‘ OUR Circumstances are very different,
 ‘ and we seem in this Case only, to be *Diffi-*
 ‘ *dent* in one another; As for my Part, a
 ‘ genteel Employment is the only Fortune I
 ‘ have to trust to, and therefore, according
 ‘ to the laudable Custom of *Bargain and Sale*,
 ‘ in the Affair of *Marriage*, I am afraid I
 ‘ have too little *Plea that Way*; yet, she is
 ‘ entirely at her own Disposal, and can, *with-*
 ‘ *out asking any Body Leave*, make me the
 ‘ *happiest Man on Earth*. — Dear Mr. *Plain*
 ‘ *Dealer*, as you have been an Advocate for
 ‘ *Lucinda*, I beg a little of your Assistance;
 ‘ What must I do? without her I am inevi-
 ‘ tably lost, and am afraid it may be so, if
 ‘ you don’t intervene with your *good Advice*;
 ‘ I beg you to publish this, in your next; it
 ‘ may have some Effect on the *dear Emilia*;
 ‘ I am almost perswaded she does not *hate*
 ‘ me; And, yet when I reflect on the *merce-*
 ‘ *nary Ways of the World*, I am plung’d into
 ‘ the utmost *Despair*. ‘ SIR,

‘SIR, As you are a Man of Reason, make
 ‘not *light* of my Condition, but exert your
 ‘self to *assist* me; I am afraid I have exceed-
 ‘ed the Bounds of a Letter, pray correct the
 ‘Mistakes in Sense. I forget every Thing
 ‘but the *dear Emilia*. — Angels *protect* her,
 ‘and make her *kind*! Your Advice, how to
 ‘proceed, will be very grateful, and your
 ‘publishing This, save me a great deal of
 ‘Confusion: For she will know it comes from
 ‘me, by a Declaration in it, which none else
 ‘can perceive.

I am,

SIR,

Your constant Reader,

and humble Servant,

C. K.

THERE is no Spectacle, more *profita-*
bly terrible, than that of a Man, who
 lies, *expiring* his *Soul*, on his Death-bed.—To
 see how the Spirits shrink inward, and retire
 to the Heart; which is beating with convul-
 sive Anguish! while the Hands and Feet, its
 most *remote* Dependancies, are *first incolden’d*
 to a *fashioned* Clay, as if Death *crept in at the*
Nails, and wou’d, by Surprise, from both
Extreams, make sure of the *vital Center*.

THE *Mind* would fain *utter* it self, but the
 Organs of the Voice are so debilitated, that it
 cannot. The *Eyes* now settle to a dim Fix-
 edness;

edness; which but a little before, was as swift as the Shoots of Lightning, as nimble as *Thought*, and as bright as the polish'd *Diamond*! The *Countenance* (through which perhaps there shined a lovely *Majesty*, even to the Captivating of admiring Souls, is alter'd into *frightful Paleness*, and the Languor of a ghastly Stillness. — The *Tongue* is *silent*, which commanded a Family, nay, perhaps a *Kingdom*; and kept every Thing in Awe, with the Importance of its Motion. — The *Form* that was, Yesterday, so graceful, is now become a Thing so full of *Horror*, that *Children* are afraid to look upon it; and must, therefore, be transmitted from its Pleasures, and its Passions, — from all the Scences of its enchanting Blandishments, to a dark and silent *Grave*.

THERE is even the Difference of *two several Worlds*, betwixt a King, *enamel'd* with his Robes and Jewels, sitting in his Imperial *State*; and his Posture, Figure and Condition when consign'd to his Six Foot of Royalty, to his *Box* of everlasting Obscurity. And yet this *Change* is without any visible, substantial, *Diminution*: All the *Limbs* remain perfect, as they were, without Dislocation, or Contraction. — Whence *Scaliger* defines Death to be but the *Cessation of the Soul's Functions*: As if it were rather a *Restraint*, than a *Dissolution*. What seems wanting, is chiefly *Colour*, *Heat*, and *Motion*; yet, that gross Object, which is left to the Spectator's Eyes, remains
now

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remains now but a Compound of the two ignobler Elements, *Water* and *Earth*; while the two purer, *Fire* and *Air*; are winged away, as fitter Attendants on the *Soul*, than on the extinguish'd *Body*.

WHEN this happens to one, whose Conversation hath endeared him to us, when we see his Eyes *put on Death*, and hear the tolling Bell give publick Notice of it, what Soul can then lose a Thought on the fugitive Joys of *Pleasure*! What a *Bubble*, what a *Puff*, what a *Wink* of *Life* is Man! And with what a general, and sure, Success, does Death stand over Humane Nature, always striking, here and there, and exercising an unbounded *Triumph*!

I HAVE, lately, from such a Sight as *This*, learnt both *Humility* and *Elevation*: — The One, to lower my Esteem of a *Body*, which must, one Day perish in unlovely *Rotteneſs*. — The other, to Reverence a *Soul*, which after having liv'd here but as a *Sojourner*, reascends, when its House of *Flesh* is demolish'd, with a Vigour as unrestrain'd, and an Essence as refin'd and glorious, as the *un-embodied*, and *cœlestial*, *Angels*!

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

IF you think these few foregoing Hints of mine worthy to fill up a Corner of your Paper by inserting them, you will oblige your constant Reader,

Inner-Temple, January
the 16th, 1724.25.

AULUS MARTIUS.

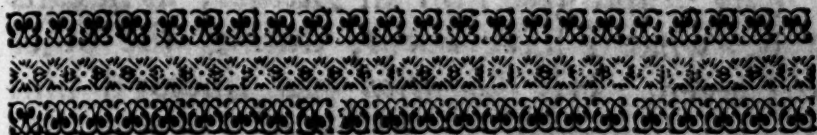
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THERE

THERE are *Descriptions* in *Spencer's* Writings, much more *bold*, and strongly *figur'd*, than those of almost any other Poet, Antient, or Modern; His Fancy was *quick*, *penetrating*, *vast*! and his Conceptions so *clearly* possess'd, that he seems to have *embodied* his *Idea's*; and, given us, instead of his *Thoughts*, the very *Substance* of the Things he *thought of*.—There is, in his Works, an *Image* of *DEATH* so dreadfully drawn, and painted in such *glowing Colours*, that (having got it by Heart, when I was a Boy) it made so lively an Impression on me, that I never fail'd for a long time after, to *see* it, at, my Bed's Foot as soon as the Candle was carried out of the Room—and met it, in every Churchyard, I pass'd over, after Sunset.

Death, with a Bow, in his Left-hand, was seen,
And his long Arrows, slanting from his Side;
All, naked, dangerous, and deadly keen:
With Feathers, in the Blood of Millions died,
Such the fierce Indians in their Quivers, hide!
These he shot, careless; ever, changing Place;
Strait, to what Mark so e're he next him spy'd:
Nor was there Pow' er in Art, to shun his Case,
Or cure th' eternal Wounds, he makes in Human Race.

As pale, and wan, as Ashes, was his Look,
His Body lean, and meagre, as a Rake;
Shrunk was his Skin, like a dry, wither'd, Root:
Cold to the Touch; and dreary as a Snake!
Thus, as the quivering Air, he seem'd to shake!
His Dress was Canvas, strain'd, and girded, tight,
With an uncomely Belt, of twisted Brake,
And, on his Head, he wore a Helmet light,
Made of a Dead Man's Skull, a strange, and ghastly Sight!
The



The Plain Dealer. N^o 92.

Nos Numerus sumus ——— HOR.

FRIDAY, February 5. 1725.

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

‘ **H**UMANITY has instructed me,
 ‘ That he who lets a *Secret die* with
 ‘ him, from the *Knowledge* of which the
 ‘ *World* might receive *Benefit*, is an Enemy
 ‘ to the Good of Mankind, and a Dishon-
 ‘ our, and Misfortune, to his Country. —
 ‘ Physicians may boast, as they please, of
 ‘ the Vertues of their *Simples*, I know a *Com-*
 ‘ *pound*, call’d *Flattery*, that is a better *Re-*
 ‘ *medy* than any of ’em.

‘ I AM one of Those, whom *Fortune* has
 ‘ the least Kindness in the World for. *This*,
 ‘ however, she did for me. — My Father
 ‘ Dying, while I was a Child, she put it
 ‘ into my *Uncle’s* Head to take Care of me;
 ‘ and he sent me to the *University*; where I
 ‘ have now been (at *his* Charge) about two
 ‘ Years, and a half. — I come up to *London*,
 ‘ every *Christmas*, to pass a Month at my
 ‘ *Uncle’s*, who is a Rich Merchant, in the
 ‘ City;

‘ *City* ; and give him an *Account*, as he calls
 ‘ it, what I have *learnt*, during the other
 ‘ *Eleven*. His *Education* has tinctur’d him
 ‘ with that infallible Mark of a *narrow Spi-*
 ‘ *rit*, — ‘The *Destroying Half* the *Merit* of
 ‘ his *Purposes*, by an *ungraceful Manner* of
 ‘ *Executing* them. — And he has so often,
 ‘ taken Delight to put me, coarsely, in
 ‘ mind of his *Charity*, That he robb’d me,
 ‘ even of the *Comfort*, which He laid out his
 ‘ *Money* to procure me.

‘ THIS last *Christmas*, being seiz’d by a
 ‘ violent Fit of the *Gout* ; he was roaring
 ‘ out, one Day, in Extremity of *Pain*, and
 ‘ *Peevishness* : — He cou’d not, he said,
 ‘ imagine, how so *temperate* a Man, as He
 ‘ was, shou’d come by such a Distemper as
 ‘ the *Gout* ! If he had been a *Glutton*, or a
 ‘ *Drunkard*, he shou’d not have wonder’d at
 ‘ it ! — But, for a *Small-Beer-Drinker* !
 ‘ One, who had always been remarkable for
 ‘ his *Self-Denial*, to fall under the Torture
 ‘ of such a *Disease*, as the *Gout* ! — It
 ‘ was very hard ! — It was very strange !
 ‘ — And he cou’d not, for his Part, tell,
 ‘ how it was to be accounted for.

‘ IT was my Good-Luck, at that Time,
 ‘ to have been newly reading a Collection of
 ‘ *Miscellaneous Poems* ; and I bethought my
 ‘ self of something, that I met with, in it,
 ‘ which had pleas’d me very much ; and
 ‘ made an Impression on my Memory. —
 ‘ I ran, and fetch’d the Book, and opening
 ‘ it

‘ it to the Place, put it into my *Uncle’s*
 ‘ Hands, and told him, He might there,
 ‘ find the *Reason*, of that *Misfortune*, he had
 ‘ been complaining of. — He desir’d me to
 ‘ read it to him, and I did it, as follows.

“ *THE Learned Sydenham do’s not doubt,*
 “ *But PROFOUND THOUGHT will bring*
 (the Gout :
 “ *And, that, with Back on Couch, we lie,*
 “ *Because our Reason soar’d too high.*
 “ *As Cannons, when they mount vast Pitches,*
 “ *Are tumbled back upon their Britches.*

‘ *My Uncle* smil’d, and said, ‘*Twas pretty.*
 ‘ He made me read it so often, that he has
 ‘ got it by Heart: And repeats it *Twenty*
 ‘ *Times a Day*, in all Companies, as a *Proof*
 ‘ of his *Nephew’s Ingenuity*. He never cou’d
 ‘ *abide Poetry*: But, is now grown very fond
 ‘ of it. — He cou’d not have *believ’d*, he
 ‘ says, that there was *so much GOOD*
 ‘ *REASON in Rhyming*. In fine, I am
 ‘ grown a *Favourite*; and he allows, *I have*
 ‘ *a great deal of WIT*, ever since I prov’d his
 ‘ *Distemper to be the Consequences of his*
 ‘ *JUDGMENT*, and *profound Thinking*. —
 ‘ I cou’d not forbear sending you this Intelli-
 ‘ gence, as a Hint, to some of your Readers,
 ‘ who may benefit themselves by the Example.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

F-A-V-O-N-I-U-S,

I AM oblig'd to the *Zeal* of a *Friend* unknown, for the following *Good Counsel*; which I take very kindly; and give him my Word, (in his own Phrase) That I will follow it, as far forth as I shall be able.

My FRIEND,

‘ **F**ORASMUCH as Thou art lifted
 ‘ up, as a PLAIN DEALER, among thy
 ‘ Bretheren, and hast taken an Office upon
 ‘ thee, which it behoveth thee to discharge with
 ‘ Wisdom, Moderation, and Integrity: Verily,
 ‘ therefore, I am moved to warn thee, that
 ‘ thou becomest heedful, so far forth as thou
 ‘ shalt be able, that thou neither deridest
 ‘ the Unhappy; nor holdest the Meek Man in
 ‘ Scorn. — When thou art moved, by the
 ‘ Sharpness of the Wit which worketh within
 ‘ thee, thou oughtest to shoot thy Arrows
 ‘ at the Mighty. — Yea, at the Men, who
 ‘ pride themselves in the Strength of the Flesh,
 ‘ and have no feeling of the Spirit, that labour-
 ‘ eth within them. Take Heed, also, that
 ‘ thou slidest not into Vanity, when thou hear-
 ‘ est thy self well spoken off; neither inflam-
 ‘ est thy self into Anger, when thou chancest
 ‘ to be rebuked. — Verily, Friend, this Great
 ‘ City may be liken’d unto a Field, which
 ‘ hath rank Weeds: If, by thy Writing, thou
 ‘ canst root them forth, and throw them, on
 ‘ a Heap, from among the Wheat, thy Name
 ‘ shall become Exalted, in the Mouths of the
 ‘ Brethren. — If thou art, even as thou seem-
 ‘ est

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‘ *est to be*, thou wilt *deliver forth a Reproof*,
 ‘ against the *Scorn*, which light Men, of thy
 ‘ *Perfwasion*, make of the *Habit of us Friends*.
 ‘ Thou knowest, the *Corn of the Field* is not
 ‘ so BEAUTIFUL, as the *Butter-Flower*; nei-
 ‘ ther is the *Pomegranate* so alluring to the
 ‘ Eye, as the *John-Apple*. — Nevertheless,
 ‘ the *Corn of the Field* is more USEFUL,
 ‘ than the *Butter-Flower*: And the Inside
 ‘ of the *Pomegranate* more delicious, than
 ‘ the *John-Apple*. — Lo, Thou mayest
 ‘ make the Application, *thy self*.

Thy loving Friend,

(And Reader, while thou writest with Prudence)

AMINADAB.

Mr. PLAIN-DEALER.

S I R,

‘ A M a plain Man my self; but have,
 ‘ to my Wife, a young Woman, that
 ‘ is so far from being *plain*, that she is the
 ‘ *likeliest*, of our whole Parish. — She *sings*,
 ‘ *dances*, and talks *French*; and, in short,
 ‘ has a great Deal of *to’ther End of the Town*
 ‘ *Breeding in her*. But here is an Impudent
 ‘ Young Dog, that comes to my House, *we-*
 ‘ *ther I will or no*; upon no other Account,
 ‘ *truly!* but because I have a *handsome Wife!*
 ‘ I wou’d have *believ’d* him, tho’ he had not
 ‘ *told me so*; for he takes very great *Liberties*

' with her, *before my Face!* — I am inform'd
 ' she came by him, at the *Masquerade*. She
 ' says, She can't tell how to get rid of him,—
 ' I desire, therefore, to know, Whether I
 ' ought not to take some Measures with him?
 ' And, in particular, Whether I might not,
 ' (with a safe Conscience) *swear the Peace*
 ' *against him?* For, without some such Secu-
 ' rity, I am afraid to forbid him my House,
 ' *myself*: And if my *Wife* does it, she says,
 ' He won't mind Her. — Am, in no small
 ' Trouble,

Your Friend to serve you,

HEZEKIAH HORNEY.

To his Reverence, (the most Profound, and Im-
partial) The PLAIN DEALER, for the
Liberties of LONDON.

The Humble PETITION of LUKE
THOROUGHSTITCH, Colonel of the
City Militia.

SHEWETH,

' **T**HAT your Petitioner is a *freeborn*
 ' *Englishman*, and has a Stomach, that
 ' loves *Liberty*. But, being oblig'd to eat,
 ' (since he left off *House-keeping*) among a
 ' Sett of *She-Tories*, he can never dine, with-
 ' out a *Restraint*, that he takes to be an
 ' *Abuse* of our happy *Constitution*; and which
 ' was never known, but in a *State of Nature*,
 ' before

‘ before Kings were (by *mutual Compact*) de-
‘ puted to execute *Laws for us*.

‘ THAT they persecute him, ever and anon,
‘ with *Much Good* may do you, — I’m glad to
‘ see you eat so heartily, — *A good Stomach*
‘ is a *Sign of Health*, — and such like Ex-
‘ orbitant *Encroachments*. — And, that,
‘ Yesterday, for Example, after he had eaten,
‘ at most, but *six Slices*, and was, (peaceably,
‘ and without Cause of Offence to any of the
‘ Company) preparing to enter upon the *Se-*
‘ *venth*; he saw the Eyes of the whole Cir-
‘ cle, most *tyrannically* fix’d upon him, with
‘ an Air of *arbitrary*, and *unreasonable WON-*
‘ *DER*; to the manifest *Abasement* of your
‘ Petitioner’s *Courage*; and the Violation of
‘ his UNDOUBTED PRIVILEGE, to eat,
‘ as long as he finds himself hungry.

‘ HE, therefore, most humbly prays, That
‘ your Reverence would condescend to take
‘ this *Grievance* into your Consideration; and
‘ acquaint these *Invaders of the Peoples Rights*,
‘ that there was a *Reserve*, either express’d,
‘ or tacitly imply’d, in the ORIGINAL CONTRACT,
‘ That every Man should have *Property*, in
‘ his own *Appetite*; and eat, and drink, to
‘ please himself; and not to humour the Taste
‘ of his Company.

And your Petitioner (as in Duty bound)
shall pray, as heartily, as he eats, &c.

LUKE THOROUGHSTITCH.

To

To the Author of the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ I HAVE seen the first Part of a *Satire*,
 ‘ which is just publish’d, under the Title
 ‘ of *THE UNIVERSAL PASSION*.
 ‘ Tho’ the Author’s Name is not before it,
 ‘ it is easily distinguished to be the Work of
 ‘ some considerable Genius. — And the De-
 ‘ light which, I observe, you take in *Praising*
 ‘ whatever has *real Merit*, convinces me, That
 ‘ I shall contribute to your own, as well as
 ‘ your Reader’s, Pleasure; by having tran-
 ‘ scrib’d a few Verses, from this *Satire*, which
 ‘ (unless I greatly deceive myself)
 ‘ carry with them the most shining Marks, of
 ‘ a Spirit, that is *truely poetical*. — Speaking
 ‘ of a Kind of People, call’d *LORDS*, he
 ‘ observes, with a great Deal of *Good-Breed-*
 ‘ *ing*, that the *first Place* (in his *Satire*) is Due
 ‘ to *Quality*: And accordingly *makes Way* for
 ‘ them, like a Person, *justly conscious* of the
 ‘ *Respect* which ought to be shewn them; I
 ‘ mean the *Generality* of them; — for some
 ‘ are far from *deserving* the Distinction.

My Lord comes forward, — Forward let him come!
 Ye Vulgar! at your Peril, give him Room:
 He stands for Fame, on his Forefather’s Feet,
 By Heraldry prov’d valiant, and discreet.
 With what becoming Pride he throws his Eyes
 Above the Man, by THREE DESCENTS less wise!

For

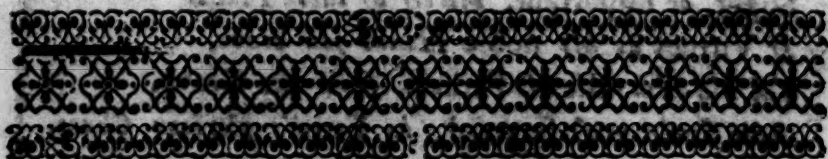
*For Men, like Figures, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, merely by their Place.
If Virtues at his noble Hands you crave,
You bid him raise his Fathers, from the Grave.
Men shou'd press forward, in Fame's glorious Chace,
Nobles look backward ; and so, lose the Race.
Since Titles ought to mark the Just, and Wise,
The Knave or Fool, who wears a Title, — LIES.*

‘ I CAN’T forbear following this very agree-
‘ able Guide, so far, *down Hill*, as ’till we meet
‘ with a *Rural Squire, a Hunting* ; and in *Com-*
‘ *pany* with a Pack of Dogs that *run sweetly,*
‘ and with great *Vigour*, as well as *Harmony* !

*The Squire is proud, to see his COURSER strain ;
Or well-breatb'd BEAGLES sweep, along the Plain.
— Say, dear Hippolitus ! — whose Drink is Ale,
And whose whole Learning is a Christmas Tale !
Whose Mistress is saluted with a Smack ;
And Friend receiv'd, with Thump upon the Back !
When thy sleek Gelding nimbly leaps the Mound ;
And Ringwood opens, o’er the tainted Ground ;
Is That THY Praise ? — Let Ringwood’s Fame alone :
Just Ringwood leaves each Rival Beast his own. — &c.*

‘ I shall make no Apology, for having
‘ troubled you with so long a Letter, because
‘ *Pleasure*, the more it is *lengthned*, is the
‘ more *welcome* to the *Receiver*.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
GRACCHUS.
The

*The Plain Dealer.*

No 93.

*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala! —*

MONDAY, February 8. 1725.

To the PLAIN DEALER.

Cambridge, January 23, 1725.

S I R,

‘ THE only Account I shall give you,
 ‘ with Regard to *myself*, is, — That I
 ‘ am a *Fellow* of one of the *Colleges*, in this
 ‘ *University*; my chief Design in Writing,
 ‘ being to strengthen you, with some *new Ma-*
 ‘ *terials* for the better Performance of that
 ‘ Promise, you were once pleas’d to make us,
 ‘ of *proving*, that the *Women* are a great deal
 ‘ *wiser* than *We* are.

‘ My Father, very lately, sent me down,
 ‘ into the *Fens*, to *make Love* to a young Lady,
 ‘ who is *Mistress* of a considerable Fortune:
 ‘ Where I discover’d, to my no small Mortifi-
 ‘ cation, That All my *Learning*, hitherto, has
 ‘ taught

‘ taught me Nothing, that deserves Compa-
 ‘ rison, with the *Universal Knowledge*, which
 ‘ I met with, in that discreet, and profound,
 ‘ Family! — Not *Heaven* alone, but *Earth*,
 ‘ *Air, Fire, Water; Birds, Beasts, Stocks,*
 ‘ *Stones!* — Every Part of the still, or moving,
 ‘ mute, or speaking, *Creation*, has contribu-
 ‘ ted to the *Erudition* of my more than ac-
 ‘ complish’d Mistress! — All Things been *laid*
 ‘ *open*, to her, if not in their *Natures*, I am
 ‘ sure, I may say, in their *Meanings*.

‘ IN short, after Three Days unsuccessful
 ‘ Endeavours to fathom my Fate, with Re-
 ‘ gard to this *infallible* Lady, I am come back
 ‘ to my College, almost too *humble to wish*
 ‘ for the Possession of a Blessing, so *uncommon*.
 ‘ — I saw a *female Dwarf*, in my Mistress’s
 ‘ Neighbourhood, and could not help think-
 ‘ ing, while I was looking on her, and listen-
 ‘ ing to a little History, of her having been
 ‘ *serv’d up in a Goose-Pye*, That this Pocket
 ‘ *Abridgement of Womanhood* might as mo-
 ‘ destly pretend to incorporate Herself
 ‘ with one of the *Gyants*, in the King of
 ‘ *Prussia’s frightful Regiment*, as I, to *match*
 ‘ my *Mind* with one, whose *Comprehension* is,
 ‘ so vastly, too *big* for me! —

‘ A rainy first coming, I was receiv’d, by
 ‘ an *old Maiden Aunt*, who is Mistress of the
 ‘ Ceremonies to the Lady I was recommen-
 ‘ ded to; she surpriz’d me with a Declara-
 ‘ tion, That she *knew of my coming*, before
 ‘ she receiv’d my *Father’s Letter*, I said, I
 ‘ thought

‘ thought it had been a *Secret* : but she
 ‘ assur’d me. That I had been *hanging*, for a
 ‘ whole Week past, upon one of the Bars of the
 ‘ Kitchen Chimney. — Not being intirely En-
 ‘ lighten’d, as to the *Authority* of this dark
 ‘ Prognostick, I was preparing to ask a Que-
 ‘ stion, or too ; but was scar’d out of the
 ‘ Intention, by a melancholy Denunciation,
 ‘ That my Father wou’d not live to see the
 ‘ Match come to Perfection ; for this Good
 ‘ Lady had (the Night before this Letter
 ‘ was brought to her) seen it coming, in Both
 ‘ her Candles, with a Winding-Sheet just over-
 ‘ against it !

‘ I Bow’d, with a becoming Sorrow ; and
 ‘ receiv’d the Prophecy with all that Re-
 ‘ verence which was due to so extraordinary a
 ‘ Reason ! This won her to a Warmth in my
 ‘ Interest ; and she would carry me, without
 ‘ Ceremony, to surprize her Neice, in the
 ‘ Garden, where she was visiting her Orange
 ‘ Trees, in the Green-House : — We were got
 ‘ as forward, on this pleasing Journey, as to
 ‘ the outside of the Garden Door, when some
 ‘ or other of those busy Powers who envy
 ‘ Lovers their propos’d Enjoyments, put it in-
 ‘ to the Old Lady’s Feet, to stumble over the
 ‘ Threshold ! upon which she turn’d back, in
 ‘ a Fright, and push’d me in again, with such
 ‘ Care and Kindness, that I can never suffi-
 ‘ ciently thank her ; since, if I had gone on,
 ‘ (after such an ominous Warning) and met my
 ‘ Mistress, in an unlucky Minute, All the
 ‘ World,

‘ World, it seems, from that Time forward,
‘ could never have made it possible for me to
‘ *come near her, in a LUCKY one.*

‘ SHE overtook us, however, as soon as
‘ we were got back, into the Parlor; and
‘ broke in upon me with such a *Flash* of
‘ *Charms*, that, as I saluted her, I was struck
‘ dumb with *Rapture*, out, of which I reco-
‘ vered in Time to over-hear her tell the Old
‘ Lady, as she was passing round her, to a
‘ Chair, *That it was not I, that had drawn*
‘ *open her Curtains, when the Bride-Cake was*
‘ *put under her Pillow.*—I was not, yet, skil-
‘ ful enough to know what *Good*, or *Ill*, this
‘ *boded* me: But, before we were fully seated,
‘ a new Misfortune had befallen us. — My
‘ *Clarinda’s Chair tumbled backward*, upon
‘ which she declared to me, with the prettiest
‘ Resignation in the World, *That she was not*
‘ *to be LADY-MAYORESS, this Year*; but
‘ had *Patience* to support herself, under all
‘ such Disappointments.

‘ BEING now got into perfect Composure,
‘ I began to find, that I was *looking silly*,—So
‘ I sigh’d three Times, and inform’d her, as
‘ well as I cou’d, of the *Great Respect my Fa-*
‘ *ther had, for the Family*; And *Clarinda*, on
‘ her Part, had open’d her Fan, to its full
‘ Extent, and was looking down upon it, in
‘ the proper *Attitude*; and telling the Sticks,
‘ with both Fingers, when the Aunt inter-
‘ rupted me with a Groan, (that had been
‘ unluckily mention’d by my naming my
‘ *Father*)

' *Father*) and confirm'd her former Remark,
 ' of the *Winding Sheet*, by a *Death's Head*,
 ' *she had found out, in the Fire!* — As Great
 ' *Misfortunes* rarely come *single*, a malicious
 ' *Coal, in the Shape of a Coffin*, flew, just
 ' then, to *Clarinda's Feet*; who turn'd pale,
 ' and took it up, betwixt a *Finger*, and
 ' *Thumb*, and after throwing it *behind her*,
 ' over the *left Shoulder*, corroborated her
 ' *Aunt's Evidence*, by a *Death-Watch*, that
 ' had kept her *waking*; — By the *howling of*
 ' *a Dog*, all Night long; — By a deep *Grave*
 ' that he had scratch'd up, at the Foot of a
 ' *Rosemary Bush*, exactly under her Window!
 ' AND, now, their Eyes being turn'd on
 ' Me, as if they expected my Opinion; I
 ' gave it them, very gravely, *That these Things*
 ' *had somewhat in 'm!* — and it was happy for
 ' me, that I said no *less*! for an Old Family
 ' *Servant*, with a sober, mournful, Face,
 ' having heard Part of the Discourse, while
 ' he was busy about the Fire, very dismally
 ' confirm'd our Terrors, by Three Proofs,
 ' which were stronger than all. — First, by the
 ' *squeaking of a Weasel*, that had met him
 ' upon the *Cellar-Stairs*; Secondly, by a
 ' *Hole*, that the Rats had gnaw'd, in the Back
 ' of his best *Livery*: And, Thirdly, by a
 ' strange *Dream*, that Mrs. *Susan*, the Cham-
 ' ber-maid, had been almost frighted out of
 ' her *Wits* by, about *Wet Cloaths*, — Three
 ' *Ministers*, — *Ripe Fruit*, — and *Roses in*
 ' *Blossom!* — After all which, to put it abso-
 ' lutely

‘lutely out of Doubt, and convince us, *That*
 ‘somebody wou’d die shortly, he shew’d us on
 ‘one of his Hands, a dirty yellow Spot, which
 ‘the Thumb, of his other (as he shook
 ‘his Head, and observ’d to us) was not broad
 ‘enough to cover; and this, they all agreed,
 ‘was no better than a *Death-Mould*, and
 ‘must mean something.

‘IN the midst of these *Miseries*, I had
 ‘very little to say for my self, having been
 ‘put out of a premeditated *Speech*, which I
 ‘had been inventing during my whole Jour-
 ‘ney; but as *Good-Luck* wou’d have it, the
 ‘*Tea* came in, to my Relief; and the first
 ‘*Dish*, that had the Blessing to approach
 ‘*Clarinda’s* Lips, was so richly cover’d with
 ‘*Money-bags*, floating in white Circles, all
 ‘over the Surface, that *Gayety* took Place of
 ‘*Melancholy*. — A little *Spider* too, was so
 ‘kind as to spin down *Good-Luck*, into her
 ‘*Lap*, (which, methought, meant me no
 ‘Harm) Nay, I became, on a sudden, so
 ‘happy, that her *Elbow* declar’d in my Fa-
 ‘vour; and her Aunt put her to the *Blush*,
 ‘by observing, *she must change her Bedfellow*.

‘BUT let no Man be too much in *Haste*,
 ‘to conclude, that He is happy. — My Tri-
 ‘umph was dash’d at once, by a *Discovery*.
 ‘That *this was Childermas-Day*: After which
 ‘my Mistress said no more, but that *Nothing*
 ‘wou’d come to Good, that was begun on that
 ‘worst Day of the Week: So her Teeth ach’d
 ‘most prodigiously? She was sorry she cou’d be

‘ *no Company*; and took her Leave of us,
 ‘ till next Morning.

‘ NEXT Morning came; — and the first
 ‘ Person I met, was Mrs. *Susan*; whom I dis-
 ‘ cover’d, cross the Hall, ipitting seriously in
 ‘ her Hand, and shutting it close, with a
 ‘ great deal of Caution, for Fear of *letting*
 ‘ *slip* (as she afterwards told me) a *Sign*, she
 ‘ had felt, in her Palm, that a *handsome Gift*
 ‘ was very near her. — I was glad of this
 ‘ favourable Opportunity, to confirm the
 ‘ *Truth of that Token*; and she was so oblig-
 ‘ ingly *Communicative* as to intrust me with
 ‘ two great Secrets, One, That, *I had trod*
 ‘ *upon her Lady’s Toe*, last Night, in the Hurry
 ‘ of waiting on her to the Stair-foot; whence
 ‘ a Conclusion had been drawn, in my Fa-
 ‘ vour, *That I shou’d come, e’er long, to her*
 ‘ *Bedside*. — The other, that Mrs. *Susan* ha-
 ‘ ving discover’d, this very Morning, That
 ‘ one of her Lady’s *Stockings* had been *put on*,
 ‘ *wrongside outward*, was forbid pulling it off
 ‘ again, for Fear of *turning some Good-Luck*,
 ‘ *that was meant her*.

‘ Mrs. *SUSAN*, in Return for her kind
 ‘ Intelligence, was very Earnest to know,
 ‘ whether I had *dreamt of no Body*? — I
 ‘ told her, I had had the Happiness to be,
 ‘ all Night, in *Her Lady’s Company*: And I
 ‘ cou’d perceive, that this Information was
 ‘ no more than had been expected; which
 ‘ led me into some probable GuesSES, con-
 ‘ cerning the Purpose of a *Case-Knife*, in a
 ‘ *Common-*

‘ *Common-Prayer-Book*, which, when I got
 ‘ up, in the Morning, I had found, *under my*
 ‘ *Bolster*. — While, I held this Conference
 ‘ with my *Fellow-Servant*, we had the Plea-
 ‘ sure of bidding our *Mistress Goodmorrow*,
 ‘ and of hearing (to my no imall Comfort)
 ‘ That her *Foot*, as she came down Stairs,
 ‘ had given her the Signal, *That she was to*
 ‘ *tread upon strange Ground*.

‘ IN fine, Sir, it is impossible for you to
 ‘ conceive what an infinite Variety of *Notices*,
 ‘ *Impulses*, and *Prognosticks*, outward, and
 ‘ inward, these Ladies direct their Conduct
 ‘ by. — In my Three Days stay, (which I
 ‘ thought enough for my first Visit) I cou’d
 ‘ learn nothing, with any certainty, of what
 ‘ I chiefly sought to know; but was edified,
 ‘ above Measure, in the *Occult Sciences of the*
 ‘ *Family*. — My Mistress call’d after me,
 ‘ when I had taken Horse to come away,
 ‘ that she was afraid I shou’d have a *wet Four-*
 ‘ *ney*; for *Puffs* was *washing her Face*, and
 ‘ carried her *Paw* above her *Ears*; which, she
 ‘ assur’d me, was a *Sign*, that had never been
 ‘ known to miscarry. — Whether she meant
 ‘ this as a Display of her *Art*, or of her *In-*
 ‘ *clination to bring me back again*, is a Myste-
 ‘ ry; which, notwithstanding the great Ad-
 ‘ vance I have made in *guessing*, I am, yet,
 ‘ unable to disclose, with any positive De-
 ‘ pendance.

‘ BUT, I wou’d not, (for all that) have
 ‘ you think slightly of my *Skill in Tokens*;

‘ since I cou’d *astonish* you, if I thought fit,
 ‘ with a Profusion of *portentous Mysteries*. —
 ‘ I am absolutely Master of that *oraculous*
 ‘ Secret, which is *kneaded up*, in the *Dumb*
 ‘ *Cake*. I am instructed in the *awful Cere-*
 ‘ *monies*, which are sacred to the fam’d *Saint*
 ‘ *Agnes*, to the Purity of whose mysterious
 ‘ *Worship Three Fasting Virgins* must concur,
 ‘ with so strict an Abstinence, That a *KISS*,
 ‘ during those restrictive *Rites*, wou’d be as
 ‘ *Undoing*, as a *RAPE*, after they are over. I
 ‘ can foretell the most agreeable Things in the
 ‘ *World*, by *Six Pea-shells over a Door* : And
 ‘ anticipate Consequences, which wou’d puzzle
 ‘ a *Southsayer*, by *turning Three Times round*,
 ‘ *in my Shirt*, and *falling into Bed, backward*.
 ‘ — I know who will die, an Old Maid, by
 ‘ the Help of a *Grey Goose Wing*, a *Clean*
 ‘ *Hearth*, and a *Seive full of Ashes* !

‘ *BUT* I shou’d never have done, were I
 ‘ I to let you into the Virtues of *Roses ga-*
 ‘ *ther’d on Midsummer Night* — of *Hempseed*,
 ‘ *sown*, and *mow’n*, in the *Dark*, upon the
 ‘ *Graves of a Country Church-Yard* — of *patch-*
 ‘ *ing a pretty Face with Apple-Kernels* — of
 ‘ *Cutting the Nails*, *fasting* — of *twisting a*
 ‘ *Garter*, in *Nine Knots*, round a *Bed-Post* — of
 ‘ a *Certain Hair*, that you may find in your *Shooe*
 ‘ *the first Time you hear the Cuckoo* — and a
 ‘ *Thousand other deep Discoveries*, which I
 ‘ have made, in this delightful Journey : And,
 ‘ which have put me quite out of Conceit
 ‘ with my former Studies ; since, after having
 ‘ *labour’d*

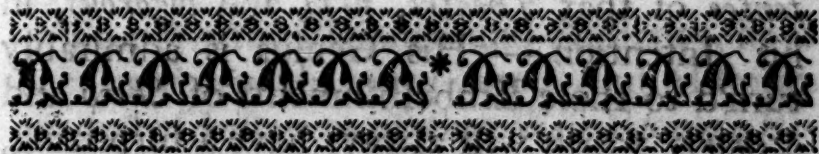
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‘ labour’d to be wise, so many Years, in a Col-
‘ lege, I found my self, (notwithstanding)
‘ little better than a Fool, as often as I came
‘ into my *Mistress’s Company*.

‘ PRAY, Sir, favour me with your Opini-
‘ on, *how far I may prudently venture my self,*
‘ with a Lady, so much wiser than I am.
‘ Your Advice will have its weight, with

Your humble Servant,

ÆMILIUS.



The Plain Dealer. No 94.

Non quicquid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas ————— *PERS.*

FRIDAY, February 12. 1725.

WE had once a Species of *Opera*, call’d
Dramatic, in which the Dignity of
Reason was not sacrific’d, as it is now, to the
Dissoluteness of *Sound*; but the Force of
Words and *Meaning*, was increas’d by *Mu-*
sick, and *Decoration*, and impress’d upon the
Soul, by the Mediation of the *Senses*.

X 3

I HAVE

I HAVE heard, with a Pleasure, which, I hope, was not groundless, That there is a Design on foot, in one of our *Theatres*, to restore these manly, as well as delightful, Entertainments, with an Elegance, and Magnificence of Ornament, which we have not yet been accustom'd to. — The Success, which *Dioclesian* has met with (an *Opera*, of *this Kind*, but far short of the Perfection, which I am told it is propos'd to raise to them to) will serve, it is to be hop'd, as an Encouragement, to keep the Gentleman, who is *Patentee* of that *Theatre*, firm and vigorous, in his Intention. — His Genius is admirably turn'd to those Embellishments of *Show* and *Scenery*, which will always have a surprizing, and powerful Effect, on the *Stage*; but *most* where they are aptly, and significantly, introduced: — And, there are not wanting *Writers*, who can contribute *Subject*, and *Occasion*, whereon to exhaust, in the most rational, as well as agreeable Manner, the sprightly Copiousness of his Invention. So that I am almost led to flatter my self, That our emasculating present Taste, of the *Italian Luxury*, and *Wantonness* of *Musick*, will give way to a more *Passionate*, and animated Kind of *Opera*, where not only the *Eye* and *Ear* may expect to be charm'd, but the *Heart* to be touch'd and transported.

It will be receiv'd as the Effect of *Spleen*, or *Affectation*, to insinuate, That the Martial Spirit of our Nation, is effeminated, and gradually

dually relax'd, by the Influence of this softening *Syren*: And yet *Cicero* (who was at least as good a Judge as most of the Members of our *ROYAL ACADEMY* for Encouragement of *TRIFLING*) has not scrupled to say plainly, (in his *Tract de Legibus*) — That *the Good or Evil, in a State, depends greatly on the MUSIC, that is most encourag'd in it: For, if it be too Light, and Wanton, the People are insensibly render'd foolish, and disorderly; and, on the contrary, if it be Grave and Masculine, they become modest, by its Influence.*

THE *Spartan Plainness* and *Austerity*, have been celebrated in every Age: And Histories are full of Instances of that Wise People's Rigour, against *Innovation*, in Particulars which seem'd to threaten them (at what Distance soever) with the modish Luxuries of their Neighbours: But the strongest Impression which was ever made upon me in their Favour, was from the Decree they pass'd against *Timotheus*, the *Milesian*, for an Improvement he had introduced in *Musick*, much like the admir'd *Concerto's* of our *Italian Benefactors*. But these Grave Men of *Forefight*, discern'd the Consequences of such pretended Refinements, and provided against it, by this timely *Edict*, with *Lyllius Gyraldus* has inserted, as he transcrib'd it, from *Boetius*.

“ FORASMUCH as *Timotheus*, the
“ *Milesian*, (receiv'd into our City) holding
X 4 “ in

“ in Contempt the ancient *Musick*, and re-
 “ jecting the *Harp with Seven Strings*, hath
 “ introduced an *Harmony of many Voices*, cor-
 “ rupting the Ears of our Youth, by a Mul-
 “ tiplicity of Strings, and a Musick hitherto
 “ unknown, *Dividing the Simple Notes*, into
 “ a Variety of *Feints* and *Quaverings*, We do
 “ therefore Ordain, That he shall be *impeach’d*,
 “ and that his superfluous Strings *shall be*
 “ *broken*: To the End, that *Strangers*, from
 “ *his Example*, may be wary of bringing
 “ among *Spartans*, the light, and unmanly,
 “ Amusements, which are practis’d, in *less*
 “ *modest Countries*.

WHEN I reflect on the Power of Musick,
 as it was practis’d among the Ancients, and
 consider the miraculous Instances of its Ef-
 fects, on the Passions of some Princes, who
 were most inflexible in their Resolutions:
 And, when, at the same Time, I consider,
 That the Musick, which had this prodigious
 Influence, was the Reverse (as I shall pre-
 sently prove) of That, which now prevails in
Europe, and which produces none of those
transporting Effects, What less can I con-
 clude, than that All our boasted Additions
 to this heavenly Art, are rather *Enlargements*
 than *Improvements*: — There is a little Piece,
 of *Randolph’s*; which, of all his Poems, I
 am most pleas’d with; and which gives us,
 as it were in *Miniature*, the whole, that can
 be said, of Musick!

Musick!

*Musick! Thou Queen of Souls; — Arise, and bring
Thy powerful Lute; and some sad Requiem sing:
'Till Rocks re-murmur an awaken'd Groan,
And list'ning Tempests catch the mournful Tone!
Then, on a sudden, with excurſive Hand,
Fly o'er the ſounding Chords, with Light command:
'Till Oaks, and ſtruggling Elms, uprooted, bound;
And a charm'd Forest lives, and dances, round!
Then, — in the miſt of the transporting Strain,
Strike a ſad Note, — and fix 'em Trees again.*

I SAID, above, That the ſtrange Effects, reported of *Musick* in former Times, were the Influence of a Practice, very different from the modern; and I cannot more effectually ſtrengthen that Aſſertion, than by obſerving I am confirm'd in it, by the Opinion of Dr. Wallis, communicated, on this Subject, to the Royal Society.

THE *Musick* of the Antients was more extensive than ours: For Poetry and Dancing (or meaſur'd Motion) were then accounted Parts of *Musick*. — Now, we know, that Verse, if harmonious, and paſſionate, ſet to a plain Tune, and ſung by a natural Voice, with ſome ſoft *Instrumental Musick*, ſuch as not drowns, or obſcures, but heightens the *Emphatick* Expreſſions; will work ſtrangely upon the Ear, and move all our Paſſions, in Proportion to the Tune and Subject; but eſpecially, if attended with ſuitable *Gefſure* and *Action*. For, 'tis evident, on the Stage, that proper
Acting

Acting gives great *Life* to Words. Now, all this *together*, (which made up the Ancient *Musick*) must needs operate strongly on the Fancy and Affections. — For, if the deliberate Reading of a Romance (if it happens to be well penn'd) will produce *Mirth*, *Tears*, *Pity*, *Anger*, *Indignation*, according to the respective Intents of it, much more wou'd it do so, if accompined with all those powerful Assistants.

WHY may not all This be *now* done, as well as *then*? — No Doubt it *may*, and with equal *Effect* too, if the *Words* were but elegantly adapted to the *Argument*, and dispos'd in Places, proper for their *Emphasis*, pronounc'd with a tuneful *Voice*, and inlivened by expressive *Gesture*, painting naturally the Passion, or Condition, of the Mind; and *graphically delineating*, as it were, to the *Eye* (as well as addressing to the *Ear*) the Bounds, Distinctions, and peculiar Attributes, of *Joy*, *Grief*, *Wonder*, *Fury*, *Jealousy*, *Compassion*, *Fear*, *Love*, *Hatred*, and the rest of those Emotions, which the acted Mind is subject to. — This wou'd, as certainly *now*, as *then*, produce extraordinary Effects; and especially upon a *Surprize*, where Persons are not prejudic'd, or pre-engag'd; and, so lie open to the meant Impressions.

OUR modern *Musick* is no more than what the Ancients call'd *Harmonick*, which was but one Part of *Theirs*, whose *Musick*, as I said above, consisted of *Words*, *Verse*, *Voice*,
Tune,

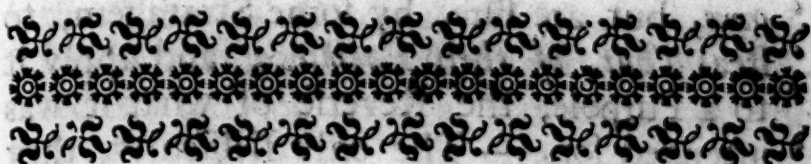
Tune, Instrument, and Action.—A very powerful Combination! — And can we expect, from *One Piece*, the same Influence, as from the *Whole*? — The Design of *Musick*, among *Us*, seems to aim at exciting no particular *Passion*; but, in general, to *please the Ear*; and, by a tuneful Intermixture of *different Voices and Parts*, with *Cadencies and Concords*, produce an *elegant Sound*, which only those Persons can discern, who have distinguishing *Judgment in Musick*; while That much larger Part of the Audience, which consists of Those who have a *rude, and uncultivated Ear*, remains only amus'd, and confounded, with a *great Noise*, which has Nothing distinguishable to their Capacity.

'Tis true, indeed, that even this *Compound Musick* admits of *Characters*, very different: Some are *brisk, elate and airy*; some *sedate and grave*; others *soft, resign'd and languid*: — But, still, That kind of Harmony which is most powerful to excite particular *Passions*, or *Dispositions*, in the Mind, is the *simple, natural, and uncompounded*. — How often have I been forced to go abroad when I had no mind to it, or *fall asleep*, in the middle of the Day, by a *Nurse's languid Tune*, lulling her Babe to rest, in a Room, within my hearing! — Nay, continual Reading in an *even Tone*, — the soft Murmur of a pebbly Brook, — the falling of Rain upon Trees, — shall have an irresistible Power to induce a Repose upon the Spirits. — And, on the contrary, an

Alderman

derman who is lame of the *Gout*, shall feel himself grow light, and wanton, at the briskness of a *Fig*, on a *Kit*, or *Violin*, exciting a Disposition to *dance*, that is almost too hard for his *Pain* and *Gravity*. — Nothing is plain-er, therefore, than that *simple Harmony* is more operative on the *Affections*, than an elaborate *Composition* of *Full Musick*.

So that, if it is the Aim of *Musick* to please the Ear, the Compositions of *Italian Masters* may deserve to be *preferr'd*, as forming *sweeter Consorts* than were known to the *Ancients*; among whom I find no Footsteps of what we call *several Parts* or *Voices* (such as *Base*, *Treble*, *Mean*, &c. sung in *Confort*) answering each other, to diversify, and fill up, the *Musick*. — But, if we mean, by *Musick*, to excite *Passion*, and, move the Heart, to any moral, or solid Purpose, we must apply a more touching *Simplicity*, and endeavour to act upon *Nature*, in a more *natural*, and unaffected Manner. And This, I doubt not, a judicious *Composer* may so happily effect, that (allowing for those *Hyperboles*, with which the Antient Writers set off their *Musick*) our Modern may be found capable of producing as extraordinary Effects as theirs. — And, This, methinks, is a *Mine* of *Pleasure*, yet un-open'd, and may deserve to be thought on, with some Attention, by Those, whose *Profit* wou'd be the certain Consequence of introducing a *Novelty*, so powerfully attractive. But I shall say more, concerning these Things, upon some future Occasion. The



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O Imitatores, servum pecus ! H o r.
—veteres—miratur, laudatque poetas—Idem.

MONDAY, February 15. 1725.

To the PLAIN-DEALER.

S I R,

‘ T H E R E is a dishonourable Kind of
 ‘ Practice, among the Men, who style
 ‘ themselves the *Wits*, which I can no longer
 ‘ forbear complaining against, as an Abuse
 ‘ that deserves the Notice, and Correction, of
 ‘ a PLAIN DEALER. — You must needs
 ‘ have observ’d, that our *Poets* are, like our
 ‘ *Politicians*, divided into opposite *Parties*;
 ‘ and draw their Pens, with great Sharpness,
 ‘ to the Defiance of each other’s *Muses*. —
 ‘ Among these Warriors, (on both Sides)
 ‘ there are a turbulent Sett of People, not
 ‘ *Soldiers*, but *Engineers*, who are known by
 ‘ the Name of *Cannon-Turners*: They never
 ‘ trouble

‘ trouble themselves to provide *Wit*, of *their*
‘ *own*, but are sure, by some Stratagem, to
‘ steal *That*, of *their Enemies*; and apply it
‘ to a Purpose, the Reverse of what it was
‘ intended for. — The only Difficulty, they
‘ are at, is to substitute the Word *TORY*, in
‘ the Place of the Monosyllable, *WHIG*,
‘ without Detriment to the *Measure* of the
‘ *Verse*; or to crowd the unpliant Stubborn-
‘ ness of *PRESBYTERIAN*, into the passive Com-
‘ pass of *JACOBITE*: For, when these little
‘ Difficulties are once happily adjusted, they
‘ have turn’d the Malice of their Adversary’s
‘ Meaning directly *against Themselves*; and by
‘ killing, with this good *Husbandry*, save the
‘ Expence of Artillery.

‘ BUT it were well, Mr. PLAIN DEALER,
‘ if these *Cannon-Turners* wou’d confine the
‘ Exercise of their invertive Talents to our
‘ private, and *Domestick*, Factions; — On
‘ the contrary, They are never so active, as
‘ when we are at *War* with any of our Neigh-
‘ bours. The *French*, in particular, have
‘ been very great Sufferers by them; and
‘ have complained, That these *Cannon-Tur-*
‘ *ners* are the only *unfair Fighters*, that this
‘ Nation ever sent against them.

‘ I SHALL better clear to your Apprehen-
‘ sion, what Justice there may be in their
‘ Complaint, by producing one Example, of
‘ many, where the Wit, of their own *Ma-*
‘ *gazines*, has been *purloin’d*, in a most un-
‘ soldierly Manner, and *discharg’d upon them*,
‘ to their no small Damage. MON-

‘ *MONSIEUR Maynard*, a *French Writer*, in
 ‘ the Time of Cardinal *Richlieu*’s Admini-
 ‘ stration, found himself forgotten, or neg-
 ‘ lected, (having been a Favourite, in the
 ‘ former Reign) tho’ this great Cardinal was
 ‘ nobly liberal, in the Encouragement, which
 ‘ he gave to Men of Merit: Monsieur *May-*
 ‘ *nard* had a Spirit, too exalted to importune,
 ‘ with personal Addresses, a Minister, whose
 ‘ *Levees* were so over-crowded; and to whom
 ‘ he was no otherwise known, than by the
 ‘ Fame of his *Writings*. He, therefore, sent
 ‘ him, (in the following *Verses*) a Memori-
 ‘ al, so full of *Praise*, without *Flattery*; —
 ‘ *Satyr*, without *Malice*, — and *Submission*,
 ‘ without *Meanness*; that I have never met
 ‘ with a Mixture of so *artful* a *Wit*, with so
 ‘ *delicate* a *Severity*; and it was impossible
 ‘ for it not to have produc’d the Effect, which
 ‘ was expected from it, even tho’ it had been
 ‘ address’d to a *Chief Minister*, by many
 ‘ Degrees, *duller* than Cardinal *Richlieu*.

I.

Sick of a Life, possess’d in vain,
I soon shall wait upon the Ghost
Of our late Monarch, in whose Reign
None, who had Merit, miss’d a Post.

II.

Then will I charm him with your Name,
And all your glorious Wonders done!
The POW’r of FRANCE! — The SPANIARD’S Shame!
The rising Honours of His SON!

III. *Grate-*

III.

*Grateful, the Royal Shade will smile,
And dwell, delighted, on your Name:
Sweetly appeas'd, his Griets beguile,
And drown Old Losses, in New Fame.*

IV.

*But, when he asks me, in what Post
I did your wish'd Commands obey;
And how I shar'd your Favour most?
— What wou'd you please to have me say?*

‘ BUT now Sir, almost a *Century* after the
‘ Death of both *Poet*, and *Patron*, comes a
‘ famous *English Cannon-Turner*, or Abettor of
‘ *Cannon-Turners*, nam'd *Bernard Lintot*; and,
‘ from a *Magazine*, call'd *A Miscellany*, dis-
‘ charges all this Wit against the Honour of
‘ it's *Author's Country*. — The first Part,
‘ being *general*, it will be needless to trouble
‘ you with it; but the Three last *Stanza's*
‘ run in this Manner.

IV.

*The Warriour Ghosts will round me come,
To hear of Fam'd Ramillia's Fight;
While the vex'd Bourbons, thro' the Gloom,
Retire, to inmost Realms of Nighr.*

V. Then,

V.

*Then, I, my Lord, will tell, how you
With Pensions every Muse inspire,
Who Marlbro's Conquests did pursue,
And to his Trumpets tun'd the Lyre.*

VI.

*But, shou'd some drolling Sprite demand,
Well, Sir! — What Place had you, I pray?
How like a Coxcomb shou'd I stand,
What wou'd your Lordship have me say?*

' I SHALL take up none of your Time,
' with Observations on the *Lower Turn*, and
' more *ungenteel Spirit*, with which the Ap-
' plication of this borrow'd *Wit* is made;
' which, in the Original, is so *nobly graceful*!
' All I wou'd say farther, on the Subject, is,
' That since he, who makes bold with *ano-*
' *ther Man's Money*, will naturally be sup-
' pos'd to have had *none, of his own*, I am
' in Pain, upon these Occasions, least, when
' the *French Wits* observe the Freedom we
' have taken with *Their Property*, they shou'd
' conclude us *All* to be *Poor*, rather than
' some of us *Ungenerous*.

I am,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

FRANCIS FAIRPLAY.

To the AUTHOR of the PLAIN DEALER.

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

‘ I HAVE seen with a great deal of Plea-
 ‘ sure some Excellent *Specimens* of the
 ‘ ancient *Hebrew Poetry* distinguish’d in your
 ‘ Paper, with the Applause which is so justly
 ‘ due to them : For every Body, who weighs
 ‘ these Things with Judgment, must agree
 ‘ with a late Writer, That *there is nothing,*
 ‘ *so soft, so tender, and pathetick ; and, at*
 ‘ *the same Time, nothing so grand, so majestick,*
 ‘ *so terrible, and so harmonious, as the Poetick*
 ‘ *Part of the BIBLE.*

‘ I SEND you one of their *Lyrick Odes*
 ‘ (which is the *Song of Moses*, on the Over-
 ‘ throw of the *Egyptians*, in the *Red Sea*) and
 ‘ I believe it will be readily allow’d, That
 ‘ there is more of the *Sublime* in this *Hebrew*
 ‘ *Ode*, than can be found among the *Writings*
 ‘ of any *Greek*, or *Roman Poet*.

Temples, and Altars, let us raise ;
Our Father’s God is Ours, and claims our Praise.
God is our Strength. — Be then that God our Theme ;
At length, proud Pharaoh wakes, from his long Dream !
Wakes — and feels a Warriour’s Hand,
Who boasts a Power, more vast than His ; and lords it o’er
(His Land !
In vain the following Foes our God defy’d,
Their rapid Wheels in vain tore up the Strand :
In vain they mock’d the waving Wand.
Not all their Strength cou’d the fierce Sea withstand,

The

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*The watry World flow'd fearless o'er their Pride:
The drowning Army beat th' involving Tide:
On Sea-wash'd Chariots, half-sustain'd, the trembling Captains*
(ride!

*Tb' uplifted Horses paw their Liquid Way!
And, round 'em, o'er the foaming Flood, the floating Legions*
(lay.

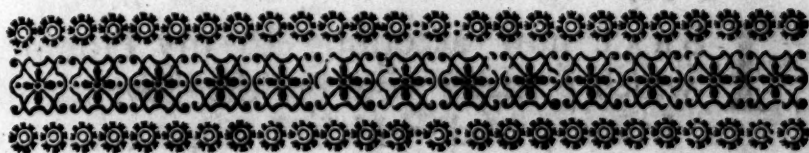
*There, while they vainly felt for Sands below,
For Sands, where watry Mountains flow;
Sinking, like Rocks, they choak the Deep with Prey;
High-covering, rose the briny Surge, and swept their Rage away!*

*Thy glorious Hand, O God! was forceful, here,
Thy Power protects us, and forbids our Fear:
Threat'ning aloud, the thund'ring Legions rose,
And, at thy Chosen, shook th' extended Spear;
Behind, amaz'd, we saw th' o'ertaking Foes!
And felt our Hearts anticipate their Blows,
But, while the Blast of cold Despair blew keen,
Safety, from Heaven, shot down between:
Dreadful in Wrath, thy lifted Arm but shone,
And all th' un-number'd Thousands melt away;
Consum'd like Stubble, when broad Fires roll on,
And sweep the blazing Fields, with crackly sway.*

*Tb' Almighty's Voice but spoke a loud Command;
And, strait, th' unlinking Surges, backward, rise!
Reluctant Waves in quivering Mountains stand,
And hang their billowy Horrors in the Skies!
With murmuring Climb, th' obedient Deep yawns wide,
And, shadowing, lowers aloft, from either Side!
Down, thro' the horrid Road's dark Concave, led,
Safe, o'er th' emerging Vale, bold Israel trod!*

But bark!—The rolling Thunder gives Command!
Disperse, ye Waves, your watry Ranks disband.
Down, the hoarse-sounding Sea, let loose, pours dark, from
(either Hand
Hills, over Hills, devour the vanish'd Sand!
Together, the encountring Uproar flies:
And battling Waves in mixing Mountains rise.
Helpless, — Engulph'd, th' Egyptian Squadrons roll;
With vain Resistance wou'd the Deep controll:
Mix'd, in the covering Spray, a while they strive,
Then like sunk Plummets, to the Bottom dive!
Of all the Gods, what God, like ours is found?
So Just! and for such dreadful Power renown'd!





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—Cum vini vis penetravit
 Consequitur Gravitas Membrorum, præpediuntur
 Crura vacillanti, tardescit lingua, madet mens,
 Nant Oculi, clamor, singultus, jurgia gliscunt.
 LUCRET.

FRIDAY, February 19. 1725.

THE following Letter, from the same learned and ingenious Hand, to which I am indebted for that which was publish'd in a former Paper (N^o. 60) concerning the Difference observable in Point of *Fortune*, between the Professors of Poetry, and of *Painting*, contains so useful a Lesson, against a Folly, that is become too common among us, That no Subject cou'd be more seasonable, or stand more in need of a PLAIN DEALER. The Letter, in its Original, was directed to a particular Friend of the Writer's: But Produc'd an Effect which renders it deserving, of a more Extensive and Publick Notice.

Y 3

SIR.

S I R,

I SHALL now according to my Promise,
 which I made you on the Seventh of
 this Instant, and which I hope came to
 your Hands, give you some Account of the
 strange Ravage which is made by *Excessive*
Drinking, in the Bodies and Minds, and Af-
 fairs of those who are addicted to that *Barba-*
rous Vice.

NATURE has contriv'd it so, That all
 her Children, as long as they retain their
Reason, are fond of *Life*, and at the same
 Time, they all believe that Life it self of
 which they are so fond, is a *grievous Bur-*
then, without the Benefit of *Health*; but
 tho' all Men are satisfied of the unspeak-
 able *Value* of *Health*, yet few are frugal
 Managers of it: But the *Drinking* Part of
 Mankind are as Prodigal of it, as the *Squan-*
derer is of *Money*: For no Vice whatever
 does so much Harm to the Body, or lays
 the Foundation of so many Diseases, as
Excessive Drinking, *Gout*, *Stone*, *Cholick*,
Fewers, *Consumptions*, *Vapours*, *Asthma's*,
 with a long *et cætera*.

A CERTAIN Friend of Ours, whom we
 love very well, has drunk himself into no
 less than *Three* of them, *viz. Gout*, *Asthma*,
 and *Vapours*; and yet he goes on in his old
 Course, as if the Juice of the *Grape*, like
 that of the *Scorpion*, could expell the Ve-
 nom which before it infus'd; but here I
 think

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‘ think my self oblig’d to declare, that I
 ‘ mean, by *excessive Drinking*, a constant,
 ‘ daily, or frequent Drinking, to a greater
 ‘ Quantity than is sufficient to cherish Nature.

‘ ALL the rest of the Vices together, are
 ‘ not so often punish’d by sudden Death as
 ‘ excessive Drinking alone is, which some-
 ‘ times happens by the Malignity of the
 ‘ Vice it self, oppressing and stifling Nature,
 ‘ and sometimes by the fatal Accidents which
 ‘ attend upon it as false Quarrels, &c.

‘ OUR Friend whom I mention’d above,
 ‘ has no less than *Twice*, to my Knowledge,
 ‘ very narrowly escap’d *sudden Death*, which
 ‘ had like to have happen’d *both Times*, by
 ‘ Excessive Drinking, once formerly in *Lin-*
 ‘ *colns-Inn-Fields*, and another Time lately at
 ‘ S——— Now, as a Death that gives no
 ‘ Time for Repentance, ought to be look’d
 ‘ upon as the greatest of all Punishments,
 ‘ Excessive Drinking, ought to be regarded as
 ‘ the greatest of all Vices, because we ought
 ‘ to believe, That Divine Justice has propor-
 ‘ tion’d *Punishments* to the *Crimes* for which
 ‘ they are inflicted ; and because there is no
 ‘ Vice, by which he who uses it, so imme-
 ‘ diately Defaces or so totally Destroys, in
 ‘ himself, the *Image of God*, which is *Rea-*
 ‘ *son*, I hope that upon reading this, you
 ‘ will have the Goodness to admonish our
 ‘ Friend, who has so narrowly escap’d *twice*,
 ‘ to beware of a *third Time*.

‘ As the State of the Mind depends upon
 ‘ that of the Body, and the Motions of that
 ‘ Particle of Heavenly Fire, upon the Motions
 ‘ of the animal Spirits, which in time of *Health*,
 ‘ move Vigcroufly, and Regularly ; and
 ‘ Weakly, and Irregularly, in time of *Sick-*
 ‘ *ness* ; it must necessarily be, that *That* Vice
 ‘ which is the Occasion of most Diseases in
 ‘ the Body, must be likewise the Cause of
 ‘ most Disorders in the Mind. And there is
 ‘ no Vice that is so great an Enemy to the
 ‘ *Understanding* as excessive Drinking, or that
 ‘ so often entirely *Overturms* it. Indeed,
 ‘ Drinking to Excess while the Fit continues,
 ‘ sometimes strengthens the *Imagination* ; but,
 ‘ by the same Degrees by which it *raises* the
 ‘ *Imagination*, it *Depresses* the Judgment,
 ‘ the former of which is common to us with
 ‘ *Beasts*, and the latter with *God* and *Angels*.
 ‘ But then the Day *after* Drinking, the very
 ‘ *Imagination* languishes with the Judgment.
 ‘ And Drinking to Excess never fails, *in time*,
 ‘ to *Quench* the *Imagination*, to *impair* the
 ‘ *Memory*, and to drown the Judgment.

‘ I DESIRE that you would admonish one
 ‘ of our Friend’s *Capacity* to take Notice,
 ‘ That *Bacchus* is often a great *Leveller*, that
 ‘ he levels the Understandings of *Wise* Men
 ‘ and *Fools*, of the Blockhead, and the Man
 ‘ of Sense ; and that therefore, as ’tis the In-
 ‘ terest of Fools to carry on this Vice, ’tis the
 ‘ Interest of Men of Sense to avoid it.

‘ I DESIRE that you would likewise put
 ‘ Him in mind that the same *Drunken Deity*
 ‘ is

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‘ is often *worse* than a *Leveller*; that he is
 ‘ often a *Subverter* of the Order of Things,
 ‘ and pulls down the *Rich*, and exalts the
 ‘ *Poor*; that is, he gives Understanding to
 ‘ *Fools*, and makes Men of Sense *Madmen*.
 ‘ For Fools having generally stronger Nerves
 ‘ and less volatile Spirits, than Men of great
 ‘ Understandings, or of Beautiful Imaginati-
 ‘ ons, the same Quantity of Spiritous Liquor
 ‘ that will set Fire to the Phlegm of Fools
 ‘ and by that Means *rouse their Capacities*, will
 ‘ make Men of Sense either *stupid* or *frantick*.

‘ As there is no Vice, which more impairs
 ‘ the Understanding and weakens the Reason,
 ‘ there is none which more inflames the Pas-
 ‘ sions, and disorders the *Will*. Several other
 ‘ Vices are *Solitary*, and each of them shuns
 ‘ the Company of the rest; but excessive
 ‘ Drinking is attended with the very worst of
 ‘ them, that is, with those which have the
 ‘ directest Tendency to the Misery and De-
 ‘ struction of Men; as *Gaming*, *Quarrels*,
 ‘ *Riots*, *Murders*, &c.

‘ Most other Vices are compatible with
 ‘ several *Virtues*, but Drunkenness runs Coun-
 ‘ ter to all the Duties of Life: A great
 ‘ Drinker, is, for the most part, neither a
 ‘ good *Husband*, nor a good *Father*, nor a
 ‘ good *Son*, nor a good *Brother*, nor a good
 ‘ *Friend*.

‘ But ’tis not *Virtue* only that *Detests*
 ‘ *Drunkenness*; ’tis often abhorr’d even by
 ‘ *Vice* it self, as by *Avarice*, *Hypocrisie*, *Am-*
 ‘ *bition*,

' *bition, Bigottry and Lust.* As this unnatural
 ' Sin of Drinking is attended with several
 ' that bring Misery and Destruction on those
 ' who use them, as has been said above; 'tis
 ' often shunn'd by that Human, *Natural*
 ' *Vice*, which tends to the Propagation of
 ' Mankind, as much as it is by *Vertue*. For
 ' there is nothing so Inconsistent or Incompati-
 ' ble with excessive Drinking, as the Cleanness,
 ' Elegance, and Delicacy, of a *Courtly Gallantry*.
 ' As the Right Management of Human
 ' Affairs, requires Health of Body, and Vi-
 ' gour, and Serenity of Mind, we ought not
 ' to wonder, if a Vice that breaks the Rest
 ' in him, impairs the Understanding, de-
 ' stroys the Memory, inflames the Passions,
 ' and debauches the Will, entirely unquali-
 ' fies a Man for doing what the World calls
 ' *Business*. And therefore hard Drinking has
 ' ruin'd more *English* Families, than all the
 ' rest of our Vices, put together; not by the
 ' immediate Expence which attends upon the
 ' Vice, but by altering the very *Natures* of
 ' the Heads of Families who use it, and mak-
 ' ing them unfit for the Management of their
 ' Affairs, of which they were very capable be-
 ' fore: For other Vices, indeed make Men
 ' *worse*, but a Habitude of excessive Drinking
 ' often alters Men, to that Degree, That they
 ' become the *very Reverse* of what they were
 ' before, and differ more from their *former*
 ' *Selves*, than from their *present Companions*.
 ' Such a Habit, when it has been long con-
 ' tracted

‘tracted, has often made the *Ambitious* indolent, the *Prudent* inconsiderate, the *Active* idle, and the *Industrious* slothful and negligent: So that their Affairs are ruin’d for Want of *Application*, or, by being intrusted in the Hands of those, who turn them wholly to their own Advantage, and to the Ruin of those who employ them.

‘As *Personal* Vices are the Cause of private Calamities, so *National* Vices are the Grounds of National Sufferings. And as no Vice does more Harm to particular Constitutions, than frequent Drinking to Excess, or lays the Foundation of more Diseases, and of more ill Humours, in them; there is none of our publick Vices, which does more Harm to our National Constitution, or occasions more Corruption in it than this pernicious Habitue. And as this Custom in particular Persons causes them to neglect their private Affairs, and either to leave them wholly undone, or to leave them to be done by those, who will make their proper Advantage of them, tho’ to the Ruin of those who entrusted them, as has been said above; the same Thing is not unlike to happen to this Drinking Nation.

‘To be satisfy’d of this, if we may judge of the Future by the Past, we need only cast an Eye back upon our *Elections*, in which Thousands of *English-men* (as far as in them lay) have sold their own *Liberties*, and the *Liberty* of their Country, for *Liquors*. *Esau* sold

‘ sold his *Birth-Right* for a *Mess* of *Pottage* ;
 ‘ but then He sold only his *own Birth-Right*,
 ‘ and he sold it to his *Brother* ; and he sold
 ‘ it to *support Nature*, in the *Extremity* of
 ‘ *Hunger*. But Thousands of our *Electors*,
 ‘ have sold, (as far as in them lay) not only
 ‘ their *own Birth-Rights*, their *own Liberties*,
 ‘ but the *Liberties and Birth-Rights of their*
 ‘ *Brethren*, for nauseous Loads to *oppress*, and
 ‘ *destroy Nature*. I know, indeed, very well,
 ‘ that upon those *Occasions*, in order to cor-
 ‘ rupt People, there is a little of the *Solid*
 ‘ made Use of sometimes, as well as a great
 ‘ deal of the *Liquid*. But I have a better
 ‘ Opinion of some of my Countrymen, than
 ‘ to believe, That they would *sell* their *Wives*,
 ‘ their *Children*, and all their *Posterity*, for a
 ‘ *Song*, if, at the Time when They *did* it,
 ‘ They were *cool* enough to consider, *What*
 ‘ *it is they are about*.

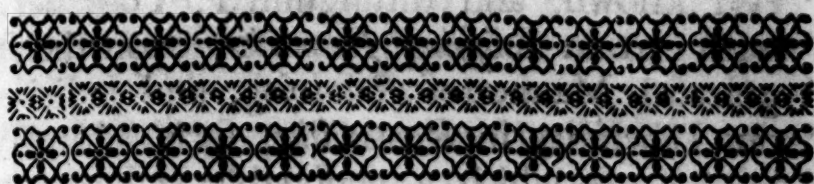
‘ Thus, my dear Friend, have I endea-
 ‘ vour’d to shew the Mischief, which excessive
 ‘ Drinking does to particular Persons, in their
 ‘ *Bodies, Minds, and Affairs*. I should say
 ‘ something of the *unreasonable Apologies* which
 ‘ the *Disciples* of *BACCHUS* make, for them-
 ‘ selves : But, having run into more Length
 ‘ than I first intended, I shall defer what I
 ‘ had to say farther, ’till I have heard how
 ‘ you relish what I have already writ.

London, September

15, 1724.

I am, &c.

The



The Plain Dealer. No 97.

— *Modò Vir, modò Fœmina.* VIRG.

MONDAY, February 22. 1725.

S I R,

‘ AS I have taken Notice, in the Course
 ‘ of your *Plain Dealing*, That you are
 ‘ perfectly appriz’d of the General Disposition
 ‘ among Those, whom we call *People of Qua-*
 ‘ *lity*, to patronize, and distinguish, *Merit*,
 ‘ I flatter my self that you will contribute
 ‘ what Assistance may be in your Power, to
 ‘ the Encouragement of a *Work*, I am at
 ‘ present engag’d in; and which the World
 ‘ may expect to see publish’d, very speedily.
 ‘ — I intend, in short, To compile a His-
 ‘ TORY of DEDICATIONS; containing
 ‘ a particular Account of all Addresses, of
 ‘ That Kind, which have been made to the
 ‘ *Noble Patrons* of the present Age: Whether
 ‘ *Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, Simple*
 ‘ *Barons,*

‘ *Barons*, or under what Name or Title, fo-
 ‘ ever known, and distinguish’d: Together
 ‘ with certain *Edifying Remarks*, upon their
 ‘ graceful Manner of *Receiving*, and judici-
 ‘ ous Liberality in *Rewarding*, such Addres-
 ‘ sers! From which a reasonable Judgment
 ‘ may be form’d, concerning the *unusal* En-
 ‘ couragement, *Polite Learning* is like to
 ‘ meet with, throughout the Course of the
 ‘ present Generation.

‘ GREAT Numbers have already sent me
 ‘ in *Memoirs* of their own particular Expe-
 ‘ rience: And I doubt not in the least, but
 ‘ that I shall be able to compose a Volume,
 ‘ which will not only *do Justice* to the very
 ‘ extraordinary Times we live in, but asto-
 ‘ nish, and inflame Posterity. — If you, Mr.
 ‘ PLAIN DEALER, or any of your Friends
 ‘ have *wherewithall* to oblige the World, on
 ‘ so illustrious an Occasion, be *communicative*,
 ‘ for the *Honour* of your Country, and con-
 ‘ firm me, still more,

Your Friend,

And constant Reader,

HUMPHRY PICKTHANK.

I MUsT be plain, with my industrious
 Correspondent, Mr. *Pickthank*, and let him
 know, without Ceremony, or Circumlo-
 cution,

cution, That I have an irreconcilable Quarrel to the *Subject* of his History : And shall contribute no *Memoirs*, to its Ornament. — If he is desirous to know my Reason, I shall give it him in the Words of a merry Friend of mine, who took Occasion, some few Years since, to *dedicate*, to a Great Man, his Thoughts concerning *Dedications*.

‘ Your *Dedicators*, says this *Wag*, are a sort of *intellectual Taylors*, that cut out Cloaths for a Great Man’s Mind, without ever taking Measure of it. — They have but *Two Rules*, and Those they never depart from : First, The Dress must be *Gaudy* : And, Secondly, It must never *Fit*. But they must make it of a *vast Dimension*, and cover it all over with *Tinsel*.

METHINKS I shou’d congratulate the Men of *Quality*, on this *Advantage*, which it must, of Necessity be, to them, to have their Characters drawn only by such as do not, or dare not, know them : And will, consequently, be sure not to put their *Graces*, their *Lordships*, and their *Ladyships*, out of Countenance. A convenient Piece of Good Breeding ! For which I hope, They are thankful.

As for my self, when I see a long Drift of *Excellencies* and *Talents*, cramm’d down the Throat of an *Innocent Nobleman*, who has done nothing to *deserve* such Ill Usage, I am
not

not at all surpriz'd at it, Because I am assur'd it is not meant to the Disadvantage of the *Person of Honour* it is address'd to, but is a mere Declaration of the *Author's Wants*, and a heavy Complaint, against Hunger, and Nakedness.

THE only *Dedications*, therefore, which I am for encouraging, are Those, which may instruct the Receiver, that he is to consider them as *Bills of Exchange*, drawn by the *Witty* upon the *Great*, and payable at Sight. — And, least the Offering shou'd be misunderstood, or not recompens'd, as it ought to be, through the deplorable Ignorance of some People, whose high Quality has plac'd them above the Reach of *Knowledge*, and the Impulses of *Humanity*, I have, for the Benefit of my worthy Companions, in the Labours of the Standish, drawn up a *Form*, which I would have annex'd to all future *Dedications*, where the *Fortune* is, in any considerable Degree, more Elevated, than the *Understanding*.

The

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The Right Honourable Dives, Earl of Widefield Debtor, To Paul Poorwit, for the following Goods, Sold and Deliver'd.

l. s. d.

<i>Imprimis,</i> FOR a large Stock of Learning very much wanted.	} 02	10	00
<i>Item</i> —For a Bail of powerful Eloquence, admir'd by all the World, but never yet us'd	} 05	00	00
<i>Item</i> —For as much Honour and Justice as a <i>Great Man</i> has Occasion for	} 00	00	01
<i>Item</i> —For a Hogshead of Courage not at all the worse for using	} 10	00	00
<i>Item</i> —For a Pound of Wit, and Humour	} 01	00	00
<i>Item</i> —For a long Line of Lineage, Dog Cheap, and not a Farthing a Yard, by Measure	} 05	00	00
<i>Item</i> —For praising your Lord's Ancestors, unknown	} 1	10	00
<i>Item</i> —For admiring your Lady's Beauty, unseen	} 00	10	00
<i>Item</i> —For a Graceful Person, entirely of my own making	} 02	10	00
<i>Item</i> —For a Nail of a Yard of Generosity	} 00	02	05

Sum Total — 28 02 06

Z

My

My LORD,

‘ I HAVE sent you the Goods above-men-
 ‘ tioned; being the Best, my Ware-
 ‘ house affords, and at the very lowest Prices,
 ‘ — I hope they will please you. You will
 ‘ find, in the large, several Parcels, which I
 ‘ have not *Item’d*: Which will raise the whole
 ‘ *Value* to, at least, *even Thirty Pounds*; and
 ‘ I have drawn a Bill upon your Lordship,
 ‘ accordingly, which I hope you will pay at
 ‘ Sight. — I might have found Chapmen for
 ‘ these Goods, among others of the *Quality*,
 ‘ as unprovided as your Lordship: But out
 ‘ of *pure Respect*, I was resolv’d, you shou’d
 ‘ have the *Refusal*.

I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship’s most oblig’d,

Most obedient, most devoted,

Most, &c.

PAUL POORWIT.

IN this plain Manner, says my ingenious Friend, and old Acquaintance, wou’d I have *Authors* treat their *Patrons*. The said Thirty Pounds may, probably, be the Poet’s *whole Stock*; and *Wits* dealing the least upon *Credit*, either in buying, or selling, of any *Trading People* in the World, have the more Occasion for *Ready Money*. A

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A LITTLE Reflection on the foregoing Particulars, will convince the laborious Mr. *Pickthank*, that nothing is more unreasonable than his Expectation of my Assistance, towards setting forth a *History* of such *Dedications*, as I can, by no means, approve the *Examples* of: But am desirous to see suppress'd in Favour of a *Juster Method*, which I have therefore recommended.

To the Gentleman that writes the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

I AM a young *Woman*, just turn'd of *Fourteen*; and my Father is a Doctor of *Physick*. But he loves *Poetry* mightily: And we have a great many *Wits* come often to dine with us. For my Part, I have no great Skill, yet, what Difference there may be between one sort of Men and another: But I listen, when any of these *Wits* are talking with my Father, because he says, They can teach me Things, That I shall be the wiser for, as long as I live.

ONE of the prettiest of them all, was reading to us, yesterday, some ingenious Copies of Verses, out of a Book of Poems, that is just come out; and I think he told us, it was writ by a Gentleman whose Name is *Baker*. — They were particularly delighted with one little Poem, among the Rest, at which They all laugh'd, as if they were mad: And said, it was one of the

‘ *Cleanest Turns* They had met with: And
 ‘ my Father cou’d not rest, till he had taken
 ‘ a Copy of it.

‘ I OBSERV’D, that my Mother, and my
 ‘ Eldest Sister, *blush’d*, while they were laugh-
 ‘ ing at it: But I (tho’ I stole it out of my
 ‘ Father’s Pocket, the same Night, and have
 ‘ read it, over and over, till I have got it by
 ‘ Heart) can make nothing of it, and am
 ‘ vex’d, because I *want Understanding* to find
 ‘ out the Meaning of something that my Si-
 ‘ ster (who is but three Years older) pre-
 ‘ tended to *look learnedly* at, as if she knew,
 ‘ forsooth! as much of the Matter as Any-
 ‘ body.

‘ I AM asham’d to ask *Questions* about
 ‘ it at home, for Fear of being found out to
 ‘ be Sillier than I shou’d be at my Years. —
 ‘ And, therefore, I bethought my self to beg
 ‘ the Favour of *you*, to shew where the *Clean-*
 ‘ *ness* of That *Turn* lies, that my Father, and
 ‘ his *Wits*, were so highly diverted with. — I
 ‘ know a Place where they take in your Pa-
 ‘ per, and where I shall see your *Answer*,
 ‘ without any Body’s knowing that it was I,
 ‘ who writ to you about it. — I never writ
 ‘ to a *Man* before, but my *Father*, and there-
 ‘ fore pray don’t wonder at any Ignorance,
 ‘ or Mistake, in

Good S I R,

Your Admirer, and humble Servant,

NOVINDA.

The

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The FEATHER.

*I*N his Forimel's Arms, as if quite out of Breath,
I'll kiss thee, my Charmer ! I'll kiss thee, to Death !
Cry'd Thirsis, in Raptures— But, soon on her Breast,
He sunk down his Head, and compos'd him to Rest !
Not long had they lain, thus unactive together,
E're the Wanton pluck'd out, from the Bolster, a Feather:
And, grasping him hard, 'till he open'd his Eyes,
In a Tone of Derision, the witty One cries ;—
To prevent being kill'd, in the Manner you said.
I resolve, with THIS FEATHER to chop off your Head.

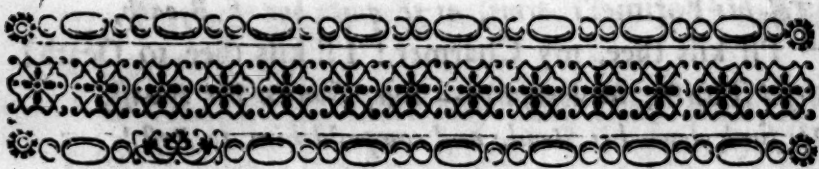
P. S. There may be *Wit* in this, for any
Thing I know ; but, if a Man was for *Cut-*
ting my Head off, and had nothing in his Hand
but a *Feather*, I shou'd think my self a *Great*
Fool, to be afraid, of what he cou'd do to me.

MADAM,

' **W**HEN a young Lady, of so lively,
' and industrious, a Curiosity, becomes
' desirous to learn *Meanings*, she makes much
' swifter Advances, than you can easily ima-
' gine. — Not to rob you, therefore, of
' the Honour of a Discovery, you cannot
' fail to make shortly by Virtue of your own
' natural Genius, Please only to wait, till
' the Week after your next Birth-Day,
' and if by That Time, you shall not be as
' *knowing* in this Point, as the young Lady
' your Eldest Sister, Command all Instruction,
' in the Power of,

Your most obedient Servant,

The PLAIN-DEALER.



The Plain Dealer.

No 98.

— *Quid non Mortalia Pectora cogis,*
Auri sacra Fames! — VIRG.

FRIDAY, February 26. 1725.

THE Force of *Avarice* is never so conspicuous, and so much to be wonder'd at, as when it taints the Minds of Persons eminent in Quality and Circumstance, secured, as one would think, against all mean Temptations, by the large Revenues of a *State Employment*. It is no such great Matter of Surprize, when we see this Tincture of Covetousness prevailing in a *Mechanick*, one whose Birth and Education are upon a Level; one, who has undergone a State of Servitude, who has learn'd to be scraping and penurious by Habit and Example; and who, by a Conversation with Dirt and servile Gain, makes the amassing a Fortune to be the chief End of Life. But we expect from a Generous Birth, and a Liberal Education, Sentiments suitable to their Dignity.

W E

WE see, 'tis true, this *dirty* Passion often blotting the *Escutcheons* of the Noblest Families: And we find at the same time our *Respect* for their *Quality* turn'd into a *Contempt* for their Persons. But how much more de-
 picable does this Vice appear, when we find it lodg'd in the Breast of Him, whose sup-
 pos'd Merit, and the Favour of his Prince, have rais'd him to preside in *Justice*? We at-
 tach Idea's of Veneration to their Characters, who are *Oracles* of *Law*. We look upon
 them as the Storehouses of Wisdom, and the Fountains of Integrity: And were they, as it
 is said of the old *Persian* Emperors, to appear in Publick but once in Seven Years, the Vul-
 gar, no doubt, would carry up their Respect to the Pitch of *Adoration*.

BUT our Deference for these Great Men is taken off, when we see Frailties breaking thro' their Grandeur: When they prostitute the Sanctity of Honour and Conscience, to Wealth, and unworthy Extorsion. My Lord COKE, I remember, somewhere speaking of *Extortion* in a *Judge*, says, It is there worse than Robbery: For *Robbery is apparent, and hath the Face of a Crime; but Extortion puts on the Visor of Vertue, for Expedition of Justice*.

It is a very fine Aphorism, and worthy the Consideration of all Ages and Countries, That a *Judge* ought to be season'd with two Sorts of Salt; the Salt of Wisdom, lest he should appear a Fool, and the Salt of Consci-

ence, lest he should appear a Devil. I cannot help recollecting, upon this Occasion, a Passage of *ÆLIAN*, who speaking of the *Egyptians*, tells us, 'That they boasted to have
' receiv'd their System of Laws from *Mercury*:
' And that their Judges, whenever they sat
' upon the Decision of Causes, wore, hanging
' upon their Breasts, by a Chain of Gold, a Sapphire Image, which was call'd *Truth*: But,
' says the Author, I should think it better, that,
' instead of the material Image dangling at
' their Bosoms, they had the *Essence* of it stamp'd
' on their Souls.

I WAS led into this Trace of thinking, by Perusal of those Pamphlets which have lately been publish'd, concerning the famous Lord *BACON*; and of another I met with in the Window of a *Member of Parliament*, which is call'd, *The CASE of ORPHANS, consider'd from Antiquity*.

THE Title Page tells us, That a Part of of its Subject is, *On the Court of Chancery, having the Disposition of Orphans Money*. As I observ'd some Passages in it, concerning the unreasonable Trust which has been put in the *Masters of Chancery*, I shall take the Liberty of transcribing a few, and making them a Part of this Day's Entertainment.

" I MUST freely confess, (*says this Author*)
 " it is always my Opinion, That a Lord
 " CHANCELLOR was a most proper *Trustee*, and
 " *Guardian*, of the Interests of *Orphans*, and
 " *Widows*.

“ *Widows.* I have not altogether retracted
 “ this Opinion, but I am so diffident of my
 “ own weak Judgment, that strong Clamour,
 “ and strong Arguments, persuade me often
 “ not to be too positive or tenacious of my
 “ Sentiments. I am not so perfectly, me-
 “ thinks, reconcil’d to a CHANCELLOR,
 “ and his *Masters*, having too intimate an
 “ Understanding with Each Other: And I
 “ begin to suspect it a Degree of *Harmony*,
 “ in no wise essential to the Promotion of
 “ *Equity*.

“ IT has been, as I am told, but by a very
 “ modern *Order*, that the *Suiters* Monies
 “ have been lodg’d in the Hands of the *Ma-*
 “ *sters*; and it may be to be wish’d that too
 “ many have not Cause to be sorry an Order
 “ of that Kind ever took Place.

“ THO’ there be a loud Cry of *Deficien-*
 “ *cy* in the *Suiters* Money so lodg’d, I am not
 “ taking upon me to impeach the Chara-
 “ cters of those Gentlemen, but only to ob-
 “ serve, That that *Order* seems to have been
 “ as absurd and unreasonable, as it has prov’d
 “ unhappy in its *Consequences*. The Posses-
 “ sion of large Sums of Money, and the dis-
 “ cretionary Power of approving what Secu-
 “ rities they shall be plac’d out on, is a Trust
 “ of such a Kind as might debauch the Prin-
 “ ciples of Minds, not the most strongly in-
 “ trench’d in Honesty, against the Assaults
 “ of Avarice and Advantage. It gives a Li-
 “ berty, which I hope was never taken, of
 “ making

“ making Interest of that Money in which
 “ they have no Property, and for which they
 “ are, barely Trustees; and at the same Time
 “ of not paying One Shilling of its Produce
 “ to the right Owners, under Colour that
 “ they have not had any proper Security pro-
 “ pos’d, upon which they could certify it safe
 “ and fitting to place it out.

“ WERE there not the unhappy *Defici-*
 “ *encies*, which are at this Time talk’d of, I
 “ think several Cases of Conscience might
 “ arise upon the Possibility of the *Masters*
 “ Conduct, with Regard to this Trust. Sup-
 “ pose only, for Example, during the late
 “ unaccountable Fluctuation of *Stocks*, when
 “ the *South-Sea* Frenzy was at the Height,
 “ and *Money* yielded the Interest of a *whole*
 “ *Year* for the Loan of a *few Hours*, any im-
 “ mense Fortunes had been made by the clan-
 “ destine Application of those very Monies,
 “ for which no Securities could be found; or
 “ those very Monies had been lost in an un-
 “ warrantable Venture for private Profit:
 “ What Reparation should have been made
 “ to the *Suiters*, or *Orphans*, whose Estates, in
 “ either Case, were so *happily*, or *unhappily*,
 “ employ’d? Would they have reap’d the Be-
 “ nefit of the first *Stock-jobbing*; or was there
 “ the least Reason that they should sit down
 “ with the Loss of the *Latter*? I make this
 “ but a Case of Supposition; and as it is
 “ scarce probable that the same Frenzy should
 “ ever again possess us, yet should it, the
 “ Wisdom

“ Wisdom of our PARLIAMENT is providing,
 “ That the Monies of *Orphans* and other
 “ *Suiters*, engag’d in *Chancery*, shall not be
 “ subject to such Hazards.

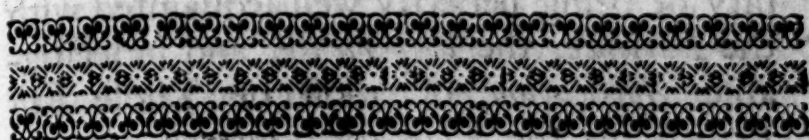
BUT so much for Quotation. As I have above-mention’d the Name of the Lord *Chancellor BACON*, who was accus’d by the Nation of *Bribery* and *Extortion*, I shall add a few Words here with Regard to his Conduct under that Accusation. It has been reckon’d very singular in his Case, and He has been look’d upon as a Man of many *Fears*, that he should desert his *Defence*, and, by a *Submission* and *Confession* of his Guilt, throw himself on the Favour of the Parliament. But my Lord *BACON*, who, as it has been observ’d, knew that all Wounds ake with laying open, and that Circumstances are sufficient to blast a Reputation, was resolv’d to avoid the Hazard of a publick Examination. It may very often be wiser to carry Defects private, than to stand too peremptorily on a Justification; wherefore I look upon the Saying to be of great Weight, *That no Man has so many Faults, as he that takes upon him to have none at all.*

THIS puts me in Mind of a FABLE, that I read in my younger Years, and which I shall relate here, because I am resolv’d not to end with too much Gravity.

“ THERE

‘ THERE was a Knot of good Com-
 ‘ panions that enter’d into a Club,
 ‘ under certain Rules and Orders for the Go-
 ‘ vernment of the Society. One Article
 ‘ among the rest, was, “ That whoever
 ‘ should enroll himself a Member of that
 ‘ *Brotherhood*, with any corporal *Maim*, or
 ‘ *Blemish* about him, should forfeit a Crown
 ‘ to the Board; and for so many Defects, so
 ‘ many Crowns.” It fell out, that *one* Man
 ‘ in the Company was observ’d to go *Limp-*
 ‘ *ing*, and they call’d upon him for his *For-*
 ‘ *feit*. The Man put himself upon the Test,
 ‘ and was found, in the Search, to have not
 ‘ only one Leg longer than the other, but a
 ‘ *Scurff* all over his Body. Upon this Disco-
 ‘ very they demanded another Crown, and
 ‘ then another, for a Glass-Eye he had. They
 ‘ press’d him in the End so hard for the Mo-
 ‘ ney, that it came to *Stripping*, and upon that
 ‘ Struggle, they found he had a Rupture:
 ‘ So that the further he push’d his Defence, his
 ‘ Contest become more Chargeable.





The Plain Dealer. No 99.

Animum curis nunc hac, nunc dividit illuc,—

VIRG.

MONDAY, March 1. 1725.

To the Author of the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ **Y**OU were pleas’d, in a late Paper,
 ‘ to thank Heaven, that *All* our Lords
 ‘ are not *Lords* of *Trade*: For my Part, I
 ‘ wish, heartily, that Eight, or Nine Gen-
 ‘ tlemen of my Acquaintance, were *All*
 ‘ *Lords*! They fall, so naturally, into *Airs*
 ‘ of *Grandeur*, and are already so *adroit* in
 ‘ the Exercise of *Authority*, that They would
 ‘ strangely *become* the Dignity I wish ’em pos-
 ‘ sess’d of, and I shall never be truly Easy,
 ‘ till I see ’em preferr’d, to Offices of much
 ‘ less *Trouble* than their Present, and more
 ‘ proportion’d to their Merit, and Abilities.

‘ You must know, Sir, that I am *Agent*,
 ‘ for one of our *American Colonies*, and owe
 ‘ to

' to the Duties of that Station the Opportu-
 ' nity of being perfectly well acquainted with
 ' the *Patience*, the *Experience*, and indefatig-
 ' able *Application*, of most of Those *Fast*
 ' *Friends* to the *Plantation Interest*, to the
 ' *Ease*, the *Wellfare*, add (above all) to the
 ' *Good Government* of their *Dear Brethren* in
 ' the Western World ! — I have receiv'd a
 ' thousand Proofs of the surprizing *Tender-*
 ' *ness*, and *Moderation*, with which They
 ' act, in Matters, which carry any Severity,
 ' in their Appearance: And, on the other
 ' Hand, of the kind Vigour, and Resoluti-
 ' with which They forward every Motion,
 ' that but tends to the Encouragement, or
 ' Satisfaction, of their Countrymen in those
 ' remote, but important, Settlements. — I
 ' am not able, therefore, to *express* the Gra-
 ' titude, I *feel*, for Benefits, too long, and
 ' too many, to enumerate. — But because
 ' we see Things clearest, when oppos'd against
 ' their *Contraries*, Indulge me but so far, as
 ' to tell the World a *Story* for me, which
 ' will teach the Enemies of these *Great Pro-*
 ' moters of the Publick Good, to value
 ' them, as they ought, and see what Diffe-
 ' rences there is, between *Them*, and other
 ' People.

" ONE of the *Turkish Sultans*, whose
 " Name I have forgot, taking into his Con-
 " sideration the Great Fertility of *Egypt*, was
 " resolv'd to give Encouragement to the
 " *Trade*, and *Plantations* of That Country ;
 " To

“ To this End he sent over to the *Bashaw* of
 “ *Grand Cairo* a SETT of SAGES, with great
 “ Salaries, to whom References were to be
 “ made upon all Transactions, of that Na-
 “ ture: And by whose Reports He was to
 “ guide himself, in *Mercantile* and *Commer-*
 “ *cial* Cases.

“ It happen'd, soon after their Arrival,
 “ that a Petition was presented to the *Bashaw*,
 “ by the Planters of *Cotton*, whose whole
 “ Year's Expectation had been destroy'd by
 “ an unusual Inundation of the *Nile*: In
 “ Commiseration of which deplorable Acci-
 “ dent, They humbly pray'd a Remission of
 “ the Tax upon *Cotton*, for That one Year
 “ only. — The *Bashaw* (according to His
 “ Orders) referr'd This Petition to the *Sages*,
 “ who were, with all convenient Speed, to exa-
 “ mine its Contents, and report their Opinion,
 “ what might fitly be done, upon the Occasion.

“ THE *Sages*, justly mindful that the li-
 “ beral Salaries, which were annex'd to their
 “ Office, intitled the People, for whose En-
 “ couragement they were appointed, to the
 “ most affectionate Proofs of their Favour,
 “ and Good Nature, were not wanting to lay
 “ hold on this inviting Opportunity, to con-
 “ vince the Petitioners how Greatly the Estab-
 “ lishment of so able a *Board* of Counsellors
 “ was like to conduce to the Interest, not
 “ only of the *Cotton-Planters*, but of all the
 “ Plantations, in general. — They, there-
 “ fore, most humbly certified, to the *Bashaw*,
 “ That

“ That the Loss of the Cotton appear'd in-
 “ deed to have been very considerable : But
 “ seem'd rather an Effect of the *Planter's*
 “ *own Negligence*, than of the *River's Inun-*
 “ *dation*, since they cou'd not but know,
 “ there were many *Seeds*, and *Grains*, not
 “ liable in their Growth, to receive Damage
 “ by *Inundations* : And, in particular, *Wool*
 “ they said was *Water-proof*. — They were
 “ therefore humbly of Opinion, That it
 “ wou'd be for the *Good* of the *Plantation-*
 “ *Interest*, that no Regard shou'd be shown
 “ to the Prayer of the Petitioners, since
 “ they ought, instead of *Cotton* to have
 “ SOWN WOOLL, and thereby secur'd them-
 “ selves against the Misfortune, which had
 “ ruin'd them.

‘ I KNOW, MR. PLAIN DEALER, That You
 ‘ are a *Man of Business*, and will, therefore,
 ‘ take up no more of your Time, at pre-
 ‘ sent : But referr to another Occasion what
 ‘ Observations I intend to make, on the
 ‘ Story, which I have here sent you.

I am,

S I R,

Your never-failing Reader,

And humble Servant,

COLON.

To

To the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ **I**F ever there was such a Thing, as the
 ‘ *most Charming Woman in the World*, I
 ‘ have found her out, and am in Love with
 ‘ her, beyond all *Meaning, Thought or De-*
 ‘ *scription*: I had, naturally, no Genius to
 ‘ Poetry, but what can’t *Love* make possible?
 ‘ — My Mistress, whose *Wit* is as amiable
 ‘ as her *Beauty*, is a great Friend of the
 ‘ *MUSES*, and us’d often to reproach me,
 ‘ That I had never *writ Verses* upon her. —
 ‘ She went so far, at last, as to tell me, down-
 ‘ right, That she would never be married to
 ‘ to a Man, who had not *lov’d her, to some*
 ‘ *Tune*. — I readily guess’d at her *Meaning*,
 ‘ and presented her the next Morning, with the
 ‘ following *SONG*, which, I assure you, was of
 ‘ my own making.

I.

AS Damon sat by Sylvia’s Side,
 And watch’d her Eyes, with ambrous Pride;
 He gently bow’d his leaning Head;
 And while It prest,
 Her charming Breast,
 Thus the transported Shepherd said:

VOL. II.

A a

What

II.

Thou smiling Cause of Rest, and Pain!
The Youth who loves not, lives in vain?
What Charms have Eyes, where Wishes meet!
Where Souls combine,
And Two Hearts join,
 Hope is unbounded, — Joy compleat.

III.

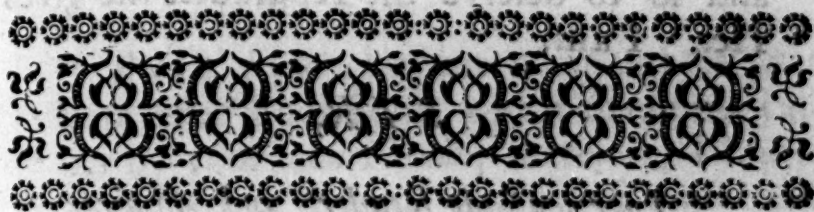
No Lamb, of all thy bleating Care,
Looks softer than Thy Passions are:
Possessing Thee, — By Thee possess'd,
I fear no Pain,
I wish no Gain,
Who, that's in Heav'n wou'd MORE be bless'd?

‘ Now Sir, the Occasion of my troubling
 ‘ You is only to know, Whether you can
 ‘ teach me any Method of finding out, what
 ‘ a Woman has a Mind to *hide*? I can’t, for
 ‘ my Life, guess, Whether she likes *me*, or
 ‘ my *Song either*. — Before I made it, she was
 ‘ for being lov’d to *some Tune*: And now, All
 ‘ I can get from her, is, That she will be
 ‘ admir’d *beyond Measure*. In my Opinion,
 ‘ these two Things are *Inconsistencies*; but
 ‘ one that is in Love, is so apt to be mistaken,
 ‘ that I won’t take upon me to be *positive*,
 ‘ till I know what *You* think of it. And,
 ‘ so, in Hopes of hearing from You, very
 ‘ speedily, I *rest*, — Ah! no — I mean, I
 ‘ remain,

S I R, Your most obedient Servant,

MYRTILLO.

The



The Plain Dealer.

N^o 100.

Nam dolor & morbus Lethi fabricator uter-
que est. ——— LUCAN.

FRIDAY, March 5. 1725.

To the Author of the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ A DEAR Friend of mine having late-
 ‘ ly lost a hopeful and beloved Child,
 ‘ and remaining inconsolable thereupon, I beg
 ‘ you’ll please to insert for the next *Paper*, the
 ‘ following Abstract of *PLUTARCH’s*
 ‘ Letter to his WIFE, on a like Occasion.
 ‘ The sorrowing Parent is your constant Rea-
 ‘ der, and I know no better Way to calm
 ‘ the Violence of her Grief, than by convey-
 ‘ ing to her, by Your Means, and under the
 ‘ Sanction of your Authority, so many ex-
 ‘ cellent and *familiar* Things, as flow’d from
 ‘ that Great Man on this melancholy Occa-
 ‘ sion: Which may, at the same Time, in-
 ‘ spire our Sex with an Ambition, to imi-
 ‘ tate the Virtues of *PLUTARCH’s* Wife,

A a 2

‘ and

‘ and so to deserve the Applauses he gives
 ‘ Her. I am,

S I R,

Your constant Reader, and Admirer,

ARTEMISIA.

PLUTARCH *to his WIFE*: All Health.

“ THE Messenger you dispatched to
 “ tell me of the Death of my little
 “ Daughter, it seems miss’d his Way as he
 “ was going to *Athens*: But when I came to
 “ *Tanagra*, I heard of it by my Niece. I
 “ suppose, by this Time, the Funeral is over.
 “ I wish, that whatever happens, as well
 “ now, as *hereafter*, may create you no Dis-
 “ satisfaction. But if you have designedly
 “ let any Thing alone, depending upon my
 “ Judgment, I pray let it be, without *Ce-*
 “ *remony* and *timorous Superstition*, which I
 “ know are far from you. Only, dear Wife!
 “ let *You* and *I* bear our Affliction with Pa-
 “ tience.

“ I know very well, and comprehend,
 “ what Loss we have had; but if I should
 “ find you grieve, *beyond Measure*, this would
 “ trouble me more than the Thing *it self*:
 “ For I had my Birth neither from a *Stock*,
 “ nor a *Stone*; and you know it full well; I
 “ having been assistant to you in the *Educa-*
 “ *cation* of so many Children, which we
 “ brought

“ brought up at *Home* under our own
“ *Care*.

“ *THIS* much lamented Daughter was
“ born after Four Sons, which made me call
“ her by your *own Name*; therefore, I know
“ she was dear to you; and Grief must have
“ a *peculiar Pungency* in a Heart *tenderly af-*
“ *fectionate to Children*; especially when you
“ call to Mind how *witty* and *innocent* she
“ was, void of *Anger*, and not *querulous*:
“ She was naturally *mild* and *compassionate* to
“ a Miracle; and gave Specimens of her
“ *Humanity* and *Gratitude* towards any *Thing*
“ that had oblig’d her; for she would pray
“ her Nurse to give suck not only to *other*
“ *Children*, but to her very *Play-things*; as it
“ were, courteously inviting them to *her Ta-*
“ *ble*, and making the best Chear for them
“ she could. Now, my dear Wife, I see no
“ Reason why *these* and the *like* Things, which
“ delighted us so much when she was alive,
“ should, upon Remembrance of them, af-
“ fect us when she is dead.

“ It is but just, That the same Arguments
“ which we have oftentimes used to *others*,
“ should prevail upon *ourselves* at *this* so *sea-*
“ *sonable* a Time; and that we should not
“ supinely sit down, and overwhelm the
“ Joys we *have tasted*, with a Multiplicity
“ of *new Grievs*. A vertuous Woman ought
“ thus to think with herself, That the Tem-
“ pest of the Mind in violent Grief must be
“ calmed by *Patience*; which does not in-

“ trench on the *natural* Love of Parents to-
 “ wards their Children, as many think, but
 “ only struggles against *disorderly* and *irregu-*
 “ *lar* Passions. For, we allow this Love of
 “ Children to discover itself, in *lamenting*, *wish-*
 “ *ing for*, and *longing after* them when they
 “ are dead. But the *excessive* Inclination to
 “ Grief, which carries People on to *unseemly*
 “ Exclamations and *furious* Behaviour, is no
 “ less culpable than *luxurious* Intemperance.
 “ Yet Reason seems to plead in its Excuse;
 “ because, instead of *Pleasure*, *Sorrow* is an
 “ *Ingredient* of the *Crime*. What can be
 “ more Irrational, I pray, than to check *ex-*
 “ *cessive* Laughter, and yet, give a free Courie
 “ to Tears, which flow from the *same* Foun-
 “ tain?

“ FORMERLY, you discover'd, on a *like*
 “ Occasion, great Constancy of Mind, when
 “ you lost your *Eldest* Son: And again, when
 “ the lovely *Choron* left us. For I remem-
 “ ber, when the News was brought me of
 “ my Son's Death, as I was returning Home
 “ with some *Friends* and *Guests*, when they
 “ beheld *all Things in Order*, and observ'd a
 “ *profound* Silence every where (as they after-
 “ wards declared to others) they thought *no*
 “ *such* Calamity had happened, but that the
 “ Report was false: So *discreetly* had you settled
 “ the Affairs of the House at that Time,
 “ when no small *Confusion* and *Disorder* might
 “ have been expected. And yet you gave
 “ *this* Son *suck* yourself, and endured the
 “ lancing

“ *lancing of your Breast*, to prevent the ill
“ *Effects of a Contusion.*

“ *THESE* are Things worthy of a *Generous*
“ *Woman*, that loves her *Children* ! Whereas,
“ we see most *others* receive them in their
“ *Hands as Play-things*, with a *Feminine*
“ *Mirth* and *Jollity*, and afterwards, if they
“ chance to die, they drench themselves in
“ *excessive Sorrow*. Not that *this* is any Ef-
“ *fect of their Love* (for that *gentle Passion* acts
“ *regularly and discreetly* !) it proceeds from a
“ *Desire of Vain-glory*, mixed with a *little*
“ *natural Affection*, which renders their Mour-
“ *ning barbarous and extravagant*. Which
“ Thing *Æsop* knew very well, when he tells
“ the Story of *Jupiter's* giving Honours to
“ the Gods: For it seems *Grief* also made
“ *her Demands*; and it was granted, That
“ *she should be honoured*, but only by Those
“ who were willing, of *their own Accord*, to
“ do it.

“ *AND*, indeed, *this* is the Beginning of
“ *Sorrow*: Every-body *first* gives her *free Ac-*
“ *cess*, and after she is once *settled*, and be-
“ come *familiar*, she will not be forced thence
“ with their *best Endeavours*. Therefore, she
“ must be resisted at her *first Approach*, nor
“ must we surrender the Fort to her by any
“ *exterior Signs*, whether of *Apparel*, or *shav-*
“ *ing the Hair*, or any other *such like* Symp-
“ *toms of mournful Weakness*; which, by De-
“ *grees*, so *enervate the Mind*, and reduce
“ her to such *Streights*, that, quite *dejected*

“ and *besieged* with *Grief*, the poor timorous
 “ Wretch *dare not* be merry, or see the
 “ Light, or eat and drink in Company. The
 “ Inconvenience is accompanied by a *Neglect*
 “ of the *Body*, with whatsoever relates to the
 “ *Elegance* of *Humane Life*.—Whereas, on the
 “ contrary, the Soul, when it is *disordered*,
 “ ought to receive *Aid* from the *Vigor* of a
 “ *healthful Body*. For the *sharpest Edge* of
 “ the *Soul's Grief*, is *rebat*ed, when the *Body*
 “ is in *Tranquility*, like the Sea in a Calm.
 “ But, where from an ill Course of Diet, the
 “ Body becomes *dry* and *hot*, so that it can-
 “ not supply the Soul with *commodious* and
 “ *serene Spirits*; but only breathes forth *me-*
 “ *lancholy Vapours*, which annoy her with *Sad-*
 “ *ness*; there, it is difficult for a Man (tho'
 “ never so willing) to recover the *Tranquility*
 “ of his *Mind*, after it hath been disturbed
 “ with so many *evil Affections*.

“ BUT that which is most to be dreaded
 “ in this Case, does not at all affrighten me;
 “ to wit, The *Visits* of *foolish Women*, and
 “ their accompanying You in Your *Tears*
 “ and *Lamentations*; by which they *sharpen*
 “ *Grief*, not suffering it either of *itself*, or
 “ by the Help of *others*, to fade and vanish
 “ away. For, I am not ignorant how great
 “ a Combat you lately entered, when you
 “ assisted the Sister of *Theon*, and opposed
 “ the Women who came running in with
 “ *horrid Cries*, bringing *Fewel*, as it were,
 “ to her Passion. When Men see their Neigh-
 “ bour's

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"bour's *House* on Fire, every one contributes
 "his utmost to *quench* it: But when they see
 "the Mind inflamed with furious Passion,
 "they bring *Fewel* to *nourish* and *increase* it.
 "When a Man's *Eye* is in Pain, he is not
 "suffered to touch it, tho' the Inflammation
 "provoke him to it, nor will they that are
 "near him meddle with it. But he who is
 "gall'd with Grief, sits and exposes his Di-
 "stemper to *every one*, like Waters that all
 "may poach in; and so that which at first
 "seem'd a *light* or *trivial Smart*, by much
 "Fretting and Provoking, becomes *great*,
 "and *incurable*.

"I would have you endeavour to call to
 "Mind *that Time*, when our Daughter was
 "not, as yet, born to us: Then, joining
 "*that Time* with *this*, argue thus with
 "your self, we are *now* in the *same* Condition
 "as *then*: Otherwise, dear Wife, we shall
 "seem discontented at the *Birth* of our little
 "Daughter, if we own, that our Circum-
 "stances were better *before* it. The *Two*
 "*Years* of her *Life* are, by no means, to be
 "forgotten, by us, but to be numbered
 "amongst our *Blessings*, in that they afforded
 "us an *agreeable Pleasure*. Shall we not
 "esteem a *small Good* because of a *great Evil*?
 "or, Shall we ungratefully complain against
 "Fortune for what she has *actually given* us,
 "because she has not added *what we wish*
 "*for*? — Certainly, to speak reverently of
 "the Gods, and to bear our lot with an even
 "Mind,

“ *Mind*, without *accusing Fortune*, always
 “ brings with it a *fair Reward*. And he,
 “ who in such a *Cale*, calls *prosperous Things*
 “ to *Mind*, and, turning his *Thoughts* from
 “ *dark and melancholy Objects*, fixes them on
 “ *bright and chearful Ones*; will either quite
 “ *extinguish his Grief*, or, by *allaying it with*
 “ *contrary Sentiments* will render it more
 “ *feeble*.

“ *TRUE Happiness* consists in the *right*
 “ *Counsels* of the *Mind*, tending to its own
 “ *constant Establishment*; and the *Changes* of
 “ *Fortune* are of no great *Importance* to the
 “ *Felicity* of our *Life*: if we are govern'd
 “ by *exterior Things*, and, with the *Vulgar*,
 “ have a *Regard to Casualties*, we suffer *any*
 “ *kind of Men* to be *Judges* of our *Happiness*,
 “ it will certainly ill become us, to accuse our
 “ *Life*, if, like a *Book*, it hath but *one Blot*
 “ in it, and all the rest be *fair and candid*.

“ Do not You, therefore take Notice of
 “ the *Tears* and *Moans* of *such as visit you*, at
 “ *present*, *condoling your Misfortune*; for
 “ their *Tears* and *Sighs* are but of *Course*.
 “ Rather consider, How happy every one of
 “ them esteem'd you for the *Children you*
 “ *have*, the *House you keep*, and the *Life you*
 “ *lead*. For it would be an ill thing, while
 “ *others covet your Fortune*, tho' *sullied with*
 “ this *Affliction*, that you should exclaim against
 “ what you *enjoy*; and not be sensible, from
 “ the *Taste of Affliction* how grateful you ought
 “ to be for the *Happiness* which remains un-
 “ *touched*

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“ *touched.* Or, like some, who collecting
 “ all the *defective* Verses of *Homer*, pass’d
 “ over at the same time, so many *excellent*
 “ *Parts* of his Poems : So shall we peevishly
 “ *complain* of, and *reckon up* the *Inconveniencies*
 “ of our Life, neglecting the *Benefits* thereof?
 “ Or, Shall we imitate *Covetous* and *Sordid*
 “ *Misers*, who having heap’d together much
 “ *Riches*, never *enjoy* what they have in
 “ *Possession*, but *bewail it* inconsolably, if
 “ it chance to be *lost*.

“ *BUT*, if you lament the poor Girl, be-
 “ cause she died *unmarried*, and without *Off-*
 “ *spring*, you have wherewithal to comfort
 “ your self, in that *You* are defective in none
 “ of these Things, having had *Your Share* :
 “ And these are not to be esteemed *great Evils*
 “ where they are *wanted*, and *small Benefits*
 “ where they are *enjoyed*. So long as she is
 “ gone to a Place where she feels no *Pain*,
 “ she has no Need of our *Grief* : For, what
 “ *Harm* can befall *us* from *her*, when she is
 “ free from all *Hurt* ? And, surely, the Loss
 “ of *great Things* abates the *Grief*, when it
 “ is come to this ; *That there is no more*
 “ *Ground of Grief or Care for them*. But
 “ thy *TIMOXENA* was deprived but of
 “ *small Matters* ; for she had no Knowledge
 “ but of such ; neither took she Delight but
 “ in such *small Things*. How then can you
 “ say, That *that* is taken from her, which
 “ she never was *sensible* of, and which never
 “ so much as entered into her *Thoughts* ?

As

“ As for what you hear Others say, who
 “ persuade the *Vulgar*, That the Soul when
 “ once freed from the Body, suffers no In-
 “ convenience or Evil, nor is sensible at all;
 “ I know, that *you* are better grounded in
 “ the Doctrines delivered down to us from
 “ our *Ancestors*. For the *Religious Symbols*
 “ are well known to us, who are of the
 “ Fraternity : Therefore, be assured, That
 “ the Soul, being *incapable of Death*, suffers
 “ in the Body, in the *same Manner* as *Birds*
 “ that are kept in a Cage. Wherefore,

Even when we first receive our Breath,
'Twere good to pass the Gates of Death;

“ Before too great a Love of *Earthly Things*
 “ be engendred in the Soul, and it become
 “ soft and tender by being *used* to the Body;
 “ and, as it were, *incorporated* with it.





The Plain Dealer. N^o 101.

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo. HOR.

MONDAY, *March* 8. 1725.

To the Author of the PLAIN-DEALER.

S I R,

‘ **W**HILE I intended to have sent you
‘ an *Essay* on *Plain-Dealing*, I fell in-
‘ to a Conversation, which furnished me with
‘ it, and the Narrative will be thought a
‘ more lively Entertainment. The Society
‘ was composed of some of your old standard
‘ Friends, whose agreeable Characters gave
‘ Life to your Understanding. — I was car-
‘ ried thither to have the Honour of being
‘ introduced to the *Plain Dealer*; but, it
‘ seems, you were taking Observations from
‘ your Watch-Tower of *Barbican*, concern-
‘ ing which, I make no doubt, we shall hear
‘ something to our Advantage; and so, as it
‘ happen’d, I mis’d the Pleasure which had
‘ been

‘ been promised me. However, as your Ad-
 ‘ mirer, I beg to be admitted into the Num-
 ‘ ber of your Correspondents, while I inform
 ‘ you, That the Company I met, were the
 ‘ *Clergyman*, the *Critick*, Major *Stedfast*, Ned
 ‘ *Volatile*, and your own dear *Patty Amble*.

‘ THE good Gentleman in Black, took
 ‘ Occasion, from our Speaking of the Title of
 ‘ your Paper, to distinguish a *Plain Dealer*
 ‘ from a *Rough Dealer* : That is, a Man,
 ‘ whose Knowledge and Generosity inspire
 ‘ him with a Delight in befriending Man-
 ‘ kind, from the brutal Impertinent, whose
 ‘ Ignorance but *affects* Meaning, and prompts
 ‘ him to suppose he appears Wise, when
 ‘ most insufferably Shocking. The Virtues of
 ‘ *Plain Dealing*, said he, are, by awkward Imit-
 ‘ tators, debased into Ill-Manners, and In-
 ‘ humanity. The Brute, who boasts of his
 ‘ *Bluntness*, is a loud Censurer of other Mens
 ‘ Conduct, and never right in his own. —
 ‘ His Eloquence is a Froth of Expression,
 ‘ without Depth, or Perspicuity. — While
 ‘ his Depravity mistakes Brutalities for Beau-
 ‘ ties, the Graces of human Life are rejected
 ‘ by him as Fraillies ! Because his own Na-
 ‘ ture is impenetrably obdurate, he calls Ob-
 ‘ stinacy *Magnanimity* ! Compassion for the
 ‘ Afflicted, is a *Weakness in the Mind* ; and a
 ‘ Readiness to forgive Injuries, an *Affectation*,
 ‘ or *Deficiency of Spirit*.

‘ The *Plain Dealer*, refining Nature, by
 ‘ Principle, acts the Inquisitor within him-
 ‘ self

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‘ self, and throws out a Light of Example,
 ‘ as well as Instruction, upon the World. —
 ‘ The Former insults the Unfortunate with
 ‘ Censure; but the Latter, reproaching only
 ‘ the Proud and Prosperous, *corrodes* not the
 ‘ Wounds of the Afflicted, by insisting on
 ‘ past, and irretrievable Miscarriages. Yet,
 ‘ by some gentle Allusion to their Actions,
 ‘ he awakens a Reflection, that can arm them
 ‘ for their future Safety. — We judge of
 ‘ Things impartially upon a Surprise, by
 ‘ such Comparison; and, condemning our
 ‘ own Faults in others, are forced to stand
 ‘ self-convicted, when the *Recoil* is made up-
 ‘ on our selves.

‘ But the Barbarity of a *profound Pedant*
 ‘ is still worse, if possible, than that of a *shal-*
 ‘ *low Impertinent*. The Ignorance of the one,
 ‘ can only move us to Contempt; but the
 ‘ Learning of the other, provokes our Dete-
 ‘ station. Tho’ Envy may hurt Genius, by
 ‘ urging it, in the Disguise of Flattery, up-
 ‘ on too ardent and improper Essays, yet, in
 ‘ the dogmatizing Pedant, it has shock’d
 ‘ Worth much more fatally at its first setting
 ‘ out; and extinguish’d a Spirit, which no
 ‘ Encouragement could re-kindle. A Pe-
 ‘ dant ungratefully turns that Force to the
 ‘ Discouragement of Learning, with which
 ‘ Learning has arm’d him to make War
 ‘ against Ignorance. — While the *Plain*
 ‘ *Dealer* reproves, he sets *Merits* against *Er-*
 ‘ *rors*, and the *Lustre* of the one, deepens the
 ‘ *Shade*

' *Shade* of the other ! To display but the dark
 ' Side a Man, either damps him with a Ter-
 ' ror, that incapacitates him for Action, or
 ' disgusts him into a stubborn Indulgence of
 ' those Follies he would otherwise have
 ' grown ashamed of. Roughness in Conver-
 ' sation, being like Persecution in Religion,
 ' Profelytes are gain'd soonest by a gentle
 ' Manner of Persuasion ; and I am pleas'd
 ' with a Saying that is recorded of King *Henry*
 ' *the Fourth* of France. — *A Drop of Honey*
 ' *draws more Flies, than a Spoonful of Vine-*
 ' *gar.*

' IN short, the Force of a fine Instruction
 ' ought to strike like a Flash of Lightning !
 ' As the Subtilty of the one, is said to dis-
 ' solve the Bone, without bruising the Flesh ;
 ' the other, with a Surprize of Influence,
 ' shoots Remorse thro' the Heart, before the
 ' Temper can be ruffled into a Disposition to
 ' repulse it. In this Light, a *Plain Dealer*
 ' is a Father, or rather a Friend, which is yet
 ' dearer. — A Father may leave us Wealth
 ' and Titles, from which we may derive Au-
 ' thority or Distinction ; but such a Friend,
 ' can teach us to be wise, and Wisdom illu-
 ' strates Obscurity, and adorns Dignity with
 ' an Eminence superior to that of Fortune ;
 ' it vests us too with the noblest *Power*, for
 ' it enables us to govern our Passions. —
 ' *Alexander* justly preferr'd his Master *Ari-*
 ' *stotle* to his Father *Philip*. *The King*, said
 ' he, *but made me a Prince, the Philosopher*
 ' *made me a Man.*

‘ I OBSERV’D, That your dear *Patty Am-*
‘ *ble*, delighting to *talk much*, took little Plea-
‘ sure in giving *Attention*. But that Lady
‘ urges her *Sex’s Privilege*, when she declares
‘ an Antipathy to *Plain Dealing*. Ah! cri-
‘ ed the charming *Coquet*, how preferable is
‘ Flattery to *Plain Dealing*? I know, that, in
‘ the common Cant, Flattery is said to be
‘ gross; that it is called, The *Craft* of the
‘ *Courtier*! The *Seducer* of *Beauty*! and, The
‘ vain Promiser of a Happiness, which it ne-
‘ ver means to bestow! But, let me tell you,
‘ they had done it more Justice, had they cal-
‘ led it, The *Soother* of *Discontent*! The *Re-*
‘ *finer* of *Fancy*! The *Imbellishment* of *Con-*
‘ *versation*! The very *Inspirer* of *polite Plea-*
‘ *tures*! — What a Delicacy of Delight
‘ should we lose, were that odious *Plain Deal-*
‘ *ing* to prevail? Mr. *Volatile* would no lon-
‘ ger give the *Tattling* of a Lady, the com-
‘ plaisant Term of *Liveliness*; nor the *Major*
‘ soften our Sex’s Levities with the pretty
‘ Title of, *Innocent Amusements*. Our Ex-
‘ pence in Dress, Equipage, Masquerades,
‘ and *Opera Subscriptions*, would lose the
‘ agreeable Name of *Taste*, for that hideous
‘ one of *Extravagance*; so that our darling
‘ Modes of Thinking, which we have so long
‘ been told, are owing to our Reason and
‘ Discernment, would then be forc’d to wear
‘ a much more mortifying Title, and be cal-
‘ led, Our downright *Vanity*.

' I WAS willing to take the Advantage of
 ' this Pause but could not resist the Pleasure
 ' of listening to that ever-rambling, ever-
 ' agreeable Tongue ! What Lover (continu-
 ' ed the enchanting Trifler) would not rather
 ' be *flatter'd* into Hope, then abandon'd to
 ' Despair by *Plain Dealing* ? The Coxcomb
 ' delightfully deceives himself, by fancying
 ' our very *Denials* to be Tokens of our fu-
 ' ture Favours. The Man of Sense (who,
 ' when a *Lover*, is, of Course, to be *mistaken*)
 ' believes the Charmer, he admires, has a
 ' Wit as penetrating as her Eyes ; and, vain
 ' of the real Worth he possesses, becomes Fool
 ' enough, in his Turn, to think *Merit* a Re-
 ' commendation to the Ladies ! — Thus,
 ' when you flatter *Us*, you appear agreeable,
 ' when we flatter *You*, we secure our Con-
 ' quests ; and when we Both flatter *Ourselves*,
 ' we consult and preserve our Quiet. These
 ' are Pleasures, which *Plain Dealing* would
 ' intirely deface, and abolish.

' But, Madam, cried *Ned Volatile*, as Beaus
 ' and Ladies admire Things for their *Novelty*,
 ' we Men of Speculation, approve them most
 ' for their *Antiquity*. — A Man of Dress,
 ' is pleas'd with a Sword-Knot and Cane-
 ' String, after the newest Fashion ; while a
 ' *Virtuoso* prefers a rusty *Roman Favelin* to
 ' the White Wand of a Lord-Treasurer. —
 ' The Herald derives the Honour of Fami-
 ' lies from their *Antiquity* : And since there
 ' can be no Doubt, but *Flattery* is more
 ' *ancient*

‘ *ancient*, it must therefore be more *honour-
able* than *Plain Dealing*.

‘ *Plain Dealing*, interrupted the *Critick*,
‘ had been more gracefully drawn, in the fa-
‘ vourite Character of Mr. *Wicherley*’s Come-
‘ dy ; if his good Qualities, remaining equal-
‘ ly strong, had been soften’d, to appear more
‘ *amiable*. But his Judgment is mix’d with
‘ Partiality, and his Wit with Ill-manners.
‘ He’s impatient of Contradiction, and ex-
‘ ceeds, in Self-conceitedness, the very Cox-
‘ combs he contemns. — As a *Lover*, his
‘ Indecency checks our Regard, and seems to
‘ justify the Ill-usage which he meets with.

‘ COULD *Plain-Dealing* (observ’d the *Ma-
jor*) be forgiven among the *Great*, it would
‘ both adorn and defend them. On the contrary,
‘ *Double Dealing*, which is an Accomplish-
‘ ment they are fond of, has been more dan-
‘ gerous to Princes, than the most open Re-
‘ bellion. Had *Tarquin* never trusted the
‘ Diffimulation of the First *Brutus*, the Ex-
‘ pulsion of his Race had been prevented:
‘ And, I think, it may easily be determined,
‘ by the Unprejudiced, how far the admired
‘ Last of that Name deviated from his boasted
‘ *Honesty*, when he conspired against the Man
‘ whose Interest he espoused, and whose par-
‘ ticular Affection had pardon’d, promoted,
‘ and confided in him ; when, in the Person
‘ of that God-like *Cæsar*, he assassinated his
‘ *Father*, his *Friend*, and his *Preserver*.

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‘ I HAD now an Opportunity to offer my
 ‘ Sentiments, in my Turn ; and ventur’d to
 ‘ interpose as follows. — Were *Plain Dealing*
 ‘ a Court Vertue, it would free great Num-
 ‘ bers from the Misery of a vain Dependance,
 ‘ and avoid the Resentment of those, whom
 ‘ *Double Dealing* disappoints, or makes In-
 ‘ struments of. Greatness proves often too
 ‘ weak a Protection; for the meanest Adver-
 ‘ sary may become *considerable* in *Mischief*.
 ‘ However an angry Multitude may *vary* in
 ‘ their Tempers, their Passions, like different
 ‘ Arrows, carry all the same Sharpness, and
 ‘ are commonly pointed at *one Mark*. — Up-
 ‘ on the Whole, If *Wisdom* is better than
 ‘ *Cunning*, if *Honesty* may be allowed the
 ‘ *safest* Principle of *Policy*; there is then this
 ‘ Difference betwixt *Double Dealing* and *Plain*
 ‘ *Dealing*; The one, confounds Families and
 ‘ Kingdoms, and renders the Guilty, when
 ‘ discover’d, detestable, even in the Grave:
 ‘ The other confirms Justice, banishes Di-
 ‘ strust from Correspondence, strengthens
 ‘ Friendship in *Private*; and in *Publick*, is
 ‘ the Mark of a *Patriot*; and will transmit
 ‘ the Possessor’s Memory to the Affection
 ‘ of future Ages.

I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

R. S.

The



The Plain Dealer. No 102

Vilius Argentum est Auro, Virtutibus Aurum.

H O R.

FRIDAY, *March* 12. 1725.

To the PLAIN-DEALER.

Middle-Temple, March 1. 1725.

S I R,

‘ I AM a Young Fellow, left by my Pa-
‘ rents without any Provision, besides
‘ that of a good Education ; nor have I any
‘ Prospect of Fortune, but what I may, by
‘ the Assistance of that, hope to raise in my
‘ Profession. You will certainly think I had
‘ other Business to mind, than being *in Love* ;
‘ and yet, Sir, that is the Cause of my pre-
‘ sent Application. — I must own myself
‘ not able to withstand the Charms of a cer-
‘ tain Young Lady, who is one of your Rea-
‘ ders. She is at once, Mistress of the greatest
‘ Sense, Knowledge, Wit, and Sweetness of
B b 3 *Temper ;*

Temper ; Qualities, *each* of which by itself
 (possess'd to that eminent Degree, she now
 enjoys them *all*) were sufficient to make
 whomsoever she honours with her Choice,
compleatly happy ! She has, for some Time,
 admitted me to the Favour of visiting her,
 and treats me, on all Occasions, with the
 greatest Civility. I have heard her often
 say, She thought *the Law* (to which, by
 this Time, you perceive I belong) the most
Genteel, and *Honourable*, of all Professions ;
 That she never would marry for *Money* ; —
 And a Hundred such Things, that a young
 Fellow, as I am, is naturally vain enough
 to construe into *Encouragements*. But, Sir,
 she is a great *Fortune* ; and you know what
Ridicule a Young Man, *without any*, meets
 with, who makes Addresses of that Kind,
 and comes off unsuccessfully. — I desire,
 therefore, you would take an Opportunity,
 in one of your Papers, to let her know,
 That if she has any such Thoughts, as my
 Wishes have flattered my Hopes into a
Suspicion of, Her Advances ought to be a
 great deal *more*, than is usually judged
 reasonable : For while I have the least *Doubt*
 of her Inclinations, I had rather die a Thou-
 sand *Deaths*, than, by a mistaken Pre-
 sumption, run the Hazard of losing, what
 alone can make *Life* valuable, to,

S I R,

Your very Humble Servant,

S Y L V I O.

T H E

THE Case of my Correspondent is pretty nice, and as this seems to be a Matter of the greatest Importance to both Parties, I think I cannot bestow a Paper better, than in taking it into Consideration, and in giving some Advice, that may be of Service to all, who are in the same Circumstances.

IF we consider the Affair of *Marriage*, as it is now generally carried on in the World, there are innumerable Difficulties, which damp pursuits of that Kind, in a Young Fellow, who, let him deserve ever so well in other Respects, wants (what the World *alone* esteems *Merit*) an ESTATE.

SOME of these Difficulties arise from the *Women themselves*.——There are few among them to be found, who have any Notion of Enjoyments, beyond mere *sensual* Gratifications. A *Masquerade* affords them infinitely more Pleasure, than the brightest Conversation; a *Diamond* has more Charms, than any of the moral Virtues; and, I doubt not, there are some, who, for the Sake of riding in a Coach and Six, would Yoke themselves with a *verier Beast*, than any in their *own Equipage*. Let any one Traffick with them for the dear Delights of *Wealth*, they will *buy*, even at the *highest Price*; —— That is, They will pay the Purchase in what they prize most —— *Themselves*. —— And, tho' hardly any Match, on these Considerations alone, has ever yet proved happy, They still

go on ; ——— Notwithstanding they are
ture to *repent*, They never fail to make the
Choice.

*How wretched is the faithful Youth,
Since Womens Hearts were Bought and Sold !
They ask not Vows of sacred Truth,
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for Gold.*

OTHER Women there are, indeed, whose
Minds, of a less mercenary Cast, consider
only the *Merit* of their Admirers ; who are
capable of receiving that Love which flows
from *Esteem*, and of tasting Happiness from
rational Enjoyments. But, how few of these
enjoy the Liberty of *choosing for themselves* ?
How many groan under the Tyranny of an
Avaritious Parent ? who would no more part
with his Daughter, than his Land, to any
but the *best Purchaser*. How would he
Scoff at a Young Man's Impudence ? who,
instead of paying *Her Price*, should pretend
to talk of *Her Happiness* !

FROM thus much of the Sex, then, *Money-
less Merit* seems intirely excluded. The
Woman who has *Liberty*, as well as *Capacity*,
to make a prudent Choice, is the only one
with whom we can hope Success. And here
arise new Difficulties, from another Side ;
The *Men* are now our Hindrance, and one in
my Correspondent's Circumstances, must ex-
pect *himself* to suffer for the general ill Cha-
racter of his Sex. Men daily shew them-
selves

selves as little *disinterested*, in their Pursuits, as Women. *Age*, *Folly*, and *Ill-Nature*, are no Impediments to them, provided there be but *Money*. ——— Love, and Esteem, are so frequently used as Pretences, while the real Affection is only for the Fortune, that Women are alarm'd at the first Approach; and a Young Fellow dares hardly Love, where Prudence only permits him to Love, without incurring the odious Title of a *Fortune-hunter*.

If therefore my Correspondent sincerely feels, within himself, that *disinterested Affection*, which he seems to act by, I would advise him to take all possible Methods to *convince* the Lady of it; I need not direct him *how*; for, if he is sincere, his Passion will discover it self in every Word and Action. But by no means let him be *hasty*, in his Addresses, ——— With a Lady of her Sense, his *Modesty* will add much to his *Influence*. True Love springs not upon a sudden, and should he urge his Wishes, too far, before her *Inclination* has improv'd itself into *Affection*, she might rationally construe his Forwardness to proceed from other Motives, than the genuine Effects of his personal, and *disinterested*, Admiration.

ON the other Side, I must take upon me to remind the Young Lady, that *Time* is more in haste, than *she* is; and I would advise her, if she is (as I presume) at her own Disposal, and if she is satisfied of the *Merit*,

as well as the Affection, of our Young Lawyer (as one of the Sense he ascribes to her, may soon be) not to *demur* upon his Want of *Fortune*. Happiness in Marriage, does not depend on Suitableness of *Estates*, but of *Tempers*. If there be but a Competency on *one Side*, no matter on which it lies. — *Love*, indeed, should be *reciprocal*, but there is no Necessity, that *Fortune* should. There is *This more* to be considered, That, besides the Happiness of an agreeable Partner for Life, which she will enjoy, in *common* with *him*, she will have the Addition of a *superior* Satisfaction, in the noble, and ever-pleasing Reflection, That she has intitled herself, as well to his *Gratitude*, as his *Love*, by exalting a Man of *Worth*, into *Eminence*, and *Prosperity*; who, otherwise, for want only of That, which *she abounded in*, might have had his Genius depress'd, and been *lost in Obscurity*.

To the PLAIN DEALER.

Button's, Covent-Garden, March 4. 1725

S I R,

‘ **T**HIS Place, which *once*, was the celebrated *Seat* of *Wit*, is now deserted by all that Sort of Company, and transformed into an *Old Bailey*, in *Minia-*
 ‘ *ture*. The *Classics* are elbowed out, by the
 ‘ *Constables*; and instead of *Poems*, or *Essays*,
 ‘ nothing is heard of, here, but *Warrants*,
 ‘ and *Commitments*. Most of the good Com-
 ‘ pany

‘pany is frighten’d away, to make Room for
 ‘the *grave*, and those who *dare stay*, croudle
 ‘about the Fire, when a *Magistrate* enters,
 ‘with as much Terror, as if they saw a *Ghost*.
 ‘I beg you would *deal* a little *plainly* with
 ‘these Men of *Authority*; and advile them
 ‘to reflect on the *Illegality* of putting His Ma-
 ‘jesty’s peaceful Subjects into *bodily Dread*;
 ‘if not on the *Highway*, yet in Places de-
 ‘sign’d to be as *Publick*. For they strut about
 ‘the Room, and shoot out their *Mittimus*’s,
 ‘like *Porcupine*’s *Quills*; so that unless,
 ‘among other *Poetical Licences*, Wit can
 ‘plead an *Exemption* from *their Cognizance*,
 ‘they are unfit for the *Gay World*’s Society,
 ‘and ought to live by themselves. And you
 ‘may assure them, if they provoke us much
 ‘more, we will bring the dead *Lyon* to Life
 ‘again, and doubt not, but with a few Days
 ‘good Feeding, he will be able to treat
 ‘*Masqueraders*, who flant it in his Skin, as
 ‘an Ancestor of his, did their Predecessor,
 ‘in *Æsop*.

I am, S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

TIMORET.

I find, among the Letters, which came to
 my Hand, in the last Packet, one Epistle, of
 so extraordinary a Kind, that (to confess a
 plain Truth) it exceeds my Capacity to judge
 rightly,

rightly, concerning it. — I am not a Stranger to the *Tradition*, which carries so much Weight, with the *Seafaring* Part of His Majesty's *Liege-People*, that the *Apes*, and *Monkies*, of *Africa*, can *speak*, like *Men*, when they have a Mind to it: — Yet I am, naturally, not over credulous: But, since I am told there are (among the *Directors* of the *Guinea Company*) *PROOFS* to be met with, which make the Truth of it *unquestionable*, I am almost perswaded to give myself up to the *Belief* of a Thing which seems, indeed, to be, very clearly, made out, by my *underwritten Correspondent*.

Worthy S I R,

‘ I AM a Native of the *Western Africa*;
 ‘ a Subject of the King of *Tombuto*: By
 ‘ *Species* I am no more than a *Monkey*, ; but
 ‘ I am in a fair Way to be made a *Man*: For
 ‘ a fine young Lady, of a great Fortune, is
 ‘ fallen desperately in Love with me, and
 ‘ prefers me, in the most open Manner, before
 ‘ all her *other Admirers*. — But, in the
 ‘ midst of this unhop'd Felicity, comes a
 ‘ Feathery Fool, called a *Parrot*, to a House,
 ‘ that is just over against us, and has *tattled*
 ‘ himself into such *Eminence*, that they talk
 ‘ of a Project on Foot, to remove him very
 ‘ shortly into a *HOUSE* of much more *Distinction*.

‘ THE Competition I have observed, among
 ‘ your *great Men* (or Persons of *Quality*) who
 ‘ shall *bid most*, for this *empty Prater*, has
 ‘ provoked

‘ provoked me to *discover a Talent*, which is
‘ *conceal’d*, with all possible *Caution*, by the
‘ *Laws of our mimick Species*. — In short,
‘ I am forced to *cry out Shame*, on these Peo-
‘ ple’s *unreasonable Partiality*. — If my
‘ Fop of a Rival, was *nearer a Kin* to them,
‘ than I am, I should not wonder at their
‘ *Preference*: But, since *Nature* has given it
‘ on *my Side*, and *my Shape, my Air, my Counte-*
‘ *nance*, and, in particular, *my Parts*, and
‘ *Disposition*, all concur to demonstrate my
‘ *Affinity*, to these unjust Judges; while *Poll*,
‘ with all his *Impertinence*, can pretend to
‘ no other *Resemblance*, than what lies in his
‘ *fine Cloaths*, and *everlasting Pratling*, with-
‘ out knowing a Word of his own Meaning;
‘ these Things, I say, duly considered, you
‘ will not, I hope, impute to *Envy*, what arises
‘ merely from a *modest Consciousness of my own*
‘ *Virtues*: But exert yourself in the *Behalf*
‘ of *overlooked* (if not *oppress’d*) *Merit*. I
‘ am,

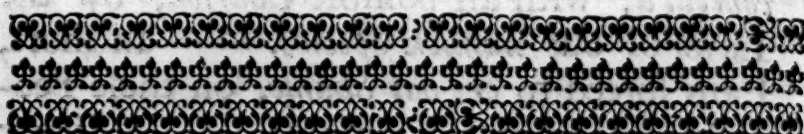
Worthy S I R,

Your most Obedient Servant,

P U G G.

‘ P. S. M^y *Mistress* takes in your Paper, and
‘ likes you mightily.—She had just called
‘ for a Pen, and Ink, to write you a Letter,
‘ about the last *Opera*, when a Lady came,
‘ and took her out, and has left me this
‘ Opportunity of sending my *Case* to the
‘ *PLAIN DEALER*.

The



The Plain Dealer. N^o 103.

— *Falsis terroribus implet.* — HOR.

MONDAY, *March* 15. 1725.

AMONG many Letters, I have lately received, the Two following will furnish my Readers with no disagreeable Entertainment.

To the PLAIN-DEALER.

S I R,

‘ I AM seldom negligent, in my Attendance at the Coffee-House, upon those Days, when you favour the World with your Lectures; — You very prudently entertain us, with a great deal of *Variety*: Which is, doubtless, the most ready, and infallible Means of *Improvement*. For, if you altogether treated about Religious or Moral Duties, you would be disregarded by your *gay* Readers, and relish’d only by your
‘ *Rational*.

' *Rational.* But as we are ignorant of what
' you will discourse, 'till we take up your
' Papers, we may, out of Curiosity, be un-
' wares catched, by an *Admonition in Mas-*
' *querade*, under the Disguise of a mere
' Amusement. —

' You have indulged no obscene, or im-
' moral Reflections: But have, on the con-
' trary, discountenanced *Vice*; and supported
' Religion, with Vivacity, and Frankness of
' Spirit; consequently, the *Inconsiderate* may,
' by Degrees, be awakened into an Exertion
' of the *Thinking Faculty*; by which chiefly
' we are distinguished, and support our boast-
' ed Superiority, over the *brutal* Creation. A
' virtuous Reader of your Paper can at worst
' but be render'd *cheerful*, without Violation
' of his *Innocence*.—And your Writings being
' generally *pleasing*, and very often *useful*, I
' flatter my self, That Men are not so aban-
' doned to Ignorance, as we are ready to ima-
' gine, since they give such a kind Accepta-
' tion to you Essays, which have no mean,
' or ungenerous Gratifications to recommend
' them. —

' I LEARN, from your *Plain Dealing*, to be
' inoffensive in Conversation; I observe all
' that passes, wherever I happen to be; and
' endeavour, at the same Time, to *contract*
' or *extend* my self, till I am grown *fit* for
' my Company. Though, by the Way, we
' should resolutely preserve this most reason-
' able *Steadiness*, on no Account whatever, to
' *humour*

' *humour a Friend at the Expence of our Health,*
 ' *our Reputation, or our Virtue.* FRIEND,
 ' did I say? I retract the Appellation; — For
 ' certainly, if we think right, that Person who
 ' solicites us to Actions inconsistent with Rea-
 ' son, with Honour, or with Decency, is un-
 ' deserving of so sublime a Character. — But
 ' (this single Exception allow'd for) we should
 ' condescend to appear blind to the Weak-
 ' nesses of those we converse with — And
 ' he, who acts otherwise, will justly incur the
 ' Censure of an odious, and scornful Auster-
 ' rity. — A Man's *first* Care should be to
 ' avoid the Reproaches of his own Heart, and
 ' his *second* to escape the ill Wishes of other
 ' People.

' WE learn, with Delight, from such *Plain*
 ' *Dealing* as yours, That a wise Man's Busi-
 ' ness is to subdue the Roughness of Passion,
 ' into the Calmness of a tranquil Humility;
 ' And that the more his Knowledge is en-
 ' larg'd, the more he will perceive *wanting*,
 ' to be search'd after. *Tully* tells us, The
 ' Mind of a wise Man never *swells*, nor be-
 ' comes *elated*. For my own Part, I fancied
 ' my self, when I was young, to be acquaint-
 ' with every Thing: But now, I can perceive
 ' my Learning contracted with a narrow Cir-
 ' cle, and almost obscured in a *dark Point*;
 ' when compared with that infinite, and in-
 ' exhaustible Number of Subjects, to which
 ' I am an utter Stranger. In a Word, I am
 ' convinced, That an ill-grounded Conceit-
 ' edness

‘ edness of our own Abilities is the most contemptible Weakness of Nature: And, even where it may seem justified, by our real Merit, it renders odious, and supportable, the very *Virtue*, which Occasions it.

‘ BUT, to make a Transition, from what *I learn from you*, to an Information I intend to *give you*; There is a pretty Maxim in the *Guardian*, to *think with the Wise*, but *talk with the Vulgar*: Which occur’d strongly to my Memory, upon observing with what Pleasure your late *Cambridge* Letter, concerning some little feminine Extravagancies, was received in all Places. — Give me Leave, therefore, to entertain you with a strange, and fearful Discovery, which, it was lately my Fortune to make, upon passing a Night or Two, in a Country Village. — It was in a Ramble, last Harvest, I had the Honour to wait on a *Widow*, (as well stor’d as the *Fields* were) in a kind of *Progress*, to visit her Tenants. —

‘ AFTER Dinner, one Day, I left the good Company, with their honest Entertainers, the Farmer and his narrative Family, to accompany the *Inhabitants* of the *Yard*; and enjoy the silent Serenity of a very beautiful Prospect; which was bounded by the Shade of Trees and Hills, with ruin’d Buildings, at a little Distance from the Cottage. — I was envying the Happiness, and Quiet, of these unbusy People; and had wander’d, as it were insensibly, over half a

‘ Dozen Stiles, into the Remoteness of a
 ‘ hollow sandy way : Where I stood with
 ‘ great Delight, to observe the Fall of a pret-
 ‘ ty *Rill*, which gushing out from among the
 ‘ Rushes above, roll’d down the sandy Bank,
 ‘ and shap’d it self a Passage, along the Bot-
 ‘ tom of the Road I walk’d in. The Gloomi-
 ‘ ness that was spread all round, had fitted
 ‘ this Place, above all I had ever seen, for
 ‘ the Abode of fantastick Melancholly: And
 ‘ whilst I was busied in Thoughts of
 ‘ this Nature, I saw a Country Woman ha-
 ‘ sten towards me, who wav’d her Hand, as
 ‘ she came forward, and cried out to me, to
 ‘ *walk on. — For I was standing at Gooddy*
 ‘ *Hubbard’s watering Place! —*

‘ As soon as the good Woman came near
 ‘ enough to be ask’d, *What she meant*, I
 ‘ found, that Gooddy Hubbard was a *Witch*,
 ‘ that lived in the Wood : And, that if any
 ‘ *Cow, Horse*, or other Cattle, staid long
 ‘ enough in that Place, to drink of its
 ‘ *enchanted Water*, All the Hay they should
 ‘ eat, from that Time forward, would be
 ‘ turned into *crooked Pins*, and the poor
 ‘ Beasts must certainly *die after it*. I begged
 ‘ she would go along with me, to shew me
 ‘ the Witch’s House: To which Proposition
 ‘ she replied, with inexpressible Consternati-
 ‘ on, *She would not, for the World, be so pre-*
 ‘ *sumptuous* : She added, That it was about
 ‘ half a Mile off, and shook her Head, and
 ‘ assured me, that the whole Village trem-
 ‘ bled

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‘ bled at the Sight of this *Goody Hubbard*.
 ‘ That, for her own Part very lately, as she
 ‘ was Gleaning in a Field, by the Wood’s
 ‘ Side, the Witch had appeared to her out of
 ‘ the Hedge, in the Shape of the Leaf of a
 ‘ Tree: And ran along before her, and play’d
 ‘ Gambols, over and over in her Path, all
 ‘ the Way, as she came home again. — I
 ‘ ask’d her, Whether she had found any ill
 ‘ Consequence, after so terrible an Accident?
 ‘ And she answer’d, (with great Innocence
 ‘ and Gravity) That she had but too much
 ‘ Reason to believe, she was *bewitched*, ha-
 ‘ ving many *strange* and *wicked Thoughts* run-
 ‘ ning ever Day in her Head, about Things
 ‘ she had never been troubled with, (till that
 ‘ unfortunate Leaf fell in her way) since she
 ‘ was a *Maid*, or but little better.

‘ I COULD not resist the Temptation, which
 ‘ these silly Stories left me under, of making
 ‘ a *Visit* to the formidable *Goody Hubbard*;
 ‘ whom I found, in a little Hovel, which the
 ‘ Charity of the Lord of the Manor had or-
 ‘ dered to be built for her, in the Wood; be-
 ‘ cause the honest People of the Village, ha-
 ‘ ving taken it into their Heads to make a
 ‘ *Witch* of the poor old Woman, fell upon
 ‘ her, as often as she came in their Way: And
 ‘ had two or three times endangered her Life,
 ‘ by scratching her with their Nails, till every
 ‘ Body had *fetch’d Blood* of her, (as the Phrase
 ‘ is) after which, it seems, no *Witch*, in *Eng-*
 ‘ *land*, has Power to hurt a Hair of any Person’s
 ‘ Head, who takes this effectual Way to *disarm*
 ‘ her,

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‘ I CAME off, with no other Damage, than
 ‘ the Loss of all the Money I had in my
 ‘ Pocket; which the Influence of downright
 ‘ Compassion compelled me to leave behind,
 ‘ for the Comfort of an afflicted Creature,
 ‘ whose unsupported Age, and Wretched-
 ‘ ness, instead of the *Relief* or *Pity*, which
 ‘ was due to them by *Nature*, had procur’d
 ‘ her the malicious Rage, and Persecution, of
 ‘ *unthinking Ignorance*! — I return’d to my
 ‘ *Widow*; and after a long and pleasant Con-
 ‘ versation, on the Subject of *Witchcraft*,
 ‘ agreed heartily with her, That there were
 ‘ *such Things as Witches*; and took upon me
 ‘ to assure, with a *Sigh*, and a *downcast Eye*,
 ‘ That I had, *my self*, suffer’d, so severely,
 ‘ by one of them, that I never expected to
 ‘ become my *own Man* again; though I should
 ‘ live to the Age of a *Patriarch*. —

I am,

Mr. PLAIN-DEALER.

Your very humble Servant,

PHILOTHEUS.

To the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ CASTING my Eye upon *Horace*, I
 ‘ found this excellent Piece of Advice,
 ‘ *Leges & Perscrutabere Doctos*. As I gene-
 ‘ rally put in Practice what I read, in Pursu-
 ‘ ance to his Advice, I sent for a Set of your
 ‘ Papers, and am now carefully perusing
 ‘ them,

them. I take the same Method that Law-
 yers generally do with their *Reports*, read
 ‘ the Modern Cases first, so go upward, till
 ‘ they come to the Fountain-Head. But,
 ‘ when I light upon some of your *Female Cor-*
 ‘ *respondents*, it puts me in Mind of the *Ro-*
 ‘ *man Ladies*, of old ; they resemble them so
 ‘ much in *Spirit*, and *Passion*, that I verily
 ‘ believe, many of their *Great Great Grand-*
 ‘ *mothers* lye buried in the *Campus Martius*,
 ‘ or the *Capitol*. ’Tis not incredible, That, af-
 ‘ ter *Cæsar* had first enter’d *Britain*, some of
 ‘ their *Legionary Ladies*, upon the Fame of
 ‘ the *Britons* unwearied Courage, might
 ‘ make a second *Roman Invasion*, and with
 ‘ as good Success as *Cæsar*, after he had opened
 ‘ a Passage for them.

‘ *LIVY*, some where, tells us, That when
 ‘ the old Gentlemen of *Rome* were contri-
 ‘ ving a Scheme to have more of their La-
 ‘ dies good Company at home, the *Women*
 ‘ rose up in Arms, to the great Surprize of
 ‘ the *Roman State*; That they denied the
 ‘ *Senators* a free Passage to the House : And,
 ‘ that *Cato* by Name, had like to have been
 ‘ carried off by the *Mob*. They claimed, as
 ‘ their ancient *Rights*, and undoubted *Pri-*
 ‘ *viliges*, almost as strange Things, as your
 ‘ *Mistress* does, in her late Scheme for esta-
 ‘ blishing a *Female Parliament*. However,
 ‘ upon a *Parly* between both Parties, the
 ‘ *Women* submitted the Case to the *Senate* :
 ‘ Where, they always carried the *Majority*,
 ‘ though ’tis well known, no Lady sat in

House. Nor was that at all surprizing:
 For if we examine History, I believe, we
 shall find, the *Senate*, at that Time, consisted more of *Wits*, than of *Wise Men*; over whom, for the sake of *Politeness*, the *Women* must have most Influence; nor is it less probable, that their being in Arms might frighten the old Gentlemen.

THE Use of *Bribery* likewise, had then newly been found out; and, I dare say, there was no Lady, who had not about her, *wherewithal* to purchase a Vote. Such was the Courage of the *Roman Ladies* of old: And how exactly our *Moderns* imitate them, is, I believe, too plain to need describing: Happy, therefore it is, and much for the *Peace of Great Britain*, that our Parliament has never attempted the Moderation of their exorbitant *Hoops*, or the Abridgement of their *Pin-Money*! For my Part I must frankly confess, I have no Objection to make against Mrs. *Patty Amble's* Proposal. Other Men may have their *Fears*, from the supposed *Consequences* of a *Female Parliament*: But, I think, they are out in their *Politicks*. — If a Power grows always weaker, the more it is divided, Let me be a *Republican*, in Love, and chuse rather to pay Obedience to Five Hundred of these pretty COMMONS; that live a Slave, to One, Sole TYRANT; and neither enjoy, nor dare talk of, my Liberty. — Alas, Sir! This is exactly the present Case of

Your Humble Servant,
 POLITICUS.



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*Quid deceat, quid non; quo Virtus, quo ferat
Error.* H O R.

FRIDAY, *March* 19. 1725.

I FELL lately into Company with a Clafs of young Poets, who affect to be Admirers of *Taffo*, and were Extravagant in their Praise of a *Simile*, in his *Gierufalemme*, where the *Devil*, maligning the Succels of the *Chri-
ftian* Arms, is faid, To bite his Lips, and fpu-
rn up the Floor of Hell, in bellowing Rage, like a wild Bull, when the Dogs are baiting him.

THEY made me promise, That I would give them my impartial Opinion; and, be-
caufe they earneftly prefs to know it, I will borrow the Reflections of a Friend, on the Subject of *Similes*, in general; which contain whatever I would fay, were I to fpeak concerning the Nature of this great Ornament to Poetry; than which there is nothing more capable of being made either *delightful* or *ridiculous*, according as it is ufed, difcreetly, or at random.

THE Use, which a Poet ought to make of *Comparisons*, is to *illustrate* the Object represented; that is, to enlighten and enlarge the Apprehension of the Reader. The Nature therefore, of the Thing, which is *compared*, must correspond exactly with what it is *compared to*: There must not only be an apparent *Resemblance*, but a visible *Proportion*. A Thing *low*, and *inconsiderable*, may be like enough to something *great*, and *magnificent*; but then, wanting Dignity to appear in its Company, no Poet of Judgment should submit to make Use of it. — I will give the Reader an Instance of a very remarkable Fault of this Kind; — Sir *Richard Blackmore*, in his *Prince Arthur*, has been pleased to compare the Devil, looking down from a Mountain, on the *British* Camp, to a *Toad*, on the Border of a Walk looking up at the Gardener.

*While, with malignant Eyes, th' Apostate view'd
Their Host, with Ota's Message pleas'd, he stood,
Stung deep with Malice, and with Envy torn,
While all his Veins, like Ætna's Furnace, burn.*

THE *Veins* of the Devil, I suppose, were not so much owing to Sir *Richard's* Forgetfulness, that he was describing a *Spirit*; as to a politick Design of reducing *Satan* to downright *Flesh* and *Blood*, that the Reader, conceiving a more humble Opinion of him, than he had been taught in his Infancy,

fancy, might be the better prepar'd for the
Toad in the Comparifon.

*And Streams of Fire, from his red Eye-balls flow'd,
Like Light'ning, breaking from a low'ring Cloud:
As when a Toad, squat on a Border, spies
The Gard'ner paſſing by, his Bloodſhot Eyes,
With Spite, and Rage inflam'd, dart Fire around
The verdant Walks, and on the flow'ry Ground,
The bloated Vermin loathſome Poiſon ſpits,
And ſwoln, and burſting with his Hatred, ſits:
So the fall'n Angel, &c.*

FALLEN indeed, if no abler to do
Harm to Sir *Richard's* Hero, than his *Toad*
to the Gardener ! Where is the terrible
Power, the wily reſtleſs *Malice*, the infatiate
revengeful *Application*, of this dangerous
Enemy to Mankind, in Sir *Richard's* humble
Simile ?

A *Toad* may be *poifonous*, but then he may
be trod upon, which is by no Means, the
Caſe of the *Devil*. If a Poet, who introdu-
ces *Satan*, thus *inraged*, would imagine a
Comparifon, to aggrandize the Horror of his
Reader's Conception, it muſt certainly ariſe
from nothing, which we are to look down
upon ; no little, venomous, inconfiderable
Creature ; The Elements ſhould War toge-
ther, on ſuch Occaſions, as theſe ; the Skies
ſhould blaze with Lightning ; the World
reel with Earthquakes ; the Sea riſe to Hea-
ven ; the Poles crack with Thunder ; and
all

all *Nature* groan, with Variety of Convulsions. — *Toad, Poison, Squat, Bloated, Spits, Vermin, Loathsome, Swoln, Bursting!* What Image can arise from such Expressions as these, which is either *like*, or *agreeable*?

To say Truth, no *Simile* at all should have been introduced in the Place I have been complaining against: The natural Conception of a Reader, can represent to his *Fancy* the Idea of the Devil, looking angry from a Mountain, much better, than any common Image, of Things known, can represent it to his *Memory*. A Comparison is never to be made, but where the Object to be described is less known, or less conceivable, than something else, which, being of equal Grandeur and Importance, will also illustrate, and rivet it on the Understanding.

THE Descriptions, and Similes, which we meet with in *Milton*, give us quite other Ideas of this dreadful Rebel-Angel,

*Scarce had he ceas'd, when the superior Fiend
Was moving tow'rd the Shore; his pondrous Shield
Behind him cast, the broad Circumference
Hung on his Shoulders, like the Moon, &c. —
His Spear, to equal which, the tallest Pine,
Hewn on Norwegian Hills, to be the Mast
Of some great Admiral, were but a Wand
He walk'd with, to support uneasy Steps
Over the burning Marl.*

Again,

Again,

*Forth came in Order the infernal Peers,
'Midst them their mighty Paramount, who seem'd
Alone, th' Antagonist of Heaven! nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperor! with Pomp supreme,
And Godlike, imitated State, Him round,
A Globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed.*

And again,

— Satan, above the Rest,
*In Shape, and Gesture, proudly eminent!
Stood, like a Tower; nor yet his Form appear'd
Less, than Arch-Angel ruin'd; and th' Excess
Of Glory obscur'd; As when the Sun new-ris'n,
Shorn of his Beams, looks thro' the misty Air.
Deep Scars of Thunder had intrenc'd his Face;
Care, on his faded Cheeks sat, under Brows
Of dauntless Courage, and considerate Pride.*

HAVING named Mr. Milton, I am well enough aware, That Sir Richard may endeavour a Justification from *that* great Poet's Example; who has made Use, in another Place, of this very Simile of a *Toad*, when *he also* is describing *Satan*; but, pray, observe with what Difference, as well in the Occasion, as the Conduct.

SATAN, after having changed himself into many different Shapes, to avoid a Discovery, by those Angelick Guards, which were plac'd

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plac'd about Paradise, is met with, at last,
by one of the Parties.

*So saying, on he led his radiant Files,
Dazling the Moon; These to the Bower direct,
In Search of whom they sought. Him there they*
(found,
Squat, like a Toad, close at the Ear of Eve.

BESIDES his Necessity of providing
against *Discovery*, (of which he was in no
Danger in *Sir Richard's Poem*) he takes the
Shape of a *Toad*, as most proper, while *Eve*
was asleep, to approach her closely, concealed
among the Flowers, and sweet Herbs, on
which she lay.

*Affaying, by his Devilish Art, to reach
The Organs of her Fancy; there to forge
Illusions, as he lists.——*

OBSERVE here, that the Devil is in no
Rage, when thus compared; but, on the
contrary, under much *Terror*, and endeavour-
ing to *deceive* and *circumvent*, and therefore
obliged in Policy, to assume that Form,
which was rather suitable to his *End*, than
answerable to his *Power*. But, when he
appears in his *proper Likeness*, the very
Angels are represented, as terrified, and start-
ing back, with Amazement.

Him

*Him, thus intent, Ithuriel, with his Spear,
 Touch'd lightly, for no Falsehood can endure
 Touch of Celestial Temper, but returns
 Perforce to its own Likeness—Up he starts,
 Discover'd, and surpriz'd! As when a Spark
 Lights on a nitrous Heap, the smutty Grain,
 With sudden Blaze diffus'd, inflames the Air:
 So started up, in his own Shape, the Fiend;
 Back slept the Two fair Angels, half amaz'd,
 So sudden, to behold the grisly King.*

NOTHING of this is *little*, nothing *diminishing*: The whole is natural, terrible, majestic, surprizing, and becoming the Dignity of the Subject, it relates to.

A *Simile*, should, if possible, be *alike*, in all its Parts; It is enough, that some *one* Quality of the Comparison resemble some *one* Part, or Nature of the Object it is compared to.—*Homer* has been infinitely guilty of this Error; hurried, as it were, away with the Rapidity of his Imagination, he seldom staid to weigh any more of a *Simile*, than that very Part of it, which suited his Purpose; not mindful enough, that upon starting an Object, to which many Qualities are common, the Apprehension of the Reader, is not, perhaps, at Leisure to examine which *particular* Quality includes the *Resemblance*, and therefore discerns not any Likeness at all, but with such Trouble, and Application, as totally destroy the very End of a *Simile*. For if the
 Design

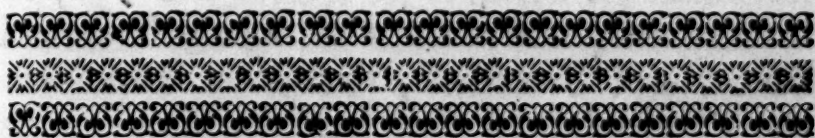
Design of this Ornament be to *illustrate* a *Description*, it ought not certainly to be found *obscure* in *itself*.

THERE is, in the noble Greek Poet above-mentioned, a famous Comparison of *Ajax*, who retreats slow, from an overpowering Crowd of *Trojans*; to an *Ass* in an *Enclosure*, surrounded and beaten by the Sticks of the Village, but walking gravely, notwithstanding, toward the Gap, he came in at, and stopping very frequently, to *eat*, in his Way: Monsieur *Dacier*, *Bossu*, and all the *French* Criticks, who are not Converts to Monsieur *Perault's* Observations, have taken a great deal of Pains to justify this Simile of *Homer's*; But, in my Opinion, they are all mistaken, not only in the *Defence*, but in the very *Accusation*: It is not so much the *Ass*, that deserves Blame, since he was in those Days a *Beast* of Great *Quality*: It is rather, that the Resemblance is *partial*, where it ought to have been *total*.—The *stiff, reluctant, Receding* of *Ajax* from his Enemies, is certainly well hit, in the Obstinacy of the *Ass*; but where is that Part of the Comparison, which should enliven to our Imaginations, his frequent Return to Slaughter? His Impatience of Soul? That Fierceness, Indignation, and revengeful Intrepidity, which the Poet's *Description* had also prepared us to expect in his *Simile*? The *Ass*, without doubt, was *loth to depart*, as *Ajax*, but he was neither so apt to be *angry*, nor so dangerous, if he became so.

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COMPARISONS, to conclude this Reflection, can never be proper in *Passions*, or violent Emotions of Mind; The Imagination is then too much transported, and inflamed, to cast about for *cool Resemblances*. But in the Mouth of the Poet, that is to say, in the Course of the *Narration*, and not in the *Speeches*, they are beautiful, and necessary. They *describe* Passion well, though they do not *express* it: And, to say all in a Word, Where *Description alone* appears too weak to imprint an Idea on the Mind of a Reader, there the only effectual Remedy is to have Recourse to a *Simile*.



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— *Est mollis flamma medullas*

Interea, & tacitum vivit sub pectore Vulnus.

V I R G.

MONDAY, March 22. 1725.

SINCE *Love*, which, in both Sexes, is the most irresistible of our *Passions*, has its strongest Influence on *Woman*; I cou'd never observe That Cruelty and malicious Savageness of *Jealousy*, which actuates the *Ladies*, against those whom they consider as their

their *Rivals*, without inwardly lamenting the Weakness of their Minds; who had rather be *lovely*, than *happy*; and while they torment their pretty Hearts with a Thousand *Alarms*, and *Suspensions*, never take it into their Heads to *discover*, That they hate the Object of their Resentment, for only *thinking*, and *loving as They do*; and that what they are *pursuing* with *Revenge*, ought, rather, to be *met*, with *Compassion*.

BUT the Honour of the Sex's *Reason*, *Generosity*, and *Moderation*, seems to be redeem'd, in this Particular, by the noble Spirits of Two Ladies, from One of which I have had the Pleasure to receive a Letter, so intirely *new*, and writ with so much *natural* Force, and Sweetness, that it is impossible the Reader shou'd not feel the same Effect from it, that I did. — I suppress, for the sake of *Modesty*, and not without some Reluctance, and Mortification to my *Vanity*, an introductory Paragraph, fill'd with the most obliging, and gentile, Praises of the PLAIN DEALER; and hasten, at once, into the Subject of the Letter.

“ I AM led, (observes this charming Cor-
 “ respondent) to imagine *Friendship* the
 “ Favourite Passion of your Soul, because
 “ your Sentiments seem finely turn'd for it.
 “ — *Mine* too, as far as its inferior Faculties
 “ permit, is truly sensible of, and devoted to
 “ it. — But I never felt it so forcibly, as I
 “ did

“ did the other Day, in a Visit, which I made
 “ to a young Lady, a dear and intimate
 “ Friend, in the Country.

“ SHE retir’d from me, not long since, to
 “ indulge a silent Grief, which I, and every
 “ Body, had taken Notice of, but which she
 “ had endeavour’d to conceal from her Ac-
 “ quaintance, with a Care, as earnest, as it
 “ was vain. For her Eyes, and alter’d Com-
 “ plexion, made it evident to all, who loved
 “ her, and therefore delighted to look on her,
 “ that there was something at her Heart, too
 “ melancholy for *Solitude*, and yet too engag’d
 “ for *Society*.

“ THE Privilege of our Intimacy intro-
 “ duced me to her Chamber, without No-
 “ tice, or Ceremony; where I found her,
 “ writing, and *alone*. — The Subject, which
 “ her Thoughts were fill’d with, had fixed
 “ her in so profound an Attention, that it
 “ gave me Freedom and Opportunity, to
 “ stand a while, and observe the beautiful
 “ Distress of her Mind, which was *lost* and
 “ labour’d in a *meaning Sadness*, and preven-
 “ ted her from seeing, or supposing, that
 “ there was any Body so near her.

“ NEVER was *Sorrow* so Majestical! so
 “ sweetly *Noble*! — Her lively Features were
 “ soften’d into a *Languishment*, that was love-
 “ lier, than *Health*, and more charming,
 “ than *Transport*! — Her *Eyes* seem’d to have
 “ conspir’d, against the Purpose of her *Hands*:
 “ For they stream’d down *Tears* upon the
 V o l. II D d “ Paper,

“ Paper, as if they would *efface* the mourn-
 “ ful Words, as fast as she had written them.
 “ And, now and then, a *Sigh*, (such as *Love*
 “ alone inspires) swell’d her conscious, and
 “ distracted, Bosom.

“ At last, she saw me, and *trembled*! —
 “ She rose, in Confusion, and came forward,
 “ to embrace me, which while she was do-
 “ ing, she press’d into my Bosom, the Paper,
 “ she had been writing: And, with a vio-
 “ lent *Burst* of Tears, breaking suddenly
 “ from my Neck, flew, down a Pair of Back-
 “ Stairs, into the Garden; and left me Speech-
 “ less, with Astonishment!

“ I FOUND the Paper address’d to me:
 “ And I leave you to imagine, whether my
 “ *Surprise* was at all abated, when I perus’d
 “ in it, the following Discovery of the un-
 “ guess’d *Cause* of my dear Friend’s *Retire-*
 “ *ment*.

“ O H! my ever-lov’d! — my faithful
 “ Friend! — my Heart is flowing to
 “ you, with *such* Shame, and *confessing* *Pe-*
 “ *nitence*, as they who are serene enough to
 “ enjoy the *Comforts* of *Devotion*, address all-
 “ pitiying *Heaven* with. — My Misery is so
 “ truly great, that nothing but the *Sin* of
 “ having *conceal’d* a *Thought* from you, cou’d
 “ have given it the least *Addition*.

“ B U T, let me hasten to *impart*, to you,
 “ the only Grief, I cou’d have had a Reason
 “ for *hiding* from you — I love — Oh! how
 “ shall

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“ shall my Confusion preserve Strength to go
 “ on ? while I add—That it is—*Your Hus-*
 “ *band !* — Let His *Perfection* plead for me,
 “ if you *start* at this Declaration. — And,
 “ oh ! *confess*, what you have experienc’d, so
 “ undeniably,—*That none cou’d have seen him,*
 “ *as I have, without being as guilty, as I am.*

“ I WAS dull enough to imagine, That
 “ *Friendship* having possess’d my Heart, wou’d
 “ have *guarded* it, against *Love* : But, oh !
 “ *That Thought* has *lost* me !

“ IT was the fatal Happiness of being *near*
 “ *you*, that discover’d to me the Beauties of
 “ his Mind,—His respectful Tendernefs, for
 “ *You* : His impartial, and distinguishing
 “ Affection for his *Children* !—His Contempt
 “ of the *Proud*, and *Ignoble* ; And his Com-
 “ passion for the *Friendless*, and *Unhappy* !
 “ — Oh ! how fatally is He accomplish’d !
 “ — and how *deserving* your Affection !

“ CONCEAL from him, oh, my Friend !
 “ the Knowledge, that He has made me
 “ *wretched* : For, yet, my Eyes, and my
 “ Actions have been so watchfully *guarded*,
 “ that *He* is as much a Stranger to it, as all
 “ the World, but *Yourself* ; from whom to
 “ have *conceal’d* it, appear’d to me as *Crimi-*
 “ *nal*, as *not* to have conceal’d it from your
 “ Husband.

“ THIS, only, *dreadful*, Cause shou’d have
 “ torn me from your lov’d Society. — Suffer
 “ me, *here*, to bury myself, in the *Innocence*
 “ of *Solitude* ; till Absence, or Death, shall

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“ have put an End to the Tyranny, with
 “ which *Love* has triumph'd over me.

“ I KNOW you are too generous to ex-
 “ pect, on this sad Occasion, any dull, or
 “ mean, *Excuses*. — Where the *Will* is not
 “ guilty, the *Misfortune* is sufficient *Atone-*
 “ *ment*. But, tho' you have no Pretence
 “ for *Pardoning*, I flatter myself, you will
 “ weep for me ; and, in Pity, now and then,
 “ see your ever faithful, unhappy, Friend,
 “ &c.

‘ I leave Her noble Letter, and the In-
 ‘ fluence it had, on my Soul, to your beau-
 ‘ tiful Imagination, Mr. PLAIN DEALER, who
 ‘ may convert it to the *Use*, and *Pleasure*, of
 ‘ your Readers. — Truth itself takes new
 ‘ Graces from your Pen : And even *Trifles*
 ‘ become of Importance, when you adapt
 ‘ 'em to your Purposes. — Do me the Ho-
 ‘ nour of your Advice, on so *tender* an
 ‘ Occasion. And, when I hear how I *ought*
 ‘ to have acted, you shall know, in a se-
 ‘ cond Letter, how I really *did act* ; and its
 ‘ Consequences. — I am, with all *Duty*, (for,
 ‘ methinks, there is a Kind of *filial Reve-*
 ‘ *rence*, due to such a PLAIN DEALER as you
 ‘ are)

S I R,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

ANGELETTA.

I

I CONFESS, there is something, so peculiarly refined! so great minded! and so generous! in both these Ladies, that I am *lost*, in *Admiration*. — All that I am able to say, under my present Amazement, is, That the Man must be *infinitely Happy*, who is *so beloved*, by Two, *such, Lovers*! — He will become the *Envy* of my Readers; and, I am afraid, He is *mine*, already. — When I hear of such *Women* as *These*, I own, I wish myself *Young* again — There is a justifiable Delight in the Admiration of *Beauty*, thus *glorify'd*! — These are the delicate Spirits, that adorn, and ennoble, History. The Vertues of *such* Charmers will flow down and extend their Conquests over the Hearts of *unborn Posterity*.

LET *Virgil*, if he pleases, boast of his PENTHESILEA'S, and CAMILLA'S: and *Tasso* of his CLORINDA'S — For my Part, I am no Admirer of those *martial Ladies*, who have led *Armies*; and, instead of increasing, *unpeopled Kingdoms*. — Let me adore the Female *Greatness*, that can triumph over *Nature*; despise the Motives of *Self-Love* and *Vanity*; and smile at the Assaults of *Malice*, *Ingratitude*, or *Jealousy*; Faults, which, sometimes, are to be met with, in the *softest*, and fairest Bosoms!

I SHALL devote a future Paper to Reflection on these generous Friends: — I am, now, interrupted, by a Letter, of so different a Turn, that what most vexes me con-

cerning it, is, That *This too*, was writ, by
a *Woman*.

To the PLANE DEELAU.

S U R,

‘ I MUST inform you, I am *just mared*
‘ to a *Husband* as will not let me *dow* as
‘ I us’d, and as I *will dow*, in spite of his
‘ Noze. — I wud have him to *no*, as I *gu-*
‘ *vern’d* a *Famuly*, *befour* this *illnater’d* Man
‘ *com’d* *crois* me; *Both Servants*, *Mother*, and
‘ *Father*. — Bot thare was *akwase* more *adow*
‘ with *won* Fool, than with many. So, I
‘ *desfer*, to *no*, if *thare* is not *sum* way to be
‘ *parted*! For He is not only *Obstinacious*,
‘ but a *Papish* besides, and a *Non-jewrer*;
‘ and *caant* *indoor* KING GEORGE, in
‘ his *Hert*, *thof* He has *swar’d* to be *trew* to
‘ the *Guvurnmont*. — We *kepe* a *Shop*, not *fur*
‘ from *Poles*. — *Prai* wright *some Advies* to

Your *unfartunent* Sarvant,

SHUTTLECOCK FLUTTER-WING.

THE Orthography of this Lady is admirable! — I recommend to her immature Understanding, the Study of *Modesty*, and *Silence*, which, I hope, will offend *no Party*. — I cannot but deplore the little Care, which our *Marriage Adventurers* seem to take, of their *Happinefs*. They are ready enough, in
their

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their *shorter Journies*, to inquire, *what Company?* and wou'd chuse *Solitude*, rather than *Bad*. — What *bold Man* is there, who has *Courage* enough to *travel* with an *Ape*: Or a *Nurse*, with three or four *Children*, loaded with *Bells*, *Rattles*, *Drums*, *Bird-Calls*, and squeaking *Trumpets*! — Yet, all *These* are *Musick*, when compar'd with the *Voice* of *Mrs. Flutter-wing*.

I wou'd not accompany her, *one Mile*, of the *Stage* of *Life*, for all the *Gugaws* in her *Shop*. — Tho' I am thought to be *Old*, for a *Batchelor*, I have the utmost *Honour* for the *Ladies*: But, I hope, *This* cannot be call'd one. — I am so *angry* with her, that I can write no more!



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— *Dei quantum instar in illo!* — *VIDA.*

FRIDAY, *March* 26. 1725.

THE CZAR of *RUSSIA* is *dead*! —
 I tell it not, as *News*; but I speak it,
 with *Astonishment*! — The *greatest Spirit*,
 that ever glorified, and exalted humane
 Nature,

Nature, has stept out of *Time* into *Eternity*. And yet the *World* looks still the *same*! The Sun shines not *paler*! — The Season advances and blooms out, with its usual *Regularity*! And every Thing (above and below) wears the very Face, which it was *us'd* to wear, before the *Death* of This, almost *adorable* Monarch, seem'd to call for a Night of universal *Sadness*, upon the Lustre of *Created* Glory!

ALAS! how inconsiderable a Wretch *am I, then*! — What imports it, how a *Million* of us, *common Thinkers*, *live*! or where, or when, we *die*! — Since this *Godlike Establisher*, and *Adorner*, of *Empire*, can have *left* Nature as *unconcern'd* for him, as he *found* her: And the *World*, which seem'd to tremble, under the Weight of his *living* Pressure, bears no *Changes* in her Form or Motion, to distinguish such a *Death* as *His* was!

WHAT a mortifying *Check* upon the Extravagance of humane *Ambition*, is the *Shortness* of that *Life*, which must give *Limits* to our noblest Purposes! — We are sure to *expire*, by the natural Course of our Days, before the *Event* of any *vast* Undertaking can have taught us, *to what End* we labour'd. — While we mediate the *Superstructure*, we *sink*, and *die*, upon the *Foundation*: And leave Posterity the License of *supposing*, *examining*, and *deciding upon*, our Schemes and Actions, with a Latitude, which, could it be fore-known, would curb the Sallies of great Minds,
and

and teach *Heroick Virtue* to be *asham'd* of a Reward, so *precarious*, as *Fame*; and so dependant on the Disposition of Souls, too *narrow* to take in *Purposes*, where *Events* are left imperfect.

How infinite had been the Progress of this prodigious Prince's Glory, could He have looked forward on such a *Length of Life*, as was allotted to the Ancient *Patriarchs*! — But, in *this*, as in *all* Objects of Reflection, it is easy for us to trace the *Wisdom* of *Almighty Power*, that proportions *Blessings* to *Necessities*: And neither grants, nor withholds, in *vain*; but adapts, whatever *is*, to that which *ought to be*. — In the early Ages of the World, when *Arts* and *Qualities*, were yet unknown, there was a visible Necessity, that Men should *live*, those many Hundred Years, which, now, we think of, with Amazement; because their *Ignorance* requir'd a frequent *Return* of *Observation*; and *Connexions* of *re-iterated Experience*, to establish even the *Rudiments* of all that Variety of Knowledge, which served their *Posterity* as *Scaffolding*, to stand upon; and, so (by lifting them, at once, the whole *Height*, which *themselves* had climb'd to) made their *Business in Life* so much *less*, that Life requir'd to be, proportionably, *shorter*.

BUT, be this as it will, the most sparkling Ornament of *Mortality*, is now become *immortal*! — The Soul of PETER the GREAT, perhaps associates and compares itself with
Those

Those of CÆSAR, and of ALEXANDER ! — There is *Scope enough*, upon the Shoreless Ocean of *Eternity*, for all its Sails to spread themselves; and make new Way for Ever, into *Knowledge* and *Discovery* ! — This Earth (however large a Part of it, He honoured with His Influence) *restrain'd*, *imprison'd* and *beld short*, his Genius: — He seem'd to struggle, like a *close cag'd Eagle*, for Enlargement more proportioned to the *Vastness* of his *Qualities*. — He was, *truly* GOD'S VICEGERENT, and irradiated the *Human Nature*, with such lively Beamings of the *Divine*, that, as *He obey'd*, *He resembled*, the Deity ! — He could not, indeed, *create* Men; But he *new-moulded*, and *inspir'd* them.

DETACH'D, and *single Attributes* of Virtues, which *met*, full and perfect, in the *Russian Monarch's* Character, have eterniz'd the Memory of *Ancient Heroes*; and swell'd History with their Praises: — The Invention of *New Arts*, The Establishment of *New Laws*, The Adornment, or Enrichment, of their Country; The reducing *Barbarism*, into civiliz'd Society: The Encouragement of Learning, The Punishment of Oppression; The Deliverance of their own Country, or, The Conquest of others: — Each of these, *seperately*, has been thought sufficient in all Ages, to *make*, and *immortalize*, a HERO. — What *Name*, then shall the grateful World invent, and bestow, to distinguish the *Possessor* of more than *all* these Virtues, *united* !

LET

LET us consider him, distinctly and impartially, in the varied Lights of His *Patience*, His *Application*, His *Wisdom*, His *Justice*, His *Generosity*, His aspiring *Magnanimity*, and the intrepid Firmness of His invincible *Resolution*! — In every one of these Views, we shall see him *equal* with the noblest Spirits of Antiquity: And, in *some* of them, *superior* to all, who have been call'd *Great*, before him.

WHAT he has *done*, can either, *never* be *equall'd*, or, *equall'd* only by what he has *suffer'd*! — To look back upon the *Beginning* of a Life of continued *Wonders*! What *Dangers*, *Reproaches*, *Rebellions*, and *Ingratitude*, did He not meet with *at home*? And (*abroad*) what *Insults*, *Contempt* and *Mortification*? — Yet, such was the steadfast *Patience* and *Moderation*, of his Nature, that instead of being inflam'd by His *Pride*, into rash and sudden *Resentment*, He was only stimulated by His *Reason*, into a generous *Determination*, to make himself too *dreadful* for *Scorn*; and become the *Protector* of His *Despisers*. — That arrogant *Contempt*, which was shewn (by the late King of *Sweden's* Permission) to the *Czar*, when he pass'd by *Riga*, in the *Beginning* of his *meaning Travels*! let it be weigh'd against the God-like *Forgiveness*, *Generosity*, and noble *Compassion*, with which this very *Czar* interpos'd, afterwards, (and even to the Check of his own *Victories*) prevented the impending Ruin of that King of *Sweden's* Hostile Country! — Let One of these Considerations,

derations, I say, be weigh'd against the other; and then, point out any Example, from History, of so *amiable a Greatness!* so *sincere*, and *sweet*, a *Magnanimity!*

LET His *Application* be measured by the Success of His unwearied Labours! — They, who look into *Russia*, as it now *is*, and remember what it *was*, within *Twenty Years* past, will scarce believe themselves free from the Influence of some *Enchantment*, when they see Cities of *Sixty thousand Houses*, covering the Shoar, where (so lately) a few Fishermen dried their Nets! — When they behold a *Sea* filled with *His Ships of War*, whom they can remember, when He was not Master of *One single Harbour!* — When they see *Nature* reduc'd by *Art*, to yield Occasions, she was most *repugnant* to! — Distant Seas taught to *incorporate!* Mountains forc'd to give Way to *Rivers!* New Engines, and Arts of War, as well offensive, as defensive! — New Customs! New Trades! New *Souls!* And a Face of universal Knowledge and Politeness, smiling in all Parts of a Land, which was so lately over-run with the darkest Ignorance, and Barbarity! — And, when they shall be told, That all these astonishing Changes, are the mere Effects of *One Man's* prodigious, and unbounded, Mind, what less can they say, in *Answer*, than, That *such a Man* had been a *God*, could His *Body* have been rendered, but as *immortal*, as His *Fame* is?

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WAS there an *Oppressor*, in *Europe*, whom His Resolution did not mortify? or an *injur'd*, or *afflicted*, *Prince*, whom His Generosity did not *pity*? The Wings of His aspiring *Eagle*, shadow'd both Extreams of the *Christian World*: And the *Turks* look'd, with Horror, on the Vengeance, which they saw so *near* them. — And, in this only Particular, I am sorry to observe, that the Author of the *NORTHERN STAR*, was less a *Prophet*, than he imagin'd. — *Death* intercepted the glorious Race, when the *Goal* was just in View, and left the *GREEKS* not, *yet*, so *happy*, as that Writer had foretold them.

Grecia's lost Fame shall be restor'd, by Thee;
O Monarch! — born, to set an EMPIRE free!
'Twill be — Prophetick reece re-hopes Her own:
And hails her Cæsar, on the Russian Throne.
ATHENS again shall teach — CORINTH aspire:
And THEBAN Breasts glow with rekindling Fire!
Once more, Byzantium, destin'd, long, to shine,
Shall rear the ruin'd Name of CONSTANTINE.

BUT, that I may make the Author of the Poem some Atonement for the *false* Prophecy I have charg'd him with, in the above-cited Verses, I acknowledge, that he was more *truly* a *Prophet*, in the *Czar's* Attempt upon *Persia*, by Way of the *Caspian Sea*: — As also in the present Design of *Discovering the North-East Passage*: Nothing of which had been heard of, 'till long after that Poem was written:

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written: *The First Edition* of which, was publish'd in the Year 1716.

*The Virgin Caspian this bold Lover woo's,
Nor vainly, for her envied Favour sues:
In Secret, won, she has her Love confess'd,
And giv'n him Leave to wander o'er her Breast:
Persia's heap'd Wealth shall her vast Portion be;
And Eastern Kings, shall give her Lord the Kneel.*

*Zembla's bige Cliffs, — Eternal Hoards of Frost!
Where proud Discovery has, so oft, been lost,
Thro' all the Ages of the World, 'till now,
Have check'd the Keels, which would those Oceans plow:
Reserv'd by Fate, and for Thy Reign design'd,
Thy piercing Eye, shall the wish'd Passage find;
Or, to the Western World, the Eastern join,
And see the Profit, and the Glory, T H I N E !*

I perceive, by the Advertisements, that a *Third Edition* of this P O E M is about to be published. It is needless, therefore, to quote more of it, to the Purpose mentioned: But I will take the Liberty, however, of concluding my Paper with the End of it, because it *speaks*, but what I *mean*, when I meditate the Praise of that great Monarch, whom I have the Honour to be writing of.

*Thou ! Russian Star ! That mak'st the Pole out-shine
The torrid Brightness of the Burning Line !
Drawn by thy beamy Worth, I, still, would gaze,
But my Eyes ake, beneath th' oppressive Blaze.*

Descend,

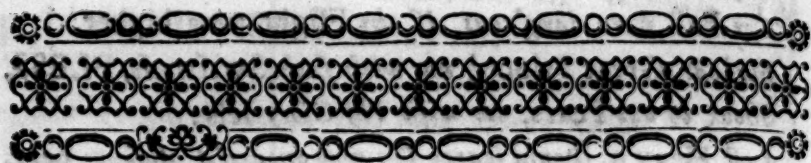
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*Descend, rash Muse, from the bold Theme retire ;
Thy Fall were dang'rous, if thy Flight were higher.
Forbear, Great Prince ! nor with such Swiftneſs, BLESS'
Shook by our Fears, we wiſh Thy Glory leſs :
Leſt Heav'n ſhould ſcarce Thy now-mourn'd Abſence beat,
When Earth yields no new Labour, worth Thy Care.*

*Hard the Deciſion, Which moſt Glory won,
Thy Actions ? or the Speed, with which they're done ?
When Rome, that glitt'ring, that immortal Name !
Aſpir'd to Rule, and panted after Fame ;
Age, copying Age, ſtrove, with progreſſive Will,
To puſh the ſame Deſign, with equal Skill ;
And, when Eight Hundred lab'ring Years were paſt,
The late propitious Fortune ſmil'd, at laſt. —
Not ſuch ſlow Riſe, O Prince ! Thy Ruſſia fears ;
Thou ſeeſt not Glory, through ſuch Depth of Years !
At once reſolv'd, at once the Columns riſe,
Which liſt Thy dreadful Fabrick, to the Skies !
Forms and Degrees, let Earth-born Spirits need,
Thy Soul, excentric, moves with inbred Speed :
Makes Nature ſhake ; — and raiſes, in a Day,
What, with leſs Eaſe, in Ages ſhall decay !*

*So, when young Time, in Chains, Exiſtence kept,
And huddled Nature, in dark Chaos, ſlept ;
Th' Eternal Word, to ſet Diſtinction free,
But ſpoke th' Almighty Fiat — LET THERE BE !
Millions of Ways, the ſtarting Atoms flew :
Like clung to Like ; and ſudden Order grew.
Struggling in Clouds, a while, Confuſion lay ;
Then dy'd, at once — and loſt it ſelf in Day:*

The



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Multa gemens, magnoq; animum labefactus amore.

V I R G.

MONDAY, March 29. 1725.

To the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ **T**HERE are none of your Essays,
 ‘ which more intitle you to my Esteem,
 ‘ than those, which you have been inspir’d
 ‘ with, by the most generous, and gentle,
 ‘ Passion, that acts on, and adorns Humanity.
 ‘ — I need not tell you, after this, that the
 ‘ Passion, I mean, is L O V E. — You have
 ‘ confess’d yourself a *Lover*; and, if you *had*
 ‘ *not*, I should have *guess’d it*, by the Warmth,
 ‘ and Spirit, of your Sentiments, when you
 ‘ attempt any thing, on that Subject. —
 ‘ A *Warmth*, and *Spirit*, Mr. PLAIN DEALER,
 ‘ which agree so ill, with your *Grand Climacteri-*
 ‘ *rick*, that (if it were not for the *implicite Reve-*
 ‘ *rence*, with which I conclude myself *mistaken*,
 ‘ when you assert, what I find *difficult to be-*
 ‘ *lieve*) I should suppose your *Age*, as chime-
 ‘ rical,

‘ rical, as your *Situation*; and no more look
‘ for you, among the *Old*, than upon the
‘ *Watch-Tower* of *Barbican*.

‘ BUT, let *that* pass : No matter, whether
‘ you are *Old*, or *no*, since I will admit, that
‘ you are *Venerable*. — I reverence you,
‘ for that Reverence, with which you speak
‘ of *Love*, and the *Ladies*. The *light World*,
‘ Mr. PLAIN DEALER, have no Taste for
‘ the refined Ideas, which almost *deify* this
‘ sacred Passion. But, let me perish, if I
‘ would exchange the *Enjoyment* of my *Mi-*
‘ *stress's* Soul, for the most unbounded Pro-
‘ perty, in her *angelick* Body. The Blessing
‘ is *fullest*, I confess, when *both* these go
‘ *together* : But the *First*, without the *Last*,
‘ can give me *Tenderness*, *Endearment*, and
‘ the Delight of sweet *Reflection*; whereas
‘ the *Last*, without the *First*, would (in spite
‘ of all its *Transports*) carry with it an un-
‘ satisfying, and reluctant, *Void* of *Thought*,
‘ which would rob it, of its *finest* Relish:
‘ For who would *dare* to *think*, at all, when
‘ (if he thinks) he must be sensible, that he
‘ is receiving, from an *unconsenting* Heart, the
‘ last, and dearest, *Obligation*, which can
‘ spring from *Love*, and *Gratitude* ?

‘ THE *Cold*, and *Grave*, perhaps, may
‘ think, That there is *Levity* in *Loving*, to
‘ such sweet Excess, as I do : I, too, once,
‘ thought, as they think ! — But Time,
‘ and the remember'd *Converse* of a Wo-
‘ man, *softer*, than the *First Idea's* of her
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‘ Sex’s Innocence! and *wiser*, and more *solid*,
 ‘ than their *last Reflections*, when they leave
 ‘ a World that flatter’d them! have taught
 ‘ me, that there is no Joy on Earth, so *real*,
 ‘ and so *lasting*, as the Union of a Soul, so
 ‘ charm’d, as mine is, with the Soul, that has
 ‘ so charm’d it! — *Absence*, Mr. PLAIN
 ‘ DEALER, and a Thousand Obstacles, I
 ‘ dare not name, have interposed their cruel
 ‘ Influence: And I have, almost, Cause to
 ‘ fear, my Tenderness, and Constancy, are
 ‘ doubted, even by the lovely *Object* of
 ‘ them: And, yet, I never pass a Moment,
 ‘ which takes not its *Pain*, or *Pleasure*, chiefly,
 ‘ from the Part, *Her* ever-present Image
 ‘ bears, in the Occasion. The Memory of
 ‘ *Her* dear Interest in me, gives *Spirit* to
 ‘ my *Hope*, *Mitigation* to my *Sorrow*,
 ‘ and *Moderation* to my *Anger*. If I fear,
 ‘ it is for *Her*: And, if I wish, it is to
 ‘ make her happy. — She *alleviates* all my
 ‘ Cares; and, yet, she *quicken*s, and *increases*
 ‘ them! She is my *Business*, when I have
 ‘ *Leisure*, and my *Leisure*, when I am in the
 ‘ midst of *Business*. She is the *Paradox*,
 ‘ and *Riddle*, of my Life! I have the Mis-
 ‘ fortune to live, *absent* from her, yet is she
 ‘ never *out of my Company*! I am not —
 ‘ must not — cannot be *Her’s*; and yet,
 ‘ am only *Her’s*, for Ever!

‘ I REMEMBER, when, I had the Blessing of
 ‘ seeing her oft’ner, I once painted my Soul’s
 ‘ full Meaning, in the following Copy of
 ‘ Verses to her, or something, not much
 ‘ unlike

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‘ unlike them. — Be so good, as to *insert*
 ‘ them; she, sometimes, sees your Paper,
 ‘ and they may awaken the Remembrance of
 ‘ a Passion, she, perhaps, *relaxes from.* —
 ‘ I hope, Her Soul does Justice to the Impres-
 ‘ sion which *mine* glows with: But, let Her
 ‘ Thoughts of *Me*, be *kind*, or *less partial*,
 ‘ than they *have been*, I must never expect
 ‘ the Power, which, I am sure, I shall never
 ‘ *wish for*, of redeeming myself from that
 ‘ sweet Captivity, in which Her Image
 ‘ holds the Heart of,

S I R,
Her faithful Lover,
And Your Servant,

CONSTANTIUS.



To the Lovely BELLADORA.

SWEET Enslaver! *can you tell,*
E'er I learnt to love, so well,
How my wishless Hours could move,
All unbusied, by my Love?
'Tis Amazement, now, to me,
What could, then, a Pleasure be!
But, since You smil'd, new Sense to give,
From that sweet Hour, I feel, I live.

*OH! what Fires his Bosom warm,
Whom Soul, and Body, join, to charm!
Endless Transports, dance along,
Nobly soft! or sweetly strong!
Flaming Fancy, cool Reflection;
Fierce Desire, and aw'd Subjection:
Aking Hope; — and Fear increasing;
Struggling Passions, never ceasing:
Wishing, trembling, Soul adoring;
Ever-blest, and still imploring!*

*TELL the Cold, the Dull, the Tame,
(Who these dear Disorders blame)
Tell 'em, That in Honour's Race,
Charm'd by some such Heav'nly Face,
Lovers, still, the foremost, ran:
Love's a Second Soul to Man!*

*EASE is languid, low, and base;
Love excites an active Chace:
Glory, Wealth, Ambition, Wit;
Thoughts' for boundless Empire fit!
All, at Love's Approach, are fir'd;
Ever bent, and never tir'd.
He, who feels not Love's sweet Pain,
Lives at Ease — but lives, in vain.*

*LITTLE dream you, what is due,
Angel Form! to Love, and You!
'Tis from You, I Joy possess;
'Tis by You, my Grief grows less.*

Sadly

*Sadly pensive, when, alone,
I the Shades of Life bemoan ;
If some Voice, your Name impart,
Care lies lighten'd at my Heart :
Ev'ry Woe disarms its Sting ;
And ev'ry starting Hope takes Wing !*

*WHEN my Fancy brings to View,
Works, which Wealth, or Power, could do ;
All my spurr'd Excitements wake ;
And Fortune charms me, for your Sake :
Oh ! I cry, 'twere Heav'n possess'd,
To make her Great, who makes me Bless'd !*

*IN the Morning, when I rise,
If the Sunshine strikes my Eyes ;
All, that pleases, in its View,
Is my Hope, 'twill shew me You.*

*WHEN the sable Sweep of Night,
Drowns Distinction from my Sight,
I no inward Darkness find ;
You are Day-light, to my Mind.*

*ALL my Dreams, are Lives of Joy,
Which, in waking, I destroy :
You, a Slave to Custom made,
Are of empty Forms afraid ;
But your happier Image, free
From fantastick Tyranny,
Independent, kind, and wise,
Shuns Restraint, and knows no Ties.
Oh ! the dear, delightful, Pain !
Who, that sleeps, thus, would wake again ?*

IT is lucky, for this pleasant Spark, that his *Poetry* is more agreeable to me, than his *Purpose*; — An extraordinary *Use*, truly, he has found out, to put the Gravity of the *PLAIN DEALER* to! If it were, not *some Comfort*, that he appears to *think*, like a *modest Lover*, I should have been out of all Patience, to have had my Sobriety so artfully made a *stalking Horse* to the *amorous Plots* of these young *Fellows*, and their *Sweethearts*, who tell one another their Minds, under Pretence of *writing to the PLAIN DEALER*! But, as it is, I forgive the *Stratagem*, merely for the sake of the *Poetry*; which, I own, I am pleas'd with, because it is *natural*, and seems to have flow'd from the *Heart*, which is a warmer Inspirer, than *Helicon*.





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Iustum & Tenacem propositi Virum. — HOR.

FRIDAY, *April 2.* 1725.

DESIGNING to be grave to Day, on the sober Subject of RESOLUTION, I will bribe my Reader's Attention, to a Discourse, less gay, than *useful*, by telling them a short Story, in the very Front of my Paper.

' *SALADIN*, the Soldan of *Ægypt*, tho'
' he had Dominions enough, of his own, was
' always ready, when Occasion offered, to *make*
' *free* with other People's. — At his Return
' without Success, from the Siege of *Mosoul*,
' in *Syria*, he seized into his Hands the whole
' Lordship of *Emessa*, in Prejudice to the Right
' of *Nasir Eddin*, the young Prince, who claimed it. And *this* he did, upon Pretence,
' That the late *Father* of the Youth had *for-*
' *feited*, by giving Countenance to Confederacies
' against the Soldan's Interest.

' *SALADIN*, however, ordered, That
' proper Care should be taken, of the injur'd
' Prince's Education: and being desirous to ob-

‘ serve, what Progress he made in his Studies,
 ‘ he was brought, one Day, before the *Soldan*;
 ‘ who asked him, with much Gravity, *In what*
 ‘ *Part of the Alcoran he was Reading?* —
 ‘ I am come, reply’d the young Prince (to the
 ‘ *Surprize of all*, who were near him) to that
 ‘ Verse, which informs me, That *He* who de-
 ‘ vours the *Estates* of ORPHANS, is not a
 ‘ *King*, but a *Tyrant*.

‘ THE *Soldan* was much startled at the Turn,
 ‘ and Spirit, of his *Repartee*; but, after some
 ‘ Pause, and Recollection, return’d the Youth
 ‘ this generous Answer, — He, who *speaks*,
 ‘ with such *Resolution*, would *act* with so much
 ‘ *Courage*, that I *restore* you to your Father’s
 ‘ Possessions, lest I should be thought to stand
 ‘ in *Fear* of a Virtue, which I only *reverence*.

SUCH an Influence has *Firmness*, even in
Words, and *Appearance*! But, when reduced
 into *Practice*, it is productive of *innumerable*
Benefits: So that, were I to be asked by a
 Man of Sense, *Which would be his shortest*
Road, to Felicity; My Answer should be,
 The Path, which leads thro’ *Constancy* and
Resolution: No other *Road*, but this! and
 no other *Guide*, than *Conscience*, can carry
 him *through* his Journey, and bring him *safe*
 to the *End* he aims at.

RESOLUTION in *Life*, is like *Action* in *Orato-*
ry; as *Demostheves* described it: It is the *First*,
Second, and *Third* Thing necessary. The Soul
 is endowed with Three powerful Faculties;
 the

the *Understanding*, the *Memory*, and the *Will*; but, with regard to *moral Life*, they all Three lie *dead*, without the Help of *Resolution*. *Resolution* is their *Parent*, their *Midwife*, and their *Nurse*. It first impregnates them with *Activity*; then *delivers* them in their *Labours*; and *nourishes* the Effects of those *Labours* with *Perseverance*. What imports it, to *know* either the *Good* or the *Proper*, if we *forget* or *over-look* that *Knowledge*? Or, to what *End* do we *remember*, what is *Great*, and *Heroick* in others, if *Resolution* does not conform our *Will* to co-operate with our *Understanding*!

RESOLUTION therefore is the spiritual Union of the Mind's best Faculties: and may, not improperly, be called the *Soul* of the very *Soul* itself. — It exercises the *Understanding* into *Meditation*; *Meditation* gives *Life* to *Memory*; and reduces *Good Will* into *Habit*; and *Habitual Good Will* inspires the *Memory* and *Understanding* to break beautifully forth, into a *Series of good Actions*.

FOR this Reason I have often reflected, that we stand more in Need of being *reminded*, than of being *taught*; and that, whoever would lead Men to be *good*, that is, to be *happy*; should rather inspire them with *Resolution* to *do* what they know to be right, than to learn, *what it is* to do rightly. *Moral Arguments* should be chiefly applied to the *Memory*, and are *Incentives* to the *Will*, rather than *Aids* to the *Understanding*.

T H I S

THIS is evident, methinks, from the following Considerations; *Wisdom*, as it regards practical Life, is no more than a Faculty of discerning what is Good, from what is Evil; what is to be embraced, and what rejected.— Now if the wisest Man upon Earth, by the Dint only of *Resolution*, could bring himself to *practise*, what a Man of the most moderate Faculties *comprehends* and *distinguishes*, he would indeed, be a *wise Man*, according to the genuine Signification. But, as the World goes, were we strictly to measure the Capacities, even of the *Wiseſt*, by their *Actions*, we should be mortified into a Necessity of considering this vast Globe, but as a Stage full of *busy Fools*, with scarce a steady Purpose among them. And, however the Philosophers may have declared a *Vacuum* an Absurdity in *Nature*; we should, plainly, discover one, in *Sense*, among the Agents of the intellectual World: We must therefore conclude, That the Fault lies not in the *Understanding*, but the *Will*; nor proceeds from Want of Knowledge, but Deficiency of Firmness, and Resolution. Mr. DRYDEN, speaking of Men in their *thinking* and *contemplative* Faculty, says somewhere, to the Praise of the *meanest* Writers, That he never read any Argument so *indifferently* handled, out of which a *wise* Man might not gather something that was *valuable*: And Cardinal RICHLIEU, has observ'd, concerning *active* and *political* Life, That he knew many, to whom

whom the Direction of great *Kingdoms* might be happily committed in the *Morning*, whom, yet, in the *Afternoon*, he would scarce trust with the *Administration* of his *Hen-roost*.

A LITTLE common Thief knows he *should* not commit Injustice; and understands well enough, when he commits it — but, wanting *Resolution* to be *publickly* needy, rather than *privately* dishonest, he deviates from the *real* Good; and ventures upon the *appearing*. — How often has the *Judge* acted the *Felon* upon the Bench, and robb'd before *their* Faces, who *accuse* *Robbers* at his Tribunal! He *dares* commit the very Crime which he is seated there, to condemn; But he wants *Resolution* to despise the Bribe, though he has not the *Felon's* *Necessity* to plead in Excuse of it: The poor Thief in this Case, as *filly* as he looks at the Bar, stands in Need of no *Instructor*. But the Judge himself, as *wise* as he appears, in his *Furs*, wants a *Remembrancer* at his Elbow, to put him in Mind of his Duty.

COMMON *Gamesters*, know so well the Ignominy of giving *false* *Judgment*, at a publick *Hazard-Table*, that they have generally *Resolution* enough to resist very great secret Temptations that Way; and have seldom been found guilty, though *Custom*, and not *Conscience*, is the Motive of their Forbearance. But, how *little* *History* need we read, to know, That we have had Dispensers of Equity, who have been in the utmost *Necessity* of Plain-dealing *Monitors*, not indeed to
instruct

instruct them ; but to put them in *Mind*, that *Equity was not Iniquity*. — We all of us *know*, but few, or none of us *think*. — We distinguish not the Things that lie *before* us, through the *Mistiness* of *Avarice*, or any other intervening *Passion*. It cannot be said, that we are unable to *see* : But that we *see* without *Discernment*. — The *Understanding* has *Eyes*, but *Irresolution* has jaundic'd them.

How does *Ambition* reduce and mislead those, whom we call *wise* Men, into awkward *Condescensions*, which make them cheap in the very *Eyes* of the *Vulgar* ? How often have we seen *Pride*, and *Insolence* assume the *Flexure* of the *sneaking Candidate*, in order to *strut* immediately after, in the *Abuse* of intrusted *Office* ? The *Farce* of DOCTOR FAUSTUS has been represented as *light*, and *ridiculous*, because, its *Plot* is no more, than that, while the *Conjurer* enjoys his *Wand*, he enjoys his *Wishes* : *That Wand* converts every Thing into the *Accomplishment* of his *Purposes* : But no sooner is his *Term*, of holding that *White Staff*, expired ; than the *Conjuration* expires with it ; and he is the poorest, weakest, most despairing, and most abandon'd Wretch alive. This, every *Spectator* sees *through*, and *laughs* at ; and yet, how happy might it have been for some other *Wand-bolders*, of this Kingdom, if that poor *Farce* had been acted before them, instead of *their* duller *State Interludes*, in order to serve as a useful *Memorial*, that they should not misuse
thase

those Wands like FAUSTUS ; that is, play Tricks, till their Time is out, and then be delivered up to the Devil.

As *little Men* become *great* by *Resolution*, and *great Men* degenerate into *little* ones without it ; so *Admonitions*, to those Duties, which every *little Man* knows, are *necessary* notwithstanding, to the *Wiseſt* ; Of this ALEXANDER'S Father, PHILIP, demonſtrated himſelf very ſenſible ; That Prince's *Servant*, *knew*, no doubt, as well as his *Maſter*, that a *King* was no more than a *Man* : But PHILIP, mindful, that high Fortune had often made *light Heads forget* themſelves, commanded this *Servant* to wake him every Morning, by this well-known Leſſon in his Ear ; — *Remember thou art but a Man.* — Now, many would be apt to imagine, that little Profit could ariſe from ſuch conſtant Repetition of this ſhort and needleſs Intimation : Yet Sir FRANCIS BACON, who *knew* well both the *great World* and the *little*, has left us the following *Axiom* concerning it : “ All (*monitorial*) Precepts concerning *Kings*, are, in “ Effect, comprehended in theſe Two *Remembrances* ; — *Remember thou art a Man* ; — “ *Remember thou art GOD'S Vicegerent.* The “ *one* bridleth their *Power*, the other their “ *Will.*” — In Truth, if ALEXANDER had affected to be no more than he was, the Son of PHILIP, inſtead of aſpiring to Divinity and the Title of AMMON ; he would have *more* than conquer'd the World ; for he would have conquered the very Conqueror of it. RE-

RESOLUTION then, is the only Means to make a Man compleatly *happy*; and frequent *Admonition* serves to keep *Resolution* alive. The *Lowest* can scarce stand in Need of a moral *Instruction*; but the *Highest* may be greatly indebted for *Admonition*; and consequently, all young Men, who propose to make any Figure in publick Employments, should give Ear, to a *Plain Dealer*, who dares put them in Mind of their Weakness. — A Man who has Firmness enough to *see* the *Worst* of his own Soul, will soon have the Satisfaction to find the Prospect much *better'd*. He will learn Patience in *ill* Fortune, and Abstinence in *good*; He will be fortified with *Resolution*, to be *humble, just, and charitable*, amidst the strongest *Inflations*, and Indulgences of *Prosperity*: and disdain to be found *envious, dejected, or revengeful*, amidst the *bitterest* Resentments, and Sollicitations of *Calamity*. Such a Man shall not only preserve an inward Tranquility; but, whatever the Colour of his Fortune may be, he will owe a Lustre to *Himself*, and cast it round him upon *Others*. He will not only be *followed*, but *beloved* in his *Prosperity*; and in his *Adversity* he will be *lamented*.





The Plain Dealer. N^o 109.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therfilochumque.

VIRG.

MONDAY, *April 5.* 1725.

To the PLAIN-DEALER.

S I R,

‘ I T is with no small Expectation, that I
‘ observe you, in some of your Papers,
‘ making Excursions into the Province of
‘ *Criticism*: It is a Subject, not only *Enter-*
‘ *taining*, but *Instructive*: And there is no
‘ kind of Knowledge, in which those gay
‘ Spirits, who are loudest, and most ready, in
‘ giving Judgment, are so contemptibly and
‘ lamentably Deficient, as in the Art of *Judg-*
‘ *ing rightly*.

‘ Two Improvements might be hop’d for,
‘ in the Taste of most Readers, from a more
‘ general Propagation of the Knowledge of
‘ *distinguishing clearly*: We should neither be
‘ ashamed to praise the Merit of the Obscu-
‘ rest

‘ rest of our *Cotemporaries*; nor afraid to censure the Errors of the most Popular among
 ‘ *ancient Writers*.

‘ *HOMER*’s famous Catalogue, of *Grecian* Ships, and their Commanders, would,
 ‘ then, I am apt to believe, cease to pass for
 ‘ one of his Sublimest, and most Poetical
 ‘ Beauties. Its Geographical Exactness would
 ‘ no longer be pleaded as a Ballance, against
 ‘ the Dryness, and Tedioufness, of its Historical
 ‘ Enumeration: Since it is no Part of a
 ‘ *Poet*’s Business, to teach the Situation,
 ‘ Bounds, and Quality, of Countries. Little,
 ‘ occasional Descriptions of that kind, ’tis
 ‘ true, may sometimes, be necessary; and,
 ‘ being artfully introduced, and handled,
 ‘ might not only *diversify* a Poem; but also
 ‘ render it *delightful*: Without which last
 ‘ Quality, the whole Labour is lost. And
 ‘ nothing, certainly, can *delight*, that is *tiresom*, and *heavy*.

‘ BUT the Bigotry of a Succession of unpoetical *Commentators*, Men of Learning,
 ‘ without Genius; has heap’d upon this Catalogue, such profuse and ill-judg’d *Encomium*,
 ‘ that the whole Herd of Imitators, from the *Tasso*’s of *Italy*, down to the *Blackmore*’s of *Britain*,
 ‘ have lengthen’d out their hostile *Musters-Rolls*, to the Terror and Provocation,
 ‘ even of the most patient of their gentle Readers. And some of these have
 ‘ been fortunate enough to meet with Applause, more extravagant, even than *Homer*’s:

‘ *mer*’s:

' *mer's* : For they have been compar'd with
' and *preferr'd* to *Homer's*. Witness *Ben*
' *Johnson's* commendatory *Vision*, printed be-
' fore the old Edition of *DRAYTON'S* *Battle*
' of *Agincourt*.

There, *Thou art Homer*,—*Pray thee use the Style*
Thou hast deserv'd ; and let me read, the while,
Thy CATALOGUE OF SHIPS, exceeding his!

' *THE* Catalogue, here meant, is of those
' Ships, which transported the *English* For-
' ces, in our *Henry the Fifth's* first Attempt
' upon *France*. — I will entertain the Reader
' with this (so highly applauded) Cata-
' logue ; because it may deserve to stand, as
' a *Proof*, what poor Products we are to ex-
' pect, from a servile and implicate Imitation.

And, first, Seven Ships, from Rochester, are sent,
The Bonadventure, George, and the Expence ;
Antilope, Henry, Elephant, Defence :
Bottoms, as good, as ever spread a Clue !
All having Charge, their Voyage having been,
Before Southampton, to take Soldiers in.

Twelve Merchant Ships, of mighty Burthen all,
New, off the Stocks, that had been rigg'd for Stoad,
Riding in Thames, by Limehouse, and Black-wall,
That ready were, their Merchandize to load.
Eight goodly Ships from Bristol, ready made,
With Spanish Wine, which they for Ballast lade ;
And, as these Eight the Severn Sea do stem,
Five more, from Padstow, came along with them.

*From Plymouth next, came in the Blazing-Star,
And Fiery Dragon, to take in their Fraught,
With other Four, especial Men of War,
That in the Bay of Portugal had fought :
The Hare of Loo, a right good Ship, well known,
That twice, the Year before, the Streights had past ;
Two wealthy Spanish Merchants did her own,
Who, then, but newly had repair'd her waste :
And, from Mount's-Bay, Six more, that still in Sight,
Waited with her before the Isle of Wight.*

*Nine Ships, for the Nobility, there went
Of able Men, the Enterprize to aid ;
Northumberland, and Westmoreland, in sent
Fourscore at Arms apiece, and themselves laid
At Sixscore Archers each ; as Suffolk shows
Twenty tall Men at Arms, and Forty Bows.*

*Darcy, and Camois, zealous for the King,
Lovel, Fitzwater, Willoughby, and Ross,
Berkly, Powis, Burrel, fast together cling,
Seymour, and St. John, for the Business close,
Each Twenty Horse, and Forty Foot do bring,
More, to Nine hundred, 'mounting in the Gross,
In those Nine Ships ; and fully them bestow'd,
With which the other fall into the Road.*

*From Holland, Zealand, and from Flanders, won
By weekly Pay, Threescore Twelve Bottoms came,
From Fifty upward, to Five Hundred Tun,
For every Use, a Mariner could name :
Their glitt'ring Flags, against the radiant Sun,
Show'd, as if all the Sea had been on Flame ;
Then Skiffs, Crays, Scallops, and the like, why these,
From every small Creek, cover'd all the Seas.*

‘ THIS, though a bald, and unlovely Imitation of *Homer*, is better I think, in one Sense, than the Original, by so much, as it is *shorter*; for no Man of Reason will be perswaded to believe, that in a Poem of this kind, such a tedious, and dry List of a Fleet, though it preserves a particular Piece of Antiquity (which is the Commentators weak Defence for *Homer*) can stand agreeably in the Place of Invention, Spirit, Fancy, and the Energy of Poetry.

‘ SUCH a barren, and distinct Enumeration gives a wearisom Satiety to the Mind, and drags too hard on the Attention. When I read, for so many Leaves together, not what Persons *do*, but who *they are*, and whence they *came*; without any of that enlivening Variety of Circumstance, or Description, which should relieve the Imagination, it puts me in Mind of our Ancestors simple *Epitaphs*: Honest People! who thought it Merit enough to have lived, married, and got Children, without loading their Tomb-stones with the Weight of their *Actions*!

Of Wiliam Wilfon, Joan his Wife,
And Alice, their Daughter dear,
These Lines be left, to give Report,
Those Three lie burid here;
And Alice was Henry Deacon's Wife,
Which Henry lives on Earth;

*And is the Serjeant-Plummer un-
to Queen Elizabeth.*

*With whom our Alice left Issue here,
Her virtuous Daughter Joan,
To be his Comfort, every-where,
Now joyful Alice is gone.*

And again,

*Here the good Lady Margaret North
In Tomb doth quiet lie ;
Of Husbands Four the able Spouse,
Whose Fame shall never die :
One Andrew Frances was the First ;
The Second Robert hight,
Surnamed Chartsey, Alderman ;
Sir David Brook, a Knight :
But then comes he, that passed all,
And was, in Number, Fourth,
One, for his Virtue, made a Lord,
And call'd Sir Edward North.*

‘ AMONG all these copious Particularities,
‘ there is nothing, that deserv’d the telling,
‘ if we except the great Rarity, that comes
‘ in the Rear ; A Man made a Lord for his
‘ *Virtue* ! That, indeed must be own’d to
‘ have been a Wonder worth recording : It
‘ was consider’d too, it seems, as an Accident
‘ so unusual, that the good Man appears, by
‘ the last Verse, to have been ashamed of his
‘ Singularity ; and rather chose to stick fast to
‘ his old knightly Title of Sir *Edward*, than
‘ be

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‘ be pointed at, as he passed the Streets, for
‘ a kind of Miracle. But here follows some-
‘ thing, which no Poet’s List among them all,
‘ can compare with, for Exactness.

*This Life hath on Earth no certain While,
Example by John, Mary, and Oliver Stile ;
Who, under this Stone, lieth buried in the Dust,
And putteth you in Memory, that all die must.*

*John Stile, born 1582, the 22d of May ;
Died 1583, June the 25th Day :*

*The 5th of October 1583, Mary Stile born was :
August the 5th 1585, out of this Life she did pass.
Oliver Stile the 25th of February 1584, this
mortal Life begun,*

*And ended the same August the 9th 1585, his
Course being then run.*

‘ Now, Sir, bating, as is necessary, for the
‘ Difference between the *Verses*, a Man is apt
‘ to conclude, That a Poet, too prolix in the
‘ Lists, I have been speaking of, has as little
‘ to say for the Actions of the greatest Part
‘ of his Captains, as these very exact *Epi-*
‘ *taphs*, for the *Oliver’s*, *Alice’s*, *Joan’s*, and
‘ *Andrew’s*, who occasioned them.

I am, S I R,

Your Constant Reader,

And Humble Servant, &c.



The Plain Dealer. No. 110.

Nos populo damus. ——— S E N.

FRIDAY, *April 9.* 1725.

To the Author of the PLAIN-DEALER.

Oh Dear ! Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

‘ **M**ANY a Lady has been charm’d
 ‘ into a Passion for her future Lover,
 ‘ upon Sight only of his *Picture* : But my
 ‘ Fate is the very Reverse of This ; For, be-
 ‘ fore I saw the *Picture* of my *Florello*, I was
 ‘ almost in Love with the *Original* : Where-
 ‘ as, now, I am fallen absolutely in Love
 ‘ with the *Picture*, and can scarce bear the
 ‘ Sight of That odious Lover of mine, who
 ‘ sat for it.

‘ THE *Picture*, you must know, is a Kind
 ‘ of Paradox : For it is drawn but in *Black*,
 ‘ and *White* ; and yet glows, with the live-
 ‘ liest Force ; and most natural Mixture of
 ‘ strong *Colouring* ! It is *One*, of a valuable
 ‘ *Collection*, which was expos’d to Publick Sale
 ‘ last Week ; under Title of *The UNIVERSAL*
 ‘ PASSION,

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' PASSION, *Part II.* — Wou'd to Heaven I
' knew the Painter! A Hand, so exquisite at
' *Touching*, should *take me*, as often as I cou'd
' possibly sit to him. Nay, I wou'd sooner
' be drawn by *Him*, than by *Apelles*, or *Ti-*
' *tian*, or *Lilly*, or *Vandike*; or by any Pen-
' cil ancient, or modern; *except that only*,
' to which we owe so many envy-raising Pic-
' tures of my Friend Mrs. *Arabella Farmor*.

' NOT but there is infinite Difference, be-
' tween the Two Pieces; and the *Lines*, in-
' deed, are strikingly distinguish'd, in both:
' — In the *Lady's*, They are *sweet, soft, de-*
' *licate!* In my *Florello's*, They are *strong,*
' *bold, glaring!* *Florello's* very *Life* is not
' half so *lively*, as this fine Painter's *speaking*
' *Representation* of it. — See! the *Fi-*
' *gure*, and the *Spirit!* the *Grace!* and *Pas-*
' *sion*, of the Picture!

OF late, at *White's*, was young *Florello* seen,
How blank his *Look!* how discompos'd his *Mien!*
(In Grief Sincere, so hard it proves to feign!)
Sunk were his *Spirits!* for his Coat was plain.

NEXT Day, his *Breast* regain'd its wonted
(Peace,
His *Health* was mended with a *Silver Lace!*
A curious *Artist*, long inur'd to *Toils*,
Of gentler sort, with *Combs*, and *fragrant Oils*,
Whether by *Chance*, or by some *God inspir'd*,
So touch'd his *Curls*, his mighty *Soul* was fir'd!

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*The well-swoln Tyes an equal Homage claim,
And either Shoulder has its Share, of Fame.
His sumptuous Watch-Case, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good Conscience, solid Joys supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!
St——pe in Wit, in Breeding, D——ne.
Whene'er by seeming Chance, he throws his Eye,
On Mirrors, flushing with his Tyrian Dye,
With how sublime a Transport leaps his Heart?
But Fate ordains, that dearest Friends must part,
Inactive Measures, brought from France he wheels;
And triumphs, conscious of his learned Heels !*

‘ To deal plainly with the PLAIN DEALER,
‘ just after I had been reading this mortifying
‘ Description of the Man, whom I had been
‘ weak enough to feel some little Tenderness
‘ for, His Evil Genius danc'd in with him ;
‘ and I blush'd, to my very Forehead, to re-
‘ flect, that I shou'd owe to the lively *Paint-*
‘ *ing* of a *Satire*, my first Discovery, that the
‘ *Florello*, who had been so intimately my
‘ Acquaintance, was the Reverse of a *Fine*
‘ *Gentleman* !

‘ P R A Y publish This Extraordinary Cure,
‘ in Justice to the Skill, and Reputation, of
‘ the Learned *Doctor*, who effected it: And
‘ assist, thereby, the good Wishes, and the
‘ Gratitude of,

Dear Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

Your unknown, humble Servant,

CLARASTELLA.
Mr.

Friday, March 19. 1724.

Mr. PLAIN-DEALER,

‘ **A** S You are a Gentleman of Penetrati-
 ‘ on, and capable of rendring every
 ‘ Thing that is offer’d to You in a brighter
 ‘ Capacity than I am, (which occur’d to me,
 ‘ upon reading your Paper of *Friday, March*
 ‘ the 12th, in Relation to *Pugg’s Complaint*,
 ‘ against that *Feathery Fool*, called a *PARROT*,
 ‘ in a House that is just over against him) I
 ‘ I desire, that in your next, you would only
 ‘ give Caution to a certain Lady, whole
 ‘ Lodgings are opposite to mine, That she
 ‘ does not indulge *Pugg*, as I have seen her,
 ‘ in all that provoking and unmerited Free-
 ‘ dom, of *pawing* her upon the *Mouth* and
 ‘ *Bosom*. *Flesh*, and *Blood*, *Mr. PLAIN*
 ‘ *DEALER*, is not able to bear it; and if we
 ‘ must not cast the *Food* of *Man* to *Dogs*, I
 ‘ am sure it is much less lawful to bestow His
 ‘ Right upon an *ugly Monkey*.—In short, I am
 ‘ out of all manner of *Patience*; and if this
 ‘ Lady will not be so kind as to keep my
 ‘ Rival out of my Sight, I must be forc’d to
 ‘ *brick up my Windows*, or remove to a *new*
 ‘ *Lodging*: For I wou’d not, methinks, be
 ‘ so unreasonable, as to quarrel with *Pugg*
 ‘ *Himself* about it: Since, He looks (to con-
 ‘ fess the Truth) as if He was *born* to be the
 ‘ *Lady’s Favourite*.

I am, S I R,
Your afflicted Reader,

P. A.
S I R,

March, 25, 1724.

S I R,

‘ **Y**OU will much oblige one of your
 ‘ constant Readers, and very great Ad-
 ‘ mirers; if you will but answer me this
 ‘ Quere, viz. In your Excellent PLAIN
 ‘ DEALER, of *August* the 24th, 1724, N^o 45,
 ‘ treating of *Love*, wherein is contain’d, part
 ‘ of that lovely POEM on the same Subject,
 ‘ I find these Lines;

*Absent from Her, in whom alone we live,
 Life grows a Bankrupt, and no Bliss can give:
 Friends are IMPORTUNATE, and Pleasures lost, &c.*

‘ Now all the Question is, Whether that
 ‘ is not a Mistake of the Printer’s; putting
 ‘ *Importunate* for *Impertinent*? or, Whether
 ‘ I, in Justice to you, for giving this Trouble,
 ‘ shou’d not write myself,

Want-of-WIT?

To a *Lover*, who retires to *Salitude*, for
 a quiet, and uninterrupted, Indulgment of
 his Passion, the very *Civilities*, and good
Offices, of Friendship, are unwelcome; and
 the Pressure of them is *Importunately* trouble-
 some; and this was doubtless the Sense, in
 which the Author of that Poem made use
 of the Word *Importunate*. — *Imperti-*
nent had been less applicable, as well as
 less elegant; because it is the *Duty* of a
 Friend

Friend to be solicitous in advising, and comforting us, however *uneasy* he makes us, by the Effect of his disrelish'd Intention. So that my Correspondent, will *name* himself more justly, if, in the next Letter he favours me with, he changes his Subscription from *Want-of-WIT*, only to

Want-of-ATTENTION.

To the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

I HAVE perceived, quite through the Course of your Papers, that your Tendency, is not only to *Delight* your Readers; but to *Inform*, and *Refine* them. Upon this Consideration, I must persuade myself, you will set the following Subject in the strongest Light; which, the more effectually to recommend it to you, I assure you it is not fictitious, but real Matter of Fact. — There is a certain Widow, who has two Sons, and two Daughters, the former of which, are arrived to the State, which writes them *Men*, both brought up to creditable Employments; but neither of them capable of proceeding in their Business, without her Assistance; which, tho' very able to give, she *refuses* them.

You will be more than a little surprized, when I tell you, there is a Person, beyond Description, rustical, and unlovely, who makes

‘ makes his aukward Addresses to the *Wealth*
 ‘ of this Widow : And that this is the *Con-*
 ‘ *sideration* which she prefers to the Welfare
 ‘ of her Children, who have urg’d her, on
 ‘ their Knees, to regard, not only *Their Good*,
 ‘ but what the World will say of *herself*.——
 ‘ Deaf to all their Intercessions, she continu-
 ‘ ally repulses them, and is unalterably de-
 ‘ termined, on her *own* and *their* Ruin.

‘ Now, I would beg of you, to tell me,
 ‘ What Motive can induce her to this ? And
 ‘ to account for it in a *Physical* Manner ?
 ‘ Should not the moving Wants and Depen-
 ‘ dence of her own Children, prevail more
 ‘ upon her *Nature*, than the interested Ad-
 ‘ dresses of a *Stranger* ? For I am afraid,
 ‘ there are no Incentives to *Love*, on either
 ‘ Side, and I am loth to give it its *other*
 ‘ *Name*. If, Sir, you insert this as soon as
 ‘ you can in your Paper, you may do a real
 ‘ Good, and at the same Time you will
 ‘ oblige one of your constant Readers.

I am, SIR, &c.

My good Friend, *Tony Fyngle*, whom I
 have not seen till lately, since the Death of
 Sir *Portly Rufus*, of which I gave my Readers
 the melancholy History, in one of my former
 Papers ; was just come to visit me, as I had
 received this Letter, from the Publisher :
 And, upon hearing it read, told me, with
 much Force of Politeness, and Penetration,
 That

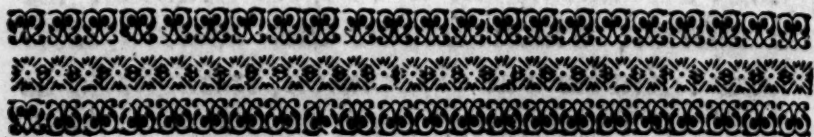
That there were certain *Politick Reasons*, against accounting in a *Physical Manner*, for the *Motive*, which induces this *unmanageable Widow*: But he was of Opinion, it might do as well, if I accounted for it *Poetically*: And, to that end, he favour'd me, within, Fifteen Minutes, and a Half quarter, with the following Copy of Verses, which he intitles,

WOMAN'S RESOLUTION.

OH!—cry'd Arsenia, long in *Wedlock* blest,
Her Head reclining on her Husband's Breast;
 "Shou'd Death divide thee from thy doating Wife,
 "What Comfort cou'd be found, in widow'd Life?
 "How the Thought shakes me! — Heav'n my
 (Strephon save,
 "Or give the lost Arsenia half his Grave!

Jove heard the lovely Mourner, and approv'd:
 "And shou'd not Wives like this, (said he) be lov'd?
 "Take the soft Sorrower at her Word; and try
 "How deeply rooted Woman's Vows can lie?
 'Twas said, and done—the tender Strephon dy'd;
 Arsenia, Two long Months—t'outlive him try'd:
 But, in the Third—alas!—became a BRIDE.





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— *Jovis omnia Plena* — VIRG.

MONDAY, *April 12.* 1725.

To the Author of the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ THE astonishing Structure, the im-
 ‘ mense, but beautiful, Extent, and
 ‘ Order of *Creation*, demand, not the *Notice*
 ‘ only, but, the *Veneration* of every reason-
 ‘ able Being. No less than *infinite Wisdom*
 ‘ could conceive the Plan; nor less than *Al-*
 ‘ *mighty Power* erect the Fabrick! Our Sight
 ‘ is struck with Amazement, when we look
 ‘ but upon a stately Building, the mere Ef-
 ‘ fect of Human Invention; And, yet, (to
 ‘ the Shame of our Stupidity be it spoken)
 ‘ we can consider the *Earth*, we live on, with
 ‘ *Indifference*; — we can walk under the
 ‘ *Lamps of Heaven*, without being inlightened
 ‘ by the smallest Glimmering of Divine Re-
 ‘ flection! nor (to many) do they argue any
 ‘ thing

‘ thing greater than *Chance*, which, in other
‘ Words, is *Nothing*.

‘ YET, certainly, no Knowledge can be
‘ so *delightful*, to the Soul, as *This*, which is,
‘ at the same Time, the *noblest*, and most
‘ *useful*, that can busy us, in our short Pil-
‘ grimage through the *Body*. Nay, The ex-
‘ cellent Mr. Ray has very pleasingly imagi-
‘ ned, that it may be Part of our Business
‘ and Employment, to all Eternity, to dis-
‘ cover still, deeper and deeper, into the un-
‘ fathomable Works of God; and contem-
‘ plate the Glory of his Wisdom, Power, and
‘ Goodness.

‘ I AM sensible, You concur with me, that
‘ the *Honour* due to *God*, should excite the
‘ noblest of our Thoughts, and Actions; be-
‘ cause You have endeavour’d to make our
‘ Lives, in their good Purposes, and their
‘ Lustre, resemble the Cœlestial Bodies; and
‘ move, for their *own*, and for *other’s* Benefit.
‘ And since you have not refused to exert
‘ your Genius toward refining, enlarging, and
‘ advancing, our Ideas of Divine Greatness:
‘ So, doubtless, you will oblige your Rea-
‘ ders, in the Sequel of this Letter, with a
‘ Trace of Reflections, for which we are in-
‘ debted to the Author of that excellent Dis-
‘ course, *The Religion of Nature Delineated*.

I am, S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

PHILOTHEUS.

“ **W**HAT a vast Field for Contempla-
 “ tion is opened in those Regions of
 “ *Matter*, about us, in which there is not
 “ the least Particle, but carries with it an
 “ Argument of God’s Existence; not the
 “ smallest Trifle but shews it; nor the flight-
 “ est Motion produced, the softest Whisper
 “ of the Air, but tells it. — The Frame
 “ and Constitution of the World, the asto-
 “ nishing Magnificence of it, the various
 “ Kinds of Beings, and the Constancy ob-
 “ served in the Productions of Things, and
 “ the Uses for which they are produc’d, do
 “ all shew, that there is some *Almighty De-*
 “ *signer* at the Top of all these Things: Such
 “ *Marks* they bear of his Power, and Wis-
 “ dom.

“ In order to prove, to any Doubter, the
 “ the Grandeur of this Fabrick, we need
 “ only bid him consider the *Sun*, with that
 “ insupportable Glory that surrounds it: The
 “ vast Distance, Magnitude, and Heat of it!
 “ The Planets periodically moving in their
 “ several Orbits, about it, with all their *Re-*
 “ *gular Variety* of Aspects, guarded, some of
 “ them, by *secondary Planets*, and, as it were,
 “ *emulating* the State of the *Sun*; and, pro-
 “ bably, all These, possess’d by distinct and
 “ proper *Inhabitants*! — Let him think of
 “ those surprizing Visits the *Comets* make us;
 “ the large Trains of uncommon Splendor,
 “ which attend them; the *far Country* they
 “ come

“ come from, and the Curiosity and Horror
 “ they excite, not only among *us*, but in the
 “ Inhabitants of the Worlds about us; who
 “ also may be *up*, as we are, to see the *Entry*,
 “ and *Progress*, of these new Ministers of the
 “ Almighty: — Let him direct his Eye and
 “ Contemplation, through those azure Regi-
 “ ons above him, up to the *fixed Stars*, that
 “ radiant, and numberless *Host* of *Heaven*;
 “ and reflect but, how unlikely it is, that
 “ they should be placed there, only to adorn,
 “ and bespangle, our Canopy! He will, then,
 “ instruct himself, that they are so many
 “ *other* Suns, with their several Regions, and
 “ and dependant Planets, about them! He
 “ will further discern, by the Help of Glasses,
 “ still more and more of these *fixed Lights*,
 “ and exalt himself to an Apprehension of
 “ their unaccountable Numbers, and of the
 “ Immensity of those Spaces, that lie re-
 “ tired beyond, not our *Ken* only, but even
 “ our *Imagination*.

Here, on light Fancy's saily Wings, I rise,
Aw'd, and confounded, thro' deep Wilds of Air!
Millions of op'ning Wonders strike my Eyes;
And Reason's finite View is dazzled there!
Globes, behind Globes, un-number'd, hence appear.
The twinkling Stars, that from dim Earth, remote,
Seem heav'n-set Gems, and scatter'd Seeds of Day;
Here, (Buoyant Worlds!) midst Seas of Æther float,
And, o'er blue Kingdoms, hold a fiery Sway.

“ **W**HAT a vast Field for Contempla-
 “ tion is opened in those Regions of
 “ *Matter*, about us, in which there is not
 “ the least Particle, but carries with it an
 “ Argument of God’s Existence; not the
 “ smallest Trifle but shews it; nor the slight-
 “ est Motion produced, the softest Whisper
 “ of the Air, but tells it. — The Frame
 “ and Constitution of the World, the asto-
 “ nishing Magnificence of it, the various
 “ Kinds of Beings, and the Constancy ob-
 “ served in the Productions of Things, and
 “ the Uses for which they are produc’d, do
 “ all shew, that there is some *Almighty De-*
 “ *signer* at the Top of all these Things: Such
 “ *Marks* they bear of his Power, and Wis-
 “ dom.

“ I N order to prove, to any Doubter, the
 “ the Grandeur of this Fabrick, we need
 “ only bid him consider the *Sun*, with that
 “ insupportable Glory that surrounds it: The
 “ vast Distance, Magnitude, and Heat of it!
 “ The Planets periodically moving in their
 “ several Orbits, about it, with all their *Re-*
 “ *gular Variety* of Aspects, guarded, some of
 “ them, by *secondary Planets*, and, as it were,
 “ *emulating* the State of the *Sun*; and, pro-
 “ bably, all These, possess’d by distinct and
 “ proper *Inhabitants*! — Let him think of
 “ those surprizing Visits the *Comets* make us;
 “ the large Trains of uncommon Splendor,
 “ which attend them; the *far Country* they
 “ come

“ come from, and the Curiosity and Horror
 “ they excite, not only among *us*, but in the
 “ Inhabitants of the Worlds about us; who
 “ also may be *up*, as we are, to see the *Entry*,
 “ and *Progress*, of these new Ministers of the
 “ Almighty : — Let him direct his Eye and
 “ Contemplation, through those azure Regi-
 “ ons above him, up to the *fixed Stars*, that
 “ radiant, and numberless *Host* of *Heaven* ;
 “ and reflect but, how unlikely it is, that
 “ they should be placed there, only to adorn,
 “ and bespangle, our Canopy ! He will, then,
 “ instruct himself, that they are so many
 “ *other Suns*, with their several Regions, and
 “ and dependant Planets, about them ! He
 “ will further discern, by the Help of Glasses,
 “ still more and more of these *fixed Lights*,
 “ and exalt himself to an Apprehension of
 “ their unaccountable Numbers, and of the
 “ Immensity of those Spaces, that lie re-
 “ tired beyond, not our *Ken* only, but even
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 And Reason's finite View is dazzled there !
 Globes, behind Globes, un-number'd, hence appear.
 The twinkling Stars, that from dim Earth, remote,
 Seem heav'n-set Gems, and scatter'd Seeds of Day ;
 Here, (Buoyant Worlds !) midst Seas of Æther flote,
 And, o'er blue Kingdoms, hold a fiery Sway.*

*In distant Orbits, round each reigning Star,
 Huge Earths, and Moons, their cirly Homage pay:
 Millions of countless Miles are lost between, (far!
 And sick'ning Thought grows tir'd, to stretch so
 How brightly vast each concave Sphere is seen!
 Th' enormous Vaults, with wheeling Worlds glow
 (round;
 Rolling oblique, yet none their Paths confound:
 Their crossing Currents cause no clashing Jars;
 Nor one the other's Progress bars. (make;
 Wide round their central Suns their Tours they
 Yet no proud Planet dares his Line forsake:
 Partial, an intercepted Ray to break. (Light;
 They take, and lend, by Turns, the streaming
 And form, in solemn Silence, Day, and Night.*

“ WE need only consider these Things, which
 “ are now known almost to every Body;
 “ and, by them, we shall be taught, that
 “ a Structure, so infinite, must be the Work
 “ of an infinite Architect. — But, if we
 “ could take a particular View of all that
 “ astonishing Compass, which we have thus
 “ hastily run over, how would *Wonders mul-*
 “ *tiple* upon us? Every Part of every World,
 “ is, as it were, made up of *other* Worlds.
 “ If we examine *This our Earth*, what Scope
 “ is here for Admiration? — What Varie-
 “ ty of Mountains, Hills, Valleys, Plains,
 “ Rivers, Seas, Trees, Plants! What num-
 “ berless Tribes of different Animals is it
 “ stock'd with! How unwearied are the In-
 “ ventions, and Works of *one* of these;
 “ which is M A N! And yet, when they are
 “ all

“ all survey’d, as nicely as they can be,
 “ whether by our unassisted Senſes, or the
 “ Help of *Telescopical* Glasses; the Assistance
 “ of *Microscopes*, in the *smallest* Parts of *Mat-*
 “ *ter*, will go on to discover as many new
 “ Wonders, as those which have already
 “ been made known to us. New Kingdoms
 “ of Animals; new Architecture, and Cu-
 “ riosity of Workmanship, and Oeconomy.
 “ So that as, *before*, our Conception fainted;
 “ in those boundless Journeys we were
 “ obliged to take through the expansive
 “ Vastness of the Universe; here, on the
 “ other Hand, we tire ourselves with fruit-
 “ less Researches into the Principles and con-
 “ stituent Parts of it. Both the *Beginnings*
 “ and the *End* of Things, the *Least* and
 “ the *Greatest*, all conspire to perplex us:
 “ And which every way we prosecute our In-
 “ quiries, we still fall in with fresh Subjects
 “ of Amazement, and fresh Reasons to be-
 “ lieve, that there are more and more be-
 “ hind, that will for ever escape our eagerest
 “ and most successful Penetration. We have
 “ *Philosophy*, indeed, but, the Misfortune is,
 “ it dwells but in the *Surface* of Nature.—

“ It appears, then, plainly enough, in
 “ the Parts and Model of the World, that
 “ there is a *Contrivance*, and a Respect to
 “ certain *Reasons*, and *Ends*. Why else is
 “ the Sun posited near the Middle of our
 “ *System*; but for the more convenient dis-
 “ pensing of his Influence to the Planets,

“ moving about him? Why else does the
 “ Plan of the Earth’s *Æquator*, intersect
 “ that of her *Orbit*, and make a proper
 “ *Angle* with it, but in order to diversify
 “ the Year, and create a useful *Variety* of
 “ *Seasons*. Many other Things of this kind,
 “ tho’ a thousand Times repeated, will be
 “ always delightful Observations to good
 “ Men and true Scholars: None of whom
 “ can observe those Vapours which ascend
 “ from the Sea, to meet in *Clouds* above,
 “ and fall back again, after *Condensation*,
 “ without understanding the Purpose of this
 “ providential *Distillation* to be a Division
 “ of the Water from its grosser *Salts*, that,
 “ by Rains, and Dews, it may return upon
 “ and supply the Fountains, and refreshing
 “ Rivers, nourishing the Vegetables by Show-
 “ ers, which therefore descend not in Cata-
 “ racts, but kindly Drops, as from a Water-
 “ pot, upon a Garden !

“ Who can view the Structure of a *Plant*
 “ or an *Animal*; the indefinite Number of
 “ their *Fibres*, and fine *Vessels*, their Depen-
 “ dence upon *larger*, and the several Mem-
 “ bers upon *them*, and the apt Disposition of
 “ all these; the Provision that is made for
 “ Reception and Distribution of Nourish-
 “ ment; the Effect of this Nourishment, in
 “ Extension of the Vessels, stretching the *Ve-*
 “ *getable*, or *Animal*, gradually, to its full
 “ and determinate Growth; maintaining the
 “ Motion of the several *Fluids*, repairing the
 “ Decays

“ Decays of the Body; and comforting and
 “ preserving Life? Who can take Notice of
 “ the various *Faculties* of Animals, their Arts
 “ of saving, and providing for themselves, or
 “ the Means by which they are provided for;
 “ the Uses of *Plants* to Animals, and of some
 “ Animals to *others*, and of the Generality
 “ of them to *Mankind*; the Propagation of
 “ the several Species out of their *proper* Seeds
 “ (without Confusion!) the strong Inclinations
 “ implanted for that Purpose; and the Ten-
 “ derness, even of the Fiercest to their *Young* :
 “ Who, I say, can view all this, and not con-
 “ fess a *Design*, and an *omnipotent Designer*?
 “ The meanest Insect, which scarce appears,
 “ at all, to our naked Eye, will, when
 “ viewed through a Microscope, present a
 “ Prospect, a Thousand Times more curious,
 “ and surprizing, than the finest Piece of
 “ *Mechanism*, that ever was made by *Man* !
 “ For my own Part, as I cannot but ac-
 “ knowledge, that I am *fearfully*, and *won-*
 “ *derfully* *formed*; I likewise believe, as
 “ firmly, that some superintendent Hand
 “ hath *conducted* and *protected* me, from my
 “ Birth, to this present Moment; or that, in
 “ the Words of the most Sacred of all *Wri-*
 “ *tings*. — *There is a God, in whom I live,*
 “ *move, and have my Being.*

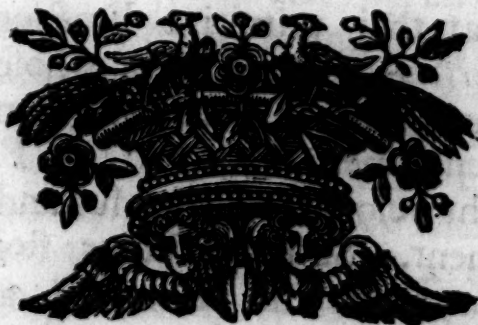
“ Who, then, that judges of this God,
 “ by his *Works* and his *Mercy*, will be afraid
 “ of that *Death*, which must bring us one
 “ Stage *nearer* him? Nay, who knows, but

“ that what we *call* DEATH, may be
 “ our real, and proper, LIFE, and this,
 “ which we think our *Life*, a kind of *dark*,
 “ and *dreaming*, *Interval*, which Death only
 “ comes to *awaken*, and *redeem* us from ? For
 “ my Part, I look forward on the Hour of
 “ my *Dissolution*, with the Hope, and Ex-
 “ pectation, of escaping *Mariners*, who ha-
 “ ving been sinking all Night long, in a
 “ Rudderless, and Foundring Vessel, disco-
 “ ver, with the Dawn of the Morning, the
 “ opening Coast of some *lovely*, though *un-*
 “ *known* Country ! I support *Life*, as my
 “ *Duty*, rather than enjoy it, as my *Wish* :
 “ And will borrow another *Stanza*, from
 “ the same Poem, whence I took that above
 “ to express the Sentiments I feel in my self,
 “ after such a Trace of serious Reflections,
 “ as those which compose this Paper.

But murmur not, proud Heart ! if here delay'd,
A wandring Pilgrim, through this Life's cold Shade,
I must not yet, in Heaven's wide Search rejoice ;
O ! be the Will of God, not mine, obey'd !
Wait, my impatient Soul, His wiser Choice :
Trust the strong Hand, by which those Worlds were made ;
And to His Pleasure tune thy willing Voice.
If I not yet shake off this earthly Load,
Sure there is Business, worth my Life's best Aim ;
'And he who tires, tho' on a length'ning Road,
Is faintly Soul'd, nor Inn's, at last, in Fame.

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*For me, suffice it, to have taught my Muse,
 The tuneful Triflings of our Tribe to shun ;
 And rais'd her Warmth, such heavenly Themes to chuse,
 As, in past Ages, Her best Garlands, won.
 He who, beyond the Power of Man cou'd WRITE,
 Wou'd, still, fall short of Him, who ACTED well :
 To flow in Sound, or turn a Period right,
 Is but in Fairy Towers of Praise to dwell.
 But Wrongs to PARDON, or good Deeds REQUITE
 Is, (in substantial Meaning) to excel,
 What, tho' my WISHES strain beyond my POWER,
 That shou'd but urge my Speed, to reach its GOAL
 Whence, on the Wretched I may Comfort shower,
 And, with eas'd Pity, feast my hungry Soul.
 Be ACTION, then, henceforth, my Life's wide Sphere ;
 Ob ! there are Things, my Heart even burns to DO :
 All has been SAID, that's worth a wise Man's Ear ;
 But much may be PERFORM'D, that's greatly New !*





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*Quid mentem traxisse polo? Quid profuit altum
Erexisse caput? Pecudum si more pererrant.*

CLAUD.

FRIDAY, *April* 16. 1725.

I AM, though a great Lover of *Trade*, a declar'd Enemy to the Company of *Vintners*; and profess, That my Indignation daily rises against them more and more, in proportion as they daily deviate from their first laudable Institution. Taverns were intended, at their primitive Erection, as publick *Refectories*, where Men, whose Business called them Abroad from their Families, and single Gentlemen, who had no Families at all, might resort for a chearful and necessary Refreshment. So that *Taverns* stood in this Town for much the same End, as *Inns* are commodiously situated up and down the Country: But, by the Use they are now converted to, Men are not *refresh'd* there, but *debauch'd*, and taken off from the Pursuit of their Business.

I WAS

I WAS led into this Subject, on the Eve of a late drunken Holiday, when, returning Home in a melancholy Disposition, at a later Hour than usual, I was unexpectedly saluted with an unlucky Piece of News, that a Kinsman, who, notwithstanding all that a famous Predecessor of mine had wittily remark'd, in Ridicule of that silly Practice, wou'd try to drive to himself Home on the *Coach-box*; when he was scarce able to get into the *Coach*, without the Help of its *proper Driver*; had, by the Way, got so dangerous a Fall, that he was thrown almost out of the World: And just as I was plung'd into a profound Meditation on this ill Accident, Word was brought me, That *Literatus* and *Urbanus*, two Bosom Intimates, having drank together, to Excess, the latter lost his *Civility*, and the former his *Wits*, so far as to push on a Dispute about a mere Trifle, 'till one of them was killed, and his *Friend* and *Murderer*, left behind, to imbitter his surviving Days with a *Remorse*, which the other's *Death* was preferable to. — I was lost in the startling Thought, how dreadful it must be, to drop out of a *Temporary* into an *Eternal* Existence, in so deplorable, and unprepar'd a State! which brought immediately to my Remembrance, what the old King says to *Hamlet* in the Tragedy,

Thus

Thus was I _____
Cut off, ev'n in the Blossoms of my Sin,
No Reck'ning made, but sent to my Account,
With all my Imperfections on my Head.
Oh Horrible ! most Horrible !

THIS sensible and moving Complaint, so awfully placed in the Mouth of a *Ghost*, strikes a considerate Auditor with Terror, and leaves him *warn'd* and *astonish'd* : But, there is a Scene in a Comedy, call'd *The Lying Lovers*, That comes more immediately to this Subject, of a Gentleman's Stabbing his Friend in the Fury of his Drunkenness ; and which, if it had been read or heard with Attention, by *Urbanus*, would probably have prevented his own becoming a too real Example of *this unhappy Truth*, That a Man, who in the present Moment, is Master of the strongest Reason, Possessor of the greatest Honour, and adorn'd with the finest Sentiments of Religion, Friendship and Humanity, may, in two or three Hours *drinking*, be push'd forward, by the Rage of Wine, to act unheard-of *Brutalities*, in direct Opposition to the Impulse of all its Virtues. I recommend this useful Scene to the Perusal of those indanger'd Adventurers, who are apt to be quarrelsome in their Cups, and yet dare rashly addict themselves to an habitual Intemperance.

THE Fatigue of so melancholy a Meditation, cast me into a disorder'd kind of Sleep, in which it furnished me (as *Shakespear* says) with *the Stuff of which Dreams are made*. My Imagination, working busily upon the Traces of my waking Thoughts, brought me into the Company of a Hoary and Venerable Matron, whose Eyes were so *piercing bright*, that they seem'd to have increas'd by Age, their Faculty of Penetration. She told me, That her Name was CAUTION, and bidding me follow her, she conducted me, as the Prophetess did *Aeneas*, into one of the Regions of the *nether World*, where the Shades of all those, who depart this Life, in the Guilt of their Debauches, are doom'd to inhabit.

I FOUND my self, without being able to describe the Method of my speedy Conveyance thither, in a vast Place like an Island, compass'd with a Moat of Liquid Fire, where different Crowds of People, were under the Torment of being *forced to drink*, every Moment, till they were deprived of their Senses, and betrayed into Extravagancies, which never failed to fill their Hearts with Pain and Remorse, for some enormous Transgression or other, committed by them when so disorder'd.—Then the Fury that administer'd the Liquor, had a Power of recovering them, by representing their past Actions, in a Glass, that serv'd them instead of *Memory*. — When they had suffer'd the full
Pangs

Pangs of Sobriety, and pain'd their Observation with what they *might* have been, and what they *were*; the Fury drench'd them afresh, with the Intoxicating Tide of Torture; and this was the Repetition of a Life, whose Circle compos'd a Round of Misery, that never was to know an End. Each Crowd was thus attended, by some Deputy of infernal Vengeance,

THE first, I took Notice of, was a Company of Gentlemen, who, before they began to drink, were of robust Make of Body; they had Sanguine Complexions, and carried *Health* in their whole Appearance: Before these, a *Devil*, in the Dress of a *Drawer*, had placed a vast Barrel of Liquor, of which when each had got his Dose, the Effects of the Poison began to work differently upon these poor Patients, that seem'd lately in a State so florid. Some, that were of the most gigantick Size, like *Father Dominick* in the *Spanish Fryer*, sunk two Yards and a Half in the *Wetting*. Others again, who were *thin* Men, were bloated by Dropsies, into the Dimensions which the former had shrunk from. — They, who just before, had Vigour enough to out-voice their own Hunting-Horns, were, by a Dose or two of that strange, alterative Liquor, brought to *squeak* like those *Pipes*, which the *Boys* make of an *Oat-straw*. — They, who used to leap Five-bar-Gates, Quickset-Hedges, and Park-Palings, could not wag a Hand, or a Foot, with-

out crying out of the Gout, or the Rheumatism: These had been called in the World, COUNTRY 'SQUIRES, and were active Men in their Time, at the Hunting down of a *Fox*, or crying up of a *Burgefs*. — But it was dismal to behold, what Faces they made now, when the Fury shew'd them their own Figures, in the startling Glafs of Reflection!

THE next Place, that old Mother CAUTION conducted me to, was a gloomy Walk, which the farther we penetrated into it, was the deeper darkened with the Shade of *Juniper* and *Eugh* Trees: In the midst, was a Little Thatch'd House, as full as it could hold, of Earthen Vessels, stor'd with a *Juice*, that was but one Remove from *Poyson*: The poor Wretches, who frequented this dark Hovel, where mostly *English*, and pleaded the Privilege of their *Liberty*, for getting rid of their Senses, as *freely*, as their Countrymen, of higher Quality, who paid *dearer* for the same *Right*, in proportion to their better Circumstances, and dealt in Poysons of a slower Operation. Many Customers went in here but half Dress'd, and came out again Naked; Most of them labour'd under Miseries and Diseases without a Name; and some of them endeavour'd to hang themselves on the Trees that gave a Name to the fatal Liquor. —

BUT, I was *transported* in the next Place I came to, and flatter'd my Imagination, that I was got out of the infernal Regions, into those, which were form'd for Delight, and,
by

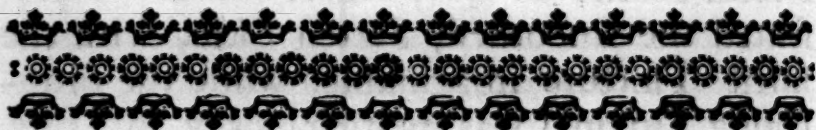
by the Ancients, called, *The Elysian Fields*. I was led into a noble Edifice, adorn'd with the most magnificent Furniture, Gildings, Sculptures, Paintings, Glass-Sconces, with hundreds of Wax Tapers lighted in them; the Roofs echoed and re-sounded, with the finest Musick, that cou'd arise from the most elegant Variety of the sweetest Instruments. Here was an Assembly of the most active and fine-shap'd Gentlemen, together with a Set of the most seemingly modest and beautiful Women, that ever my Eyes beheld;—when, immediately, two *Devils*, in *Masquerade*, appear'd to the Company, with the most complaisant and inviting Airs imaginable.—One of them led the Gentlemen to a luxurious Table, adorn'd with Crystals, replenish'd with the strongest and richest Wines, of all Growths and Climates, and dealt Glasses round with Profusion: The other, which was a *She Devil*, conducted the Ladies, in like Manner, to another Table, richly ornamented with Silver Equipages, and Vases of the finest *China*, which were filled, as she pretended, with Liquors, that promoted *Sobriety*, but had really so different an Effect, that the Fumes and Vapours arising from their *Brimmers*, forced me to remove to a greater Distance.

This *drinking* Scene being finished, the Word was given to *Mask* and *Dance*;—But, instead of forming a regular Motion, the whole Company, Male and Female, without
Distinction

Distinction of Sex, Age or Condition, fell, jumbled, into one promiscuous Heap, upon which ensued horrid Outcries, and a confus'd Clash of Swords, from Men, who were murdering one another, about Daughters, Wives and Sisters: So that in a Moment, methought, like the shifting of a Scene in Dr. *Faustus*, this fine Apartment was chang'd into an *Hospital*, distinguish'd into little Closets, like Cells. — In these unhappy little Cells, were Ladies under a Course of Torment, (a Fury always holding before their Eyes, a Picture of their departed Beauty:) I took Notice of *One*, whose Picture represented the smoothest, Satten Skin, with the finest Tincture imaginable, while the blubbering Original was melting away in Tears, with Cheeks swell'd into Carbuncles, and spotted over with purple Pimples: Another, whose Portrait display'd a Loveliness, almost Angelical, was staring on it with bloodshot Eyes, and a Face, so distorted with Convulsions, that she look'd, methought, more frightful than the *Fury*, that attended her. — I begg'd of CAUTION to let me retreat from this melancholy Mansion, because it fill'd me with more Horror than I was able to support, to see the Effects of such seeming Pleasantry, producing Despair and real Misery; and such alluring Beauty, betray'd into such hideous and frightful Deformity.

CAUTION

CAUTION was so obliging, as to grant my Petition in Part; but told me, That as I must carry *Warning* with me, when I return'd to the upper Regions, she was under a Necessity of conducting me to several other Places. This made it impossible for me to hasten out of my Dream, and will not, I hope, expose me to the Censure, which we old People sometimes lie under, of being *tedious* in our *Story-telling*, and talking rather by *Rule* than by *Measure*. — In short, I find I must *Dream on*, 'till I come to the End of my next Paper.



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———*Tollite Barbarum*
Morem, Verecundumque Bacchum,
Sanguineis prohibete rixis. HOR.

MONDAY, *April* 19. 1725.

The VISION continued.

I WAS as much deceiv'd in the next Place, that Old Mother CAUTION convey'd me to, as I had been in the last. — A magnificent *Square* open'd to my View, whose
four

four Sides, were form'd by the finest Architecture. Those Stately Palaces, my Guide told me, were inhabited by Persons of the highest Rank and Fortune, and who were reckoned to have the most *delicate* Taste of *Living*: She carry'd me into one, that appear'd the noblest in the Quadrangle; and, there, from a Window towards the Garden, which is situated on an Eminence, that borders on delicious Fields, and commands an opening Extent of Country, she shew'd me, by the Help of a Prospective Glass, a Dozen fair *Manor-Towns*, all surrounded by a pleasant Variety of Hills and Dales, Plains and Woods, Green Meadows and Corn Fields, richly waving with a promis'd Harvest: Gardens, and sweet *Parterres*, with Fish Ponds and Canals that glitter'd thro' the Trees; All which, she said, was but a small Portion of the Earth, enjoy'd by this Son of Fortune, who was Master of that fine Palace we stood in:—This House had been, it seems, every Day, in the Afternoon, and every Night, and all the Night long, crowded from Top to Bottom, with People of all Sexes, Ages, and Countries; who, provided they had the Merit of *wanting nothing*, were welcome to partake of all the Abundance of this Place; where nothing appear'd, but what was noble and delightful. The Earth, from Pole to Pole, was ransack'd (as were the *Air* and *Water*) to supply this House with Delicacies.

BUT the Owner (who gloried in his Hospitality, without esteeming any one of his Guests, but in proportion as he profess'd an Admiration of this Ostentatious Magnificence of Living) valued himself most upon the Variety of his tasteful *Wines*, which Merchants, from all Quarters of the World, were Hourly emptying in upon him. They were distinguish'd by such different Names, that it would require as much *Study*, as would make a *Scholar* in any other Science, to Register, and do Justice to their *Titles*, *Colours*, *Tastes*, and the happy Places which produc'd them. Different Companies in every Apartment, had their *Signals*, and gave *Fire* together; and, by their Number, it was reckon'd, That every *leading Glass*, that was turn'd up by the gay *Master*, pour'd out about a *Tun*, including Servants Computations, by way of *Perquisite*, and *Emolument*.

CAUTION, at the *Sound* of every *Health*, bid me view the Manors from the Garden Window; and I perceiv'd a Man in a Black Gown, presenting a Roll of Parchment to another, who was a Jolly kind of Fellow, and *Steward*, it seems, to the Landlord, arm'd with a *Letter* of *Attorney*, to sign what Deeds he should *find necessary*. — No sooner was this Parchment return'd to the Man in Black, but immediately the Prospect shorten'd, by the Length of one whole Village, which, vanishing from our Sight, left us no other Land Mark, where it stood, but
a vast

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a vast and fruitful *Crab Tree*. ——— The Healths went round so frequently, and so merrily, that the Villages and Manor-Towns, disappear'd like Mists, in a Sunny Morning; till at last, the Gentleman in Black, with a Train of frightful Monsters at his Heels, enter'd fiercely the *Mansion-House*, whence all the Company ran hastily away; and the louder the Master call'd after them, so much the faster they continued running.

As soon as we were got into the *Square* (alas! *fuit Ilium!*) I mean the Spot, where the *Square had stood*; all the Palaces, were vanish'd; and turn'd, methought, into an *Orchard of Crab-Trees*: With whose Fruit, a Croud of *fine Gentlemen*, who were running away in their Shirts, were pelted without Mercy, by red *Furies*, to whose *Favourites* (a Number of *Vintners* and *lucky Gamesters*) they had, but just before, transferr'd their *Birth-right*.

It is impossible to express the Anguish, the Despair, of these *unlanded Gentlemen*; some tore down Branches, and accusing one another for the Seduction of ill Example, form'd a Battle with dismember'd *Crab-Trees*: others hang'd themselves among the Boughs, at the Approach of ill-look'd *Ruffians*, who surronded them in their *New Orchard*.

THE next was an Assembly of Men of *Wit*; consisting of a *Poet*, an *Orator*, a *Philosopher*, a *Mathematician*, a *Divine*, a *Mili-*

tary Officer, the *fine Gentleman*, who entertain'd them all, and an *Eunuch*, who sung in the *Opera*.—The *Poet* recited a *Hymn* to *Bacchus* of his own Composing — The *Orator*, with great Gracefulness, harangu'd upon the Force of *Eloquence*, which he attributed to the Warmth of *Wine* — The *Philosopher* set *Cato's Virtue* before them, as held steady, by the *Strength* of *Drinking*. — The *Divine* averr'd, That, *Solomon* said, *Wine made the Face of a Man to SHINE*, and prov'd it very soberly, by shewing its *Effects* upon his own illuminated Countenance. — The *Mathematician* produc'd a *Pun*, and said, He lov'd a full *Gage*, because it was the *Perfection* of *Measure*: And to measure exactly, was the *Duty* of his Profession. — The *Officer* commended *Wine*, as a great Inflamer of *Courage*; and quoted a *Dutch Author*, in Defence of the Use of *Drinking*, in Times of *War*: And the faithful Service of *Auxillary Brandy*. — The *fine Gentleman* expatiated on the Advantage to be reap'd by entertaining such polite Company, when assembled over a *Bottle*; and ordered the *Fury* that attended them, to put round the *Glass*: At which the *Eunuch* began to sing, and the whole Company clapped their Hands, and roar'd out *Encore*, and *Bravo*.

No sooner had the *Glass* gone round, but the *Orator* propos'd *Method* to be the Foundation of *Argument*; and insisted, that All
should

should talk in their *Turns*; which, as soon as any began to do, he broke in upon his own Rule; and gallop'd, with a bawling Voice, through *Divisions* and *Subdivisions*, 'till he had *disunited* the whole Company.——

The *Poet*, thought he had equal Right to the Use of his Tongue, and rose to assert it, in an exorbitant Manner, just as he found he had lost the Use of it. —— The *Philosopher* cried out, in vain, That Men must labour to subdue their Passions; and, to convince them how easy it was, fell into so violent a one himself, that he knock'd down the poor *Poet*, with a Club, called *Argumentum Baccilinum*; For, says he, there is no other Way of *disputing* against those who deny first Principles; —— The *Divine*, seeing a *Philosopher* turn *Murderer*, and talk, at the same Time of Principles, thunder'd out *Anathema's* against *Disputing at all*, where the Business, they met for, was *Drinking*. ——

The *Mathematician* was muttering *Problems*, and tracing out a *Globe* upon the Table, with his *Fingers* dipt in the *Liquor* that the Scufflers had *spilt* upon it; and the *fine-bred Gentleman* to assist the Depth of his important Designs, was pouring more Wine, to that which was spilt already, lest he might want a Supply of *Liquor*; But just as the Figure was upon the Point of being finished, the Officer swore it made *dull Company*, and rubb'd it out with his Sleeve: The *Mathematician* seeing his *Globe defac'd*, cried, The *World was at an*
End,

End; to which the *Philosopher* and *Divine* agreeing, and the rest of the Company denying it, they fell all together by the Ears, and squeezed the *Eunuch* to Death, while he was trying the Influence of his *Musick* against *Madness*.

WHEN the Fury was just going to restore them to their Senses again, that they might perform over the same Exercise, (which they do, it seems, every Hour, just as strange Sights are shewn in Fairs, or as Drunken Men renew their waking Debauches, after a little Interval of Sleep in their Lifetimes) I left them, with a pungent Regret, that there should be in Liquor such a Power of turning *Strength* into *Weakness*, *Health* into *Sickness*, *Beauty* into *Deformity*, *Riches* into *Poverty*, *Friendship* into *Murder*, *Wisdom* into *Folly*, and *Wit* into *Madness*!

I WAK'D, with no small Wonder at this sleeping Ramble of my Imagination: But turning over a Collection of Old News-Papers, bound up in Volumes, from the *Restoration*, gradually downward, I found them fill'd with Yearly Proofs, that Men act the very same Follies, *waking* in this World, that I had been Dreaming were done in the other.

THERE I found Accounts of Men of great Estates, dead in a Prison, from the Effects of Drinking: — Quarrels every jot as fantastical as any I have been describing — There were Accounts of Men casting Lots,
in

in their Liquor, which should be *hang'd*, and which the *Hangman*; ——— Here were fine Histories of others, who, in a ridiculous Bravado, had drank the Health of the *Devil*, in a Punch-bowl season'd with *Opium*, and launch'd down, while the Humour was on 'em, to pay a Visit to their grateful Patron. — I look'd back as far as the Time, when certain wild Beasts, called *Mockers*, had broke loose, here in *London*; and I found that it was no new Thing for Generals, and Common Soldiers, Lords, Watchmen, and Drawers, Counts, Coblers and Hackney-Coachmen, to engage in *no unequal* Matches together, and fight with all the *Triumph* of *Drunkenness*; nay, what is more, I found all this as duly *repeated here*, as I dreamt it to be in the Lower Regions.

WHILE I was thus poring over my News Papers, and reflecting, that the *Life* of *Man*, tallied exactly (as to its Extravagance) with the Dreams of his disorder'd *Fancy*, I heard a Noise in the Street, as if all *Barbican* were in an Uproar, and looking out of my Window, I saw Men with gilded Staves, and an Air of exerted Magistracy, knocking down a Set of roaring little *Heroes*, with *Leeks* in their Hats. — Inquiring into the Matter, I was told, by an Arch-Wag (smiling, as if he derided my Ignorance) That it was nothing, but a few *Welshmen*; who were got *Loyally Drunk*,

Drunk, and did sober People a Mischief, in Honour of the good Saint, their *Patron*.

I RESOLV'D then (as extravagant as my Thoughts seem'd to me before, and perfectly *remov'd* out of Nature) to pen them down; since I found, such Persons did *really exist*, as I had believ'd, Imagination could only *shadow*, in the preposterous Inconsistence of a Dream. ——— It may, thought I, be of *Use*, to shew Men, who are addicted to this Vice, their Pictures, plac'd in the fullest Point of Absurdity: And, since most of them take *Hell* to be a *Dream*, it is natural enough to expect, that a *Dream* of *Hell* may divert them.





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Pulvis & Umbra sumus. ——— HOR.

FRIDAY, April 23. 1725.

AMONG a numberless Variety of *Similitudes*, by which the Different Wits of Poets, Satirists, Philosophers, and Divines, have endeavour'd to express the Shortness, and Insignificance, of Humane Life, I am most pleas'd with that of *Lucian*, where he compares it to those little Bubbles, which are made by a Shower of Rain, that falls upon some Lake or River; where they are broken, as fast as they are form'd, and give way to others, that immediately follow them.

THERE is, in this Comparison, the *Emptiness*, the *Smoke*, and the *Bustle*, as well as the *Weakness*, and *Brevity* of Life: It is, methinks, a very mortifying Picture of that *Step, half fridden, That Sporting-Field of Fortune*, which *St. Augustin* has, so comprehensively, explain'd himself upon, when he says, "It is a Life, ebbing with Doubts, flowing with Hopes, and beaten by Miseries"

"ries; puff'd up with Luxury, and made
 "lean by Abstinence: Distracted by Wishes,
 "sharpen'd by Cares, and blunted by Indo-
 "lence; arrogant in Youth, peevish in Age;
 "restless in Health, and impatient in Sick-
 "ness: And, at last, so over-clouded by
 "Death, that, *Ceasing to be*, one would
 "think, *It never was*,

I WAS insensibly attracted to this Subject,
 by my Perusal of Three *Epitaphs*, widely
 different in their Designs: For the First ex-
 cites *Humility* in High-Life, The Second ad-
 vises *Retirement*, and The Third inflames to
Glory.

THAT which recommends Humility to the
 Possessors of Power and Dignity, is the Trans-
 lation of a *Latin* Inscription, on the Monu-
 ment of a Duke of *Brunswick*, in the Cathed-
 ral Church of that City.

Here, Great, and Good, Duke HENRY buried lies:
O'er their dead Founder these proud Arches rise.
His pious Consort, too (the Poor's safe Guide)
Mix'd with his Dust, clings closer to his Side:
MATILDA, Daughter to Great England's King!
Whose Virtues, spite of Death, still bloom in
(Spring,

King OTHO, too, their Son, here shares their Rest;
By both fond Parents Arms, again possess'd.
And, here,—O Grief of Beauty! near him, lies,
The Charmer of his Heart, and all Mens Eyes!
That lovely Form, whose Smiles inflam'd Desire,
Here, Food for Worms, can no soft Woes inspire.

Thou,

*Thou, Passenger, whose Eyes this Marble view,
Learn to be Wise ; nor fleeting Hopes pursue :
Life is an Evening Breeze ; a murm'ring Breath ;
That blows, till Sun-set, then grows calm, in Death.*

THE Second *Epitaph* (which recommends, as I said, a *retir'd Life*) is that of *Similis*, a Military Officer, of great Experience, in the Time of the Emperor *Adrian* ; who obtain'd Leave, with no small Difficulty, to retire, at last, into the Country ; and living there, but *Seven Years*, in a quiet and peaceful Privacy, enjoyed more solid Satisfaction, than he had ever reap'd before, from all his long Life, spent in Hurry, Danger, and Distinction : So that, coming, at last, to *die*, he appointed by his *Will*, this *Epitaph*.

*Shou'd Curious Readers wish to know,
Whose Dust their Feet are pressing ;
SIMILIS, fam'd in War, lies low,
His Country's Boast, and Blessing.
Long did he Toil, and Grasp, and Strive,
Yet lost his Time, he fears ;
For, tho', till Seventy-Six, ALIVE,
He Liv'd, but Seven short Years.*

THE Third *Epitaph*, to give it at once, the highest praise which can be given it, is worthy its illustrious Subject, the Great Czar of RUSSIA. It was sent me by a Gentleman, to whose Hands it came, in Latin. But
I wa.

I was so justly charm'd with the Sublimity
of the Sentiments, that I could not resist
the Temptation of' giving it to the La-
dies, and other *English* Readers, in their own
native Language; because I would have
none of them robb'd of the Pleasure, which
I receiv'd, in perusing it,

Hic jacent
Reliquiæ, vix mortales,
PETRI ALEXOWITZ,
RUSSIARUM IMPERATORIS haud opus est dicere,
Honorem enim isti Diademati addidit, non re-
Taceat Antiquitas, (cepit,
Cedat **ALEXANDER,**
Cedat **CÆSAR;**
Se facilem præbet Victoria
Heroum Ductoribus,
Milites vinci nescios Imperantibus;
Sed **ILLE,**
Qui in morte solâ requiescit,
Non Famæ avidos,
Non Bello peritissimos,
Non homines Mortem temnentes,
Sed Bruta, vixq; humani nominis dignos Sub-
Invenit; (ditos
Etiamhos, compatriis urfis simillimos, & aver-
Expolivit; (santes,
Barbaritatis Hæreditariæ tenebras ille Phœbus
(fugavit;
Et propriâ virtute Germanorum Victores vicit.
Alii felicissimè Exercitus duxerunt, Hic creavia.
Erubescere, Ars!

Hic

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Hic Vir Maximus tibi nihil debuit:

Exulta; Natura!

Hoc Stupendium tuum est.

Here under Deposited
Lies All that cou'd die, of a Man Immortal;
PETER ALEXIOVITZ:

It is almost superfluous to add,
GREAT EMPEROR OF RUSSIA:

A Title!

Which, instead of adding to his Glory,
Became Glorious by His wearing it.

Let Antiquity be dumb,
Nor boast her ALEXANDER,
Or her CÆSAR.

How easy was Victory
To Leaders, who were follow'd by Heroes!
And whose Soldiers felt a noble Disdain,
To be thought less awake than their Generals!

But HE,
Who, in this Place, first, knew Rest,
Found Subjects Base, and Unactive,
Unwarlike, Unlearn'd, Untractable,
Neither covetous of Fame,
Nor liberal of Danger;
Creatures, with the Names of Men,
But with Qualities rather Brutal than Rational:
Yet, even These,

He polish'd from their Native Ruggedness,
And, breaking out, like a New SUN,
To illuminate the Minds of a People,
Dispell'd their Night of Hereditary Darkness:
'Till, by Force of His invincible Influence,
He

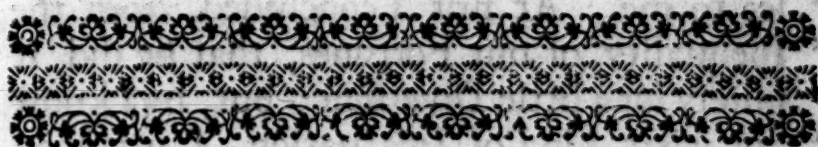
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*He had taught them to conquer,
Even the Conquerors of Germany.
Other Princes have commanded victorious Armies,
This Commander created them !*

*Blush, O ART !
At a Hero, who ow'd Thee Nothing.
Exult, O NATURE !
For Thine was This Prodigy.*

I will End with a short Collection of Sentences, which a Writer, of the last Century, assures us, he had copied out of the Pocket-Book of an *Elector*, of the German Empire ; where he found it inserted, in That Prince's own Hand-writing. — *LIFE is short, BEAUTY Deceitful, RICHES Uncertain, DOMINION Invidious, VICTORY Doubtful, YOUTH Restless, OLD AGE Miserable ; DEATH, only, is HAPPY, and the FAME of WISDOM Everlasting !*





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Scribimus indocti, doctique. ——— H O R.

MONDAY, *April* 26. 1725.

THE Three following Letters being long enough to fill one Paper, it must be referred to another, to say what may be necessary in Answer to them.

To the Author of the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ PERCEIVING, that it is customa-
‘ ry, for you, to receive Letters from
‘ our Sex, I am willing to throw myself into
‘ your Protection, in Hopes of meeting with
‘ a favourable Regard from you, and that
‘ you may assist me in my Distrels.

‘ I AM a young Woman of some Fortune,
‘ and of no mean Extraction; and was, some
‘ Months ago, the *Happiest Woman in the*
‘ *World*: My Story, in short, is this: There
‘ was a young Gentleman, every way superior
‘ to

' to myself, thought fit to make his Address-
 ' les to me. At first I concluded, from the
 ' Inequality of our Fortunes, that he did it
 ' purely for a little Diversion; but, by I know
 ' not what kind of Infatuation, I was soon
 ' perswaded, to believe he was just and sin-
 ' cere in his Pretensions. From hence, there
 ' sprang an Intimacy between us, which last-
 ' ed a considerable Time, and which, I ne-
 ' ver thought would have a Period, 'till Death
 ' had separated us for ever: But, behold the
 ' Vicissitudes and Changes of Life! the un-
 ' expected Turns of Fortune! which no Hu-
 ' man Foresight can prevent: When I thought
 ' myself almost arrived to the highest Perfe-
 ' ction of earthly Happiness, *Strephon*, the
 ' unkind *Strephon*! forlook me, and bereft
 ' me of all my Joys, and Hopes, at once.

' It is to me very surprizing, that so intimate
 ' a Correspondence, which was carried on with
 ' so much pretended Satisfaction, on his Part,
 ' shou'd now be so irksome to him, as to make
 ' him avoid my Company, and even the very
 ' Sight of me. I cannot pretend to penetrate
 ' into his *Thoughts*, but I am sure his *Actions*
 ' always carried in them the Marks of a real
 ' and unfeigned Passion. He seem'd ever
 ' studious, to *divert* and *please* me; and trea-
 ' ted me, with a *Civility* and *Respect*, which
 ' is not common, even in the most *passionate*
 ' *Lover*. It is now, I think, two Months
 ' since he payed me a Visit; nor have I heard
 ' from him, to let me know the Reason of his
 ' Absence,

‘ Absence, which, together with some private
‘ Intimations I have had from others, gives
‘ me sufficient Grounds to believe he is *false*.

AND is it possible! after such an uncommon Behaviour, he should abandon, nay,
‘ *despise* the Person he once appear’d so much
‘ to admire! Are these his Protestations of
‘ *eternal Love*? Is *this* his *Friendship*? Has
‘ he so soon forgot his Vows, of Constancy
‘ and Fidelity? *Who*, even of the most *Wise*
‘ and *Prudent*, could have suspected, much
‘ less discern’d *Deceit*, under the fair Appearance of so much seeming *Honour* and *Sincerity*? I was so far from distrusting him,
‘ whom, I thought, the *Virtuous* and *Generous Strephon*, that I put my whole Confidence in him, and was innocently betray’d,
‘ by the irresistible Charms of his Eloquence.

‘ I HAVE wrote to him, several Times,
‘ since he has left me; but either my Letters were intercepted, or he is wholly regardless of them; for I have not, as yet,
‘ received an Answer; nor can I, by any Means, inform myself, what has been the Cause of his unkind Separation. For this Reason, I take this publick Opportunity,
‘ both to ask your Advice, in so critical a Juncture, and to convince him, of his ingenuous Treatment of one, for whom he pretended, once, to have the most unalterable Veneration. If you think fit, to give
‘ this Letter a Place, in one of your Papers,
‘ I know it will come to his Hands; and,
VOL. II. I i perhaps,

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‘ perhaps, such a Memorial, under your Au-
 ‘ thority and Protection, may have a greater
 ‘ Influence over him than any common Epi-
 ‘ stle. I desire therefore you will insert it,
 ‘ and oblige your most humble Servant,

DELIA.

*Pray correct it before
 it is Printed.*

To the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ **I**T is a common Observation, That Trees
 ‘ that *Blossom soonest*, are liable to be
 ‘ soonest Frost nipt. As if Nature, by ob-
 ‘ serving the full Growth of such forward
 ‘ Virtues, mistook the Progress of Years,
 ‘ and measured *Maturity* not by *Age*, but by
 ‘ *Character*.

‘ I MOURN the Misery, MR. PLAIN DEALER,
 ‘ of having lately lost a *Friend*, whose Picture
 ‘ I will present you with, as it is drawn to the
 ‘ Life, in my Memory!—

‘ IN Business there was a *Pleasure*, always
 ‘ triumphing over his Hurry; such a Suavity
 ‘ and Complacence in his Behaviour, as at-
 ‘ tracted the *Heart*, before the *Head* could
 ‘ have Time to *weigh* him. He was subser-
 ‘ vient to no Passion, but *Love*, which made
 ‘ him a Friend to all Mankind, nor could
 ‘ those narrow Limits of Soul, which con-
 ‘ tract Mens *Friendships* to their *Interests*, re-
 ‘ strain

‘ strain his boundless Generosity, which made
 ‘ him *Every Body’s*, who had *Miseries*, with-
 ‘ in the Compals of his Easing. He had so
 ‘ feverish a *Thirst* of *Obliging*, that an Enemy
 ‘ would have call’d his Liberality rather his
 ‘ *Disease* than his *Ornament*. He fought for
 ‘ no Reward, but the *Prosperity* of those he
 ‘ favour’d; and if at any Time it was not in
 ‘ his Power to *grant*, he was more asham’d,
 ‘ and unsatisfied, than the Person whom he
 ‘ disappointed; and, by way of Atonement,
 ‘ enjoined himself the Penance of *watching*
 ‘ for some *happier* Opportunity, when he
 ‘ cou’d meet the Wish above half way, and
 ‘ prevent its Explanation.

‘ Nor did this Benevolence of his Nature
 ‘ extend only to those within the Sphere of
 ‘ his Acquaintance; whose-ever Misfortunes
 ‘ came to his Knowledge, made an equal,
 ‘ and noble Impression;——For he *impro-*
 ‘ *priated* all Mens Griels, till he had lessen’d
 ‘ them, by *Comforts*.

‘ If there were any so Ungenerous as to
 ‘ make him their *Enemy*, he was as willing to
 ‘ forgive, as they to offer the Injury.——
 ‘ Judge, then, how happy must those few
 ‘ have been, who were blest with his Inti-
 ‘ macy! Whatever Tenderness is conceived
 ‘ in Nature from Mothers to their new-born
 ‘ Infants, may deserve to pass as some faint
 ‘ Image of his Sweetness:—His Faith, and
 ‘ his Friendships, were as lasting as his *Life*
 ‘ was.

‘ WITH all these Advantages, never had
 ‘ Man an humbler Opinion of himself;
 ‘ which was an Armor that defended him,
 ‘ against the *Flattery* of Fortune, as his Stea-
 ‘ diness despis’d her *Malice*. To *Him*, to be
 ‘ *High* or *Low*, were Accidents merely indif-
 ‘ ferent: The one cou’d neither exalt, nor
 ‘ cou’d the other depress his Sentiments:
 ‘ And had Heaven thought fit to have ex-
 ‘ empted his Body, like his Mind, from In-
 ‘ firmities, He had been as well *Immortal* as
 ‘ *Inestimable*. The fashionable Vanities which
 ‘ allure and captivate young Hearts, could
 ‘ never get Admittance into his masculine,
 ‘ and discerning Bosom, always guarded by
 ‘ Reason and Virtue. He renounc’d, in the
 ‘ Pride of his Youth, those Enjoyments which
 ‘ others content themselves with disclaiming,
 ‘ when the Power of possessing them is either
 ‘ lost or abated; Oh! I am left in a *Desart*,
 ‘ without this Guide, that my fond Soul
 ‘ hung upon! And nothing remains, but the
 ‘ Influence of his *Example*, that can be worth
 ‘ the Wish of any Man, who had the Blef-
 ‘ sing to be acquainted with him.—

‘ IN Justice to his Memory, allow this
 ‘ little Specimen of my departed Friend, a
 ‘ Place in one of your Papers, and you will
 ‘ much oblige,

Your Constant Reader,
And Well-Wisher,

NED MOURNFULL.

To

To the Worshipful Master PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ I HAVE had such an Over-mind to see
 ‘ you, that I came to Town on purpose,
 ‘ being a Kind of *Plain Dealer* myself. For
 ‘ tho’ I am a Country Fellow, and no *La-*
 ‘ *tin* Scollard, yet I reckon myself the wisest
 ‘ in our whole Parish, except (mayhap) the
 ‘ Parson: And he is so churlish, that one
 ‘ dare not *deal plainly* with him. I believe
 ‘ you to be no proud Man, and that made
 ‘ me so bold as to come to seek you out,
 ‘ being in hopes to have told our Parson, that
 ‘ I had conversed, in my Time, with as
 ‘ *Learned* a Man as he.

‘ GOOD Master PLAIN DEALER, be so kind
 ‘ as to tell a Body, in your next Paper,
 ‘ where you may be found, and rather than
 ‘ lose the Sight of so good-natur’d, an old
 ‘ Man, I will come once more on purpose,
 ‘ tho’ I shou’d have no other Business. When
 ‘ I enquired after you, I thought I shou’d
 ‘ ne’er have found you out; but then, at
 ‘ last, I was told, by a very young Man,
 ‘ that you was to be met with, at the *Tower*
 ‘ of *Barbican*. ——— Z’lids, I was never so
 ‘ so glad in all my Life-time; but soon after
 ‘ I found I had nothing to be glad on, and I
 ‘ doubt the Rogue put the *City-Bite* upon
 ‘ me; for I have searched every Crick and
 ‘ Corner to find out such a *Tower*, and could

‘ get no News of it; *Barbican* I did find, and
 ‘ the *Tower* I did find; but I cou’d find no
 ‘ *Tower* of *Barbican*. I have worn out two
 ‘ Shooes by the Bargain, that were as good
 ‘ as any two Pair I can get hereabouts. Pray,
 ‘ if there be any such *Tower*, and you live in
 ‘ it, I beseech you to order Matters so, that
 ‘ I may come to find it out.

‘ I READ your Papers, and understand
 ‘ them as well as most other Folks, all but
 ‘ your *Top Sentences*, which are generally so
 ‘ hard, that they puzzle all our Parish. The
 ‘ best Scollards of us put our Heads toge-
 ‘ ther to find out their Meaning; and, when
 ‘ we can’t agree about it, we go to consult our
 ‘ Parson; and, I am sorry to say it, he pro-
 ‘ nounces a hard Judgment upon them. —
 ‘ He does not think it *worth his Trouble* (he
 ‘ says) to *understand* Heathen *Authors*, be-
 ‘ cause those Men were seldom good *Chri-*
 ‘ *stians*. — But this shall not prevent my
 ‘ Reading your Papers, for I have a better
 ‘ Opinion of you, than to think so prophane-
 ‘ ly of any of your Friends and Acquain-
 ‘ tance: Being in over-great Haste for the
 ‘ Country, have but just Time to put you in
 ‘ mind of me, and, wishing you in good
 ‘ Health, as I am at this present Writing
 ‘ (blessed be God for it) remain,

Worshipful S I R,

Your very Sincere Friend,

George Gardener,
 The



The Plain Dealer. No. 116.

Pro captu Lectoris habent sua fata Libelli.

MONDAY, May 3. 1725.

To the Author of the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

TURNING over the Works of
Shakespear, lately usher'd into the
World by an extravagant Subscription, and
finding the Six Volumes, tho' called *Shake-*
spear's Works, contained not his *VENUS*
and *ADONIS*, his *TARQUIN* and *LU-*
CRECE, and numberless other Miscellane-
ous Pieces, which, for Richness of Fancy,
and the many beautiful Descriptions that
adorn them, are far from being inferior to
some of his more celebrated Labours; I
thought my self obliged to become a Pur-
chaser of the Seventh Volume also, which
appears to me, to have no Demerit to oc-
casion its Exclusion.

‘ YOU, MR. PLAIN DEALER, whose
 ‘ Lucubrations are so justly admir’d by all
 ‘ good Judges of Wit and Taste, will in-
 ‘ dulge me the Transcription of a few of
 ‘ those numberless natural Beauties, which
 ‘ shine every where thro’ these charming Pieces;
 ‘ and the rather, because I have been in-
 ‘ form’d, That this Volume, which is so
 ‘ necessary and essential a Part of the Works
 ‘ of that inimitable Author, has not, by
 ‘ some of the Wits in *Leading-Strings*, been
 ‘ look’d upon with equal Favour; because
 ‘ this Edition of it was not midwif’d into
 ‘ the World, by the *great Names* that have
 ‘ condescended, for the *Emolument* of the
 ‘ *Publick*, to shine in the Title Page of the
 ‘ First Six Volumes: But as this may take
 ‘ up more Room, than you will have to
 ‘ spare in one Paper, I shall now and then
 ‘ occasionally beg Leave, by your Means,
 ‘ to recommend to the *Implicite Wittings* of
 ‘ the Age, those Beauties which might
 ‘ otherwise escape their Observation.

‘ AND as it is impossible, where ever I
 ‘ open the Book, not to be surprized with the
 ‘ Beauties of this great Genius, I will pre-
 ‘ sent your Readers with the first that offer’d
 ‘ it self; the Exclamation the violated
 ‘ *Lucrece* makes upon OPPORTUNITY
 ‘ and TIME, for contributing to her Un-
 ‘ doing,

O! OPPORTUNITY! Thy Guilt is great;
 'Tis thou that *execut'st* the *Traitor's* Treason:
 Thou sett'st the *Wolf* where he the *Lamb* may get:
 Whoever *plots* the *Sin*, Thou *point'st* the *Season*:
 'Tis Thou that spurn'st at *Right*, at *Law*, at
 (Reason;
 And in thy *shady Cell*, where none may spy her,
 Sits *SIN*, to seize the Souls, that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the *Vestal* violate her *Oath*;
 Thou blow'st the *Fire*, when *Temperance* is
 (thaw'd:
 Thou smother'st *Honesty*; Thou murder'st *Troth*;
 Thou foul Abbetor! Thou notorious Bawd!
 Thou plantest *Scandal*, and displacest *Laud*:
 Thou *Ravisher*! Thou *Traitor*! Thou *false*
 (Thief!
 Thy *Honey* turns to *Gall*, thy *Joy* to *Grief*.

Thy *secret* Pleasure turns to open Shame;
 Thy *private* Feasting to a publick Fast;
 Thy *smoth'ring* Titles to a ragged Name;
 Thy *sugar'd* Tongue to bitter Wormwood Taste:
 Thy *violent* Vanities can never last:

How comes it then, vile OPPORTUNITY!
 Being so *bad*, such *Numbers* seek for Thee?

When

Mishapen *TIME!* *Copes-mate* of *ugly Night*;
 Swift, subtle *Post*, *Carrier* of grisly *Care*;
 Eater of *Youth*; *false Slave* to *false Delight*;
 Base *Watch* of *Woes*, *Sin's Pack-Horse*, *Virtue's*
 (*Snare*:

Thou *nurseth* All, and *murder'st* All that are:
 O hear me then, *injurious*, *shifting TIME!*
 Be guilty of my *Death*, since of my *Crime!*

Why hath thy *Servant OPPORTUNITY*,
 Betray'd the *Hours*, thou gav'st me to *repose*?
 Cancell'd my *Fortunes*, and inchain'd me
 To *endless* Date of *never-ending Woes*?
TIME's Office is, To find the *Hate* of *Foes*,
 To eat up *Error*, by *Opinion* bred;
 Nor spend the *Dowry* of a *Lawful Bed*.

TIME's Glory is, To calm contending *Kings*,
 To unmask *Falshood*, and bring *Truth* to light;
 To stamp the *Seal* of *Time* on *aged Things*;
 To wake the *Morn*, and *centinel* the *Night*;
 To wrong the *Wronger*, 'till he render *Right*;
 To ruinate proud *Buildings* with thy *Hours*,
 And smear with *Dust*, their glittering, golden
 (*Tow'rs*:

To

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Such sweet Observance in this Work was had,
That one might see those *far-off Eyes* look *sad*.

In great Commanders, *Grace* and *Majesty*
You might behold, triumphing in their *Faces*:
In *Youth*, *Quick bearing*, and *Dexterity*;
And, here and there, the *Painter* interlaces
Pale Cowards, marching on, with *trembling Paces*;
Which *heartless Peasants* did so well resemble,
That one wou'd swear, He *saw* them *quake*
(and tremble.

In AJAX and ULYSSES, O! what Art
Of *Physiognomy* might one behold!
The *Face* of *either*, cypher'd *either's Heart*;
Their *Face* their *Manners* most expressly told:
In AJAX's Eyes *blunt Rage* and *Rigor* roll'd.
But the *mild Glance* that the ULYSSES lent,
Shew'd *deep Regard*, and *smiling Government*.

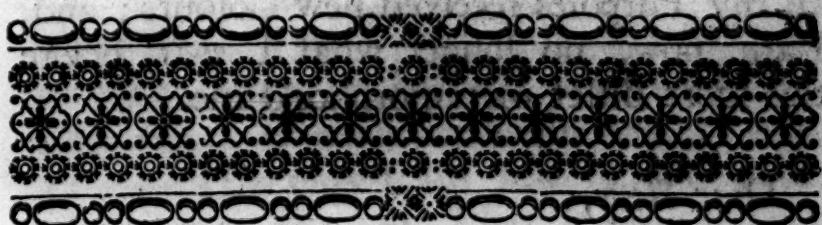
There, pleading, might you see grave NESTOR
(stand,
As 'twere, *incouraging* the *Greeks* to fight,
Making such *sober Actions* with his *Hand*,
That it beguil'd *Attention*, charm'd the *Sight*:
In *Speech*, it seem'd, his *Beard*, all *Silver white*,
Wagg'd up and down; and from his *Lips*
(did fly
Thin, winding *Breath*, which *purl'd up to the*
(the Sky.
About

About him were a Press of *gaping Faces*,
Which seem'd to *swallow up* his *sound Advice*;
All *jointly* list'ning, but with *several* Graces,
As if some *Syren* did their *Ears* intice;
Some *high*, some *low*, the Painter was so nice:
The *Scalps* of many, almost hid behind,
To *jump up* higher, seem'd to *mock* the *Mind*.

Here *one* Man's Hand lean'd on *another's* Head,
His Nose being shadow'd by his *Neighbour's*
(*Ear*;
Here *one*, being *throng'd*, bears back, all *swoln*
(and *red*;
Another, *smother'd*, seems to *pelt* and *swear*;
And in their *Rage*, (such *Signs* of *Rage* they
(bear,
As, but for *Loss* of *NESTOR's* golden Words,
It seems, they would debate with angry
(Swords.

For much *imaginary* Work was there;
Conceit deceitful; so *compact*, so *kind*,
That for *ACHILLES' Image*, stood his *Spear*,
Grip'd in an *armed Hand*, himself behind
Was left *unseen*, save in the *Eye of Mind*;
A *Hand*, a *Foot*, a *Face*, a *Leg*, a *Head*,
Stood for the *Whole* to be imagined.

And



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Pendent Opera interrupta. — VIRG.

FRIDAY, May 7. 1725.

I AM sorry, after so kind a Reception as has been given to my Speculations, that any Necessity shou'd arise, for my parting, a little precipitately, with my good-natur'd Readers: But *Love*, however fashionable it is, among sage Writers, to call it a *Weakness*, is well known to act with a *Strength*, that is irresistible: And I need not inform Those, who have perus'd me, long, or with any tolerable Degree of Attention, that *Patty Amble* holds an Influence over me, that is too hard for all my Gravity; and breaks, like a Butterfly, thro' my Cobweb Resolutions.

No longer ago than Yesterday Morning, there was nothing farther from my Thoughts, than the Discontinuance of my Weekly La-

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bours: But, about an Hour before Dinner, all my Purposes received new Colours; and, I am, now, no longer what I *was*, before this short Billet metamorphos'd me.

Dear Slavy,

AT length, I have determin'd, to be *only yours*, for ever, and, in Gratitude for all those, scarce deserv'd, fine Things, your Letter of last Week, oblig'd me with, I will say after you, next *Saturday* Morning, whatever Words you wish most ardently to hear me answer in. — But this is absolutely, upon *Condition*, that you put an End, immediately, to your *Plain-Dealing*. It is the most odious Quality you have, and, you know, I could never bear it. — I have given you, perhaps, too short a Warning; but you must do as well as you can: For, pray Heaven I hold in the Mind, if you take me not in the present Humour, of

Your Mistress, one Day more,

And then, alas! your Servant,

MARTHA AMBLE.

It would be unreasonable for any of my *Christian* Readers to expect a better Excuse than This, for my taking Leave of them, so abruptly. — It is possible, however, that, when

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when our *first Hurry of Business* is a little over, I may have Leisure, more than enough, to *talk on*, as I have done hitherto: But under what *Name*, or *Shape*, I shall make my Appearance, is a Matter I am wholly *dark* in. — This only I am sure of, and agree heartily with *Her*, in, That it must be any Thing rather than a *Plain Dealer*; the Aversion, if I am not mistaken, of every *Wife*, in Christendom!

BUT to soften as much as possible the Abruptness of my Departure, it may not be amiss to spend a little Conversation upon those agreeable Correspondents, and indulgent Readers, which, in the Course of this Work, I have met with: Next to the Pleasure of doing Good, the greatest, is to meet with Approbation and Assistance in our Attempts towards it: This has been my Happiness, and I hope it cannot be attributed to any reproachable Weakness, when I confess I feel a Pang at parting with it. Barely to acknowledge amounts to Gratitude in those People whom Fortune does not enable to return a Benefit; that is, at present, my Case: My approaching Fate will allow me to make no better a Payment than Thanks, which therefore I desire may be candidly accepted.

WHEN I had written thus far, an Acquaintance, whom in some of the preceding Discourses I have recommended to the publick for a Pertness of Conceit and Flippancy of Tongue, happened to come into my Room,

and taking up the Paper ran it hastily over, then throwing it down with a petulant Sneer, and a brisk Voice, cry'd out, "Foregad, considering your Sentiments, and Circumstances, grave Sir, I can't help comparing you to a Criminal taking leave of the By-standers with Tears in his Eyes, before his Execution.——Faith, I long to see thee turn'd off, thou'l't make the prettiest Figure of a *Dangler* : ha, ha," — Then, changing his Allegory, continued his Impertinence thus, "Matrimony, my good Friend, is a long and tiresome Journey, and the worst Road that ever you travell'd in — You seem uneasy, but sure you cannot in Conscience be displeased that I should take up *Plain-Dealing* just where you left it off—If you are, to make you Amends, I promise never to imitate you in any Thing, particularly your last Resolution of committing that dreadful Sin of Matrimony—Believe me, Friend, the Man that signs Marriage Articles, gives it under his Hand that he's a Fool."

To this I answered very gravely, That before I left off *Plain Dealing* absolutely, I was resolved to give him one Lesson which might be of use to him in his Practice. "You are to remember, continued I, that he who gives Advice, should always take Care to do it in such a Manner, that his Advice may not appear to be an Insult upon the Character or Understanding of the Person advised :

“ advised : *Good Breeding* embellishes *Good Sense* ; and *True Politeness* is no more than “ *civiliz’d Plain Dealing.*”

BUT to pass by this volatile Spark, who if I divine aright, will in every respect act like a modern fine Gentleman, that is, continue a Batchelor till Sixty, to shew his *Wit*, and then marry his House-Keeper, to shew his *Judgment* ; let me return to the Conversation which he interrupted, tho’ I must take so much Notice of his Opinion, that I promise my Readers if ever I appear again in Publick, I shall amply and impartially consider it, by which Time perhaps my own Observations and Experience will better enable me to make a clear and satisfactory Comment upon it.

FAREWELL, then, Gentle Readers, be happy as I am shortly to be ; I have, on my part, endeavour’d to please ; and you on yours have shewn some Regard for my Endeavours: Till I can again attend you, I wish you heartily a more agreeable Instructor ; but think not my persuading you to *good Humour* at Parting, an Inconsistence in my Character ; for tho’ I always abhorr’d Flattery, yet I never thought Truth the worse for being agreeably dress’d : The common Forms of Civility, tho’ they are often the Disguises of Insincerity, are no Disgrace to an honest Heart, and a good Intention. Where they are made use of to *conceal* our Sentiments, they are wicked and abominable ;

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nable; where only to *adorn*, innocent and agree-
able: At worst you ought only to consider
me as one, who without losing his Sincerity,
is by degrees ceasing to be

The PLAIN DEALER.

F I N I S.





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N^o CXV. p. 475.

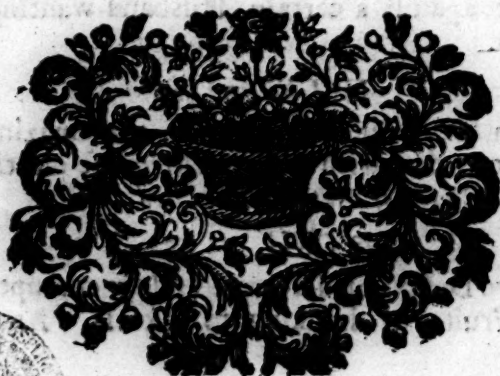
Letter, from *Delia*, complaining, That her Lover has forsaken her. Ditto, from *Ned Mournful*, characterizing his deceased Friend. Ditto, from *George Gardener*, giving Account of his having travelled up to Town purposely to see the *Plain Dealer*.

N^o CXVI. p. 483.

Letter in Commendation of *Shakespeare's* Poems, which are not commonly sold with his Dramatick Performances. Two beautiful Extracts from his *Tarquin* and *Lucretia*.

N^o CXVII.

The *Plain Dealer* takes Leave of his Readers. His Reason for the same. Marrying *Patty Amble*. Rally'd thereupon by a pert Friend. His Advice to the Sneerer in Return. Usual Conduct of our modern Fine Gentlemen, or Marriage-Haters. When the Common Forms of Civility are Censurable, and when Laudable.



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